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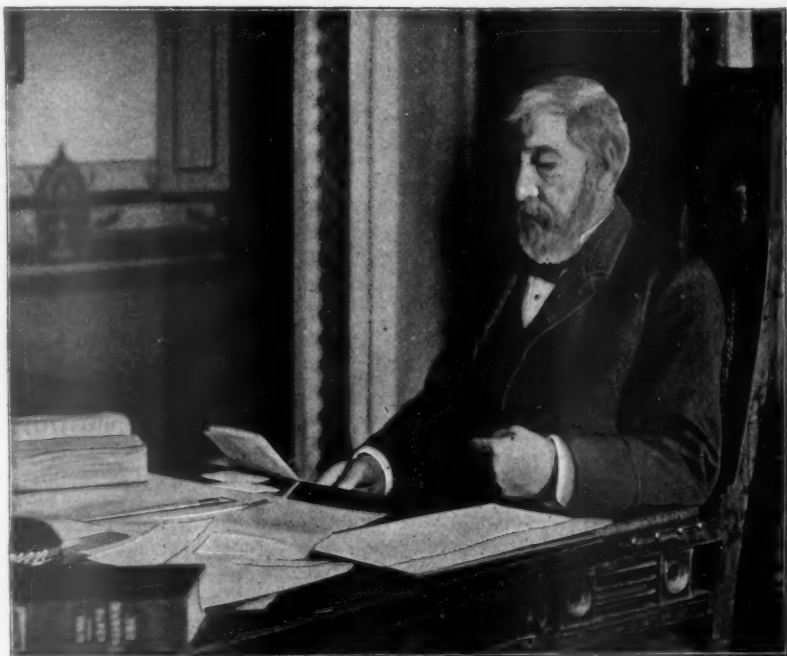
OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 6.

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THERE are eight executive departments of the government of the United States. The eighth was created when President Cleveland, on the 9th day of February 1889, signed the bill creating —the Department of State, over which Thomas Jefferson presided during the first administration; the Treasury Department, whose first official head was Alexander Hamilton; the War Department, of which



SECRETARY BLAINE, STATE DEPARTMENT.

the Department of Agriculture. So the "Department of Seeds," as it is familiarly termed in Washington, is the youngest of the departments for the transaction of the executive business of the government.

Originally there were five departments

Henry Knox of Massachusetts had charge; the Postoffice Department, with Samuel Osgood of Massachusetts as postmaster general; and the Department of Justice, with Edmund Randolph of Virginia in the attorney general's chair. The affairs of



MR. BLAINE'S PRIVATE OFFICE, STATE DEPARTMENT.

the navy were at that time and for several years in the hands of the secretary of war, and the affairs of what is now one of the largest and most important departments under the government—the Interior Department—were managed by small individual bureaus. In 1798 the Navy Department was organized, with Benjamin Stoddard of Maryland as secretary (George Cabot of Massachusetts having declined the office), and on March 8, 1849, Thomas Ewing of Ohio, who had filled the positions of United States senator and secretary of the treasury, took charge of the newly created Department of the Interior. The Department of Agriculture was created by Act of Congress February 9, 1889, and Norman J. Colman of Missouri, the commissioner of agriculture under President

Cleveland, was nominated the first secretary of agriculture.

The eight men who stand at the head of the executive departments are the chosen confidential advisers of the president, his agents in carrying out the policy which he formulates for the execution of enacted law. Beyond this confidential relation to the president these men for many years had no standing officially above that of clerks of a high order. In fact they were spoken of as the president's clerks and the term "secretary" originally had this significance. But in the Forty-ninth Congress there was enacted a law creating a line of succession to the presidency in which the secretary of state, the secretary of the treasury and the other "cabinet officers" in their recognized order of importance were named as successors to the presidential office in event of the death of the president and the vice-president. The political exigency which called for the enactment of this law was the sudden death, in the recess of Congress, of Vice-President Hendricks. Under the law then existing, if the president had died the

presidency would have fallen to the president pro tempore of the Senate, and in the event of his death or disability, to the speaker of the House of Representatives.

There was no speaker at that time, for Congress had had no meeting. The president pro tempore of the Senate had not been chosen, but it was certain that he would be a republican because the republican party had a majority in the upper house of Congress. This situation then arose: If the president of the United States died before the meeting of Congress (the vice-president being dead) there would be no one to succeed to the presidency: if the president died after the meeting of the Congress and the election of a president pro tempore by the Senate (the vice-president being dead) the presidential office would

devolve on a man of political persuasion opposite to that of the men whom the people had put in power presumably for a term of four years; and thus in a day—yes, in a minute—the whole country would undergo a complete political revolution so far as the complexion of the executive branch of the government was concerned.

Under the new law, the president's advisers are his possible successors. If the president should die, Vice-President Morton would succeed to the presidency for the remainder of his term. In the event of the death of Mr. Morton before the expiration of that term the secretary of state, Mr. Blaine, would become ex-officio president of the United States. If Mr. Blaine should become incapacitated or should die, the duties of the presidential office would devolve upon the secretary of the treasury, Mr. Windom, and so on through the entire list of the president's advisers with the exception of the one whose office was

last created. The secretary of agriculture is not mentioned in the law of succession, his office having been created after that law was passed.

The existence of a "cabinet office" as such is not recognized at all in existing law; so the head of a department owes his position as adviser to the chief executive entirely to custom and to the courtesy of the occupant of the presidential chair. When the proposition to establish a Department of Agriculture was made in Congress, it was spoken of frequently as a plan to create a "new cabinet office." Upon consultation with the authorities the advocates of the bill (among whom were several aspirants to the honor it proposed to create) discovered that Congress had no authority in the naming of the president's advisers: that the cabinet was a body the existence of which depended upon the president's will, and that the new secretary of agriculture might never oc-



DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION ROOM, STATE DEPARTMENT.

cupy a seat in the cabinet room. It was confidently expected, however, at the time the bill was passed, that the president would include the new secretary in his list of advisers; and the expectation was afterwards realized in the action of President Cleveland and his successor, President Harrison.

The secretary of state is less accessible than any other member of the president's cabinet. The business of the department over which he presides is conducted with much secrecy. Much of the business of the State Department is of a confidential character, and the negotiations of the secretary of state with the representatives of foreign powers, which constitute a greater part of his duties, would be rendered valueless if they were given premature publicity. It is for this reason that so little is

known of the State Department through the daily papers, and that greater respect is paid to information concerning its transactions than is accorded the business of the other departments.

The secretary of state is not the less overrun with visitors because he is in a degree inaccessible. But the hours which he fixes for daily business are necessarily broken in upon by the demands of foreign ministers, and so the secretary's movements are very uncertain. They have been rendered the more so during the term of Mr. Blaine (particularly since the death of his son, Mr. Walker Blaine, the examiner of claims for the department) by the fact that the secretary spends a great part of his time at his house, and transacts much of the department's business there. Mr. Walker Blaine was the mouthpiece of

the secretary of state for a long time. A quotation from him was regarded as quite as authoritative as a statement from his father. Since his death there has not been so free access to the news of the department as there was before that time.

The duties of the secretary of state include correspondence with the public ministers and consuls of the United States and with the representatives of foreign powers accredited to the United States, and negotiations relating to the foreign affairs of the United States. He is the medium of correspondence between the president and the chief executives of the states; he has the custody of the great seal of the United States, which he affixes to executive proclamations, to commissions and to warrants for pardon and the extradition of fugitives from justice. He is the custodian of treaties and of the laws of the United States. He issues passports, publishes the laws of the United States,



TREASURER HUSTON SIGNING DRAFTS, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

and proclamations for the admission of new states into the Union; and he makes to Congress certain reports relating to commercial information received from the consuls and other agents of the United States abroad.

Of course the secretary himself does not do all of these things. He has his assistants and his bureau chiefs who take the routine of the business of the department entirely from his hands and leave him almost wholly free to consider the appointment of the officers of his department at home and abroad, and the conduct of negotiations with foreign powers. The appointments which come under the advisory jurisdiction of the secretary of state require an enormous amount of attention. They are among the most important appointments made by each new administration. Unfortunately, under our system there is no such thing as education for the diplomatic service or of promotion in it. Foreign appointments, which are of such vast importance to the commercial prosperity as well as the international standing of our country, are regarded as a part of the political spoils to be divided up among party workers whenever a new administration comes into power. Hardly a year passes, therefore, that some incompetent appointee in the foreign service does not involve us in needless trouble or create some small scandal, to the discredit of the government. And this will always be the case while diplomatic and consular offices are put into the political grab bag with other appointments. It is to escape the importunities of office seekers that Secretary Blaine retires to the seclusion of his home on Lafayette square, and in his handsome library conducts the diplomatic negotiations which form the most important part of his labor. At the State Department Mr. Blaine occupies one of the pleasantest of the long suite of rooms on the second floor of the ten-million-dollar building which flanks the executive mansion on the west. Around him and in the anteroom through which admittance is had to his office are the portraits of the former secretaries of state, his predecessors in office. They are not the only historical relics of interest to visitors to



COUNTING OLD MONEY, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

the department. In the beautiful library on the third floor is the original draft of the Declaration of Independence in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, with interlineations by Adams and Franklin; original papers of Washington, Madison, Monroe and Franklin, of priceless value; Washington's sword; Franklin's staff; the sword worn by Jackson at the battle of New Orleans; the desk on which the Declaration of Independence was written, and other objects of historical interest. All of these are open to the view of the most casual and unimportant visitor to the building during a certain fixed period of each week day. But what is of far greater interest and of inestimable value is the original collection of the laws of the United States, bound in huge volumes, and stored away in seven or eight great rooms where they can be consulted at any time if the published phraseology of any law of Congress should be brought into question.

They are all on parchment, and on English parchment, too, and the lettering on the first law passed by the Continental Congress is still comparatively fresh and quite legible.

The archives of the State Department would fill nearly twenty-five rooms of average size, and there is not one document contained in them that could not be consulted on five minutes' notice. The careful indexing and arranging of these archives was the work of Mr. Fish, the secretary of state under President Grant. Secretary Fish found the State Department papers in almost hopeless confusion when he came into office in 1869. The arrangement of the archives is not the only work which Secretary Fish left on record to the better organization of the State Department. He introduced a system of examinations of applicants for consulates, to test their knowledge of subjects connected with their duties, which is the nearest approach the State Department has ever made to the establishment of a civil-service system.

The assistants of the secretary of state, of whom there are three, are charged with various branches of employment and are the representatives of the secretary, and, in the order of their importance, acting heads of the department during the secretary's

absence from Washington. Next in importance in the department is the chief clerk. Perhaps in the eyes of one-half the persons who visit the department every day he is of much greater importance than any of the secretary's assistants, for he is brought into closer contact with the general public, who use his office as a bureau of information. The present incumbent of that office, Sevellon Brown, has held his position for many years and he has the very enviable diplomatic reputation of knowing less about the affairs of the department, when approached by anyone who is not entitled to information concerning them, than anyone in Washington.

The business of the State Department which brings it into closest relations with the general public is that of issuing passports to persons who ostensibly are going abroad and who may need them for purposes of identification. The number of passports issued in June of this year was 1500, the largest number issued in any one month in the history of the State Department. As I have said, these documents are issued to persons who ostensibly are going abroad: as a fact, since Congress reduced the fee for issuing passports from five dollars to one dollar, many of the applicants for them are persons who have no

intention to travel in foreign parts and who want them simply as curiosities.

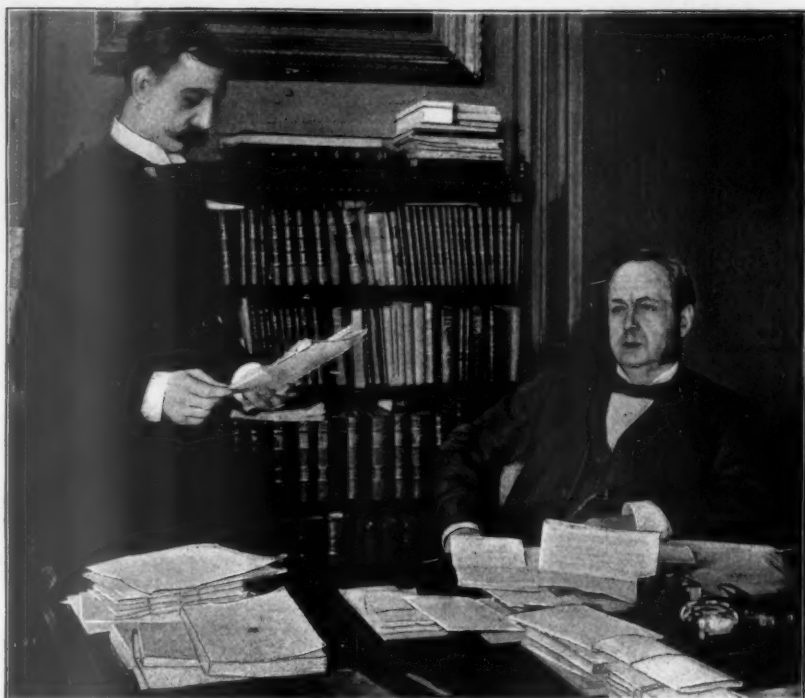
The consular bureau, over which Doctor F. O. St. Clair has presided for many years, has a great interest for the commercial community. Through it are handled and issued in printed form the reports made by our representatives abroad on the thousands of questions which affect our commercial interests.

THE TREASURY.

The Treasury Department is in some



VISITORS TO BOND VAULTS, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.



SECRETARY WINDOM AND HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

respects the most interesting of the executive departments. In the great vaults which lie beneath the Treasury building are stored millions upon millions of dollars in silver and gold coin, while in the bond vaults above is a constantly changing accumulation of securities bearing the indorsement of the government for nearly \$150,000,000. Under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department are printed the coin certificates, bonds, and other securities which are issued by the government each year. And not the least absorbing of the interesting features of this great branch of the government is the Secret Service Division, where sleepless watch is kept, night and day, on those who would defraud the people by counterfeiting money.

The present secretary of the treasury is Mr. William Windom of Minnesota, a man of mature judgment and splendid intellectual development and one who has seen much public service. Mr. Windom's

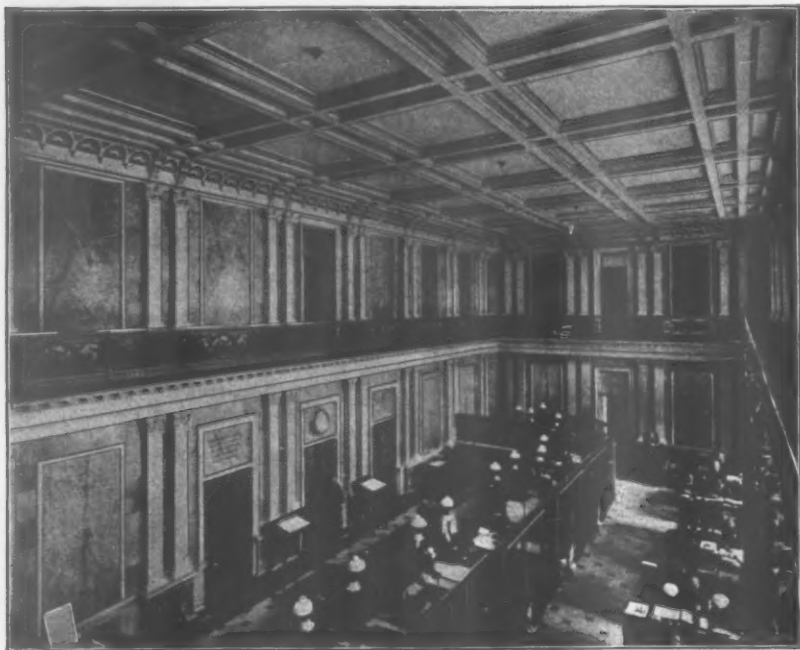
private secretary, Charles M. Hendley, with whom the secretary's visitors are brought in close contact, has an intimate and valuable acquaintance with public men gained through years of service as executive clerk in the White House.

Mr. Windom's duties are of a varied character. He is given by law the management of the national finances. He prepares plans for the improvement of the revenue and for the support of the public credit; superintends the collection of the revenue and prescribes the form of keeping and rendering public accounts and of making returns; grants warrants for all moneys drawn from the treasury in pursuance of appropriations made by law and for the payment of moneys into the treasury; and annually submits to Congress estimates of the probable revenues and disbursements of the government. He controls the construction of public buildings; the coinage and printing of money; the collection of statistics; the administration

of the coast and geodetic survey, life saving, lighthouse, revenue cutter, steamboat inspection, and marine hospital branches of the public service. The routine work necessary in the discharge of these duties is performed on behalf of the secretary by the supervising architect, the director of the mint, the superintendent of engraving and printing, the supervising surgeon general of marine hospitals, the general superintendent of the life-saving service, the supervising inspector general of steamboats, the chief of the bureau of statistics, the lighthouse board, and the chiefs of the various divisions in his department.

The most interesting feature of the Treasury Department to the visitors who daily swarm its narrow hallways is the money stored away in the vaults which fill the greater part of the basement. The largest of these vaults was built in eighteen months' time and it cost the government \$30,000. It has steel walls and its partitions are of latticed steel. The total capacity of its compartments and of the hallway that runs between them is about

\$100,000,000. The silver is stored in bags of heavy canvas, containing 1000 pieces each, packed away in wooden boxes. There are seven other coin vaults in the basement of the Treasury building. The amount of money stored in them changes constantly, for new-coined dollars are received almost every day from the mints, and, as demands are received from banks and sub-treasuries, they are reshipped to all parts of the country. Every manner of safeguard is thrown around the coin vaults, although it would take a modern Hercules to drag away enough of this silver coin to make it an object to raid the Treasury. Where a thief could work to much greater profit is in the bond vault on the first floor of the building. While visiting the department one day last April I asked, as a matter of curiosity, what the value of the bonds on deposit there was, and I was informed that on that day it was \$197,365,116.55 $\frac{3}{4}$. Visitors are taken to view the bond vault freely, but they must go in charge of one of the trusted employees of the department detailed for the purpose by Treasurer Huston.



CASH ROOM, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

The man who has all this money under his control and who handles, by proxy, several millions of dollars every day, is tall and slender, rather intellectual looking, with sharp features and bright gray eyes that look out through the glasses of a pair of gold-bowed spectacles in a frank, fearless way that is distinctly attractive. Mr. Huston spends a great part of his time signing his name to treasury drafts. His colored messenger, Mowers, stands at his right hand and deftly blots each draft as the treasurer pushes it aside. Mr. Huston signs about 6000 of these drafts every month. Sometimes there are only three drafts to sign in a day, but more frequently the number runs up into the hundreds. Mr. Huston's private secretary is Miss Tanner, the

daughter of "Corporal" Tanner, whose record as commissioner of pensions during his brief incumbency of that office has not died out of public memory. Miss Tanner drew \$1800 a year as private secretary to her father, and when he resigned Mr. Huston offered her her present position, which carries the same salary.

The cashier's room of the Treasury Department is one of the most interesting places opening into the long and gloomy halls of the building. The long counter, with its wire screens cut up by small pigeon holes, reminds one very strongly of a bank, and the huge piles of money which lie about renew the impression. They handle about \$40,000,000 in the cash room every year. It is here that accounts of disbursing officers are settled. It was here that Cashier Silcott of the sergeant-at-arms' office of the House of Representatives drew the money with which he ran away to Canada last December.

In the bureau for the redemption of worn currency, which is one of the "show"



MISS TANNER, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

places of the Treasury Department, women sit all day long, with nimble fingers counting the worn-out currency received in packages from banks and brokers and from other sources, and quickly detecting flaws and counterfeits. This is the first work on which women were employed by the government, but they have demonstrated their superiority in work like this so successfully that now they quite monopolize it. The money counters are among the curious sights of the Treasury Department. Another of them is the Secret Service Division, where counterfeit money of the face value of millions of dollars almost overflows the great safes. The secret service does not confine its attention to counterfeits. The chief business of the bureau now, in fact, is hunting down the "moonshiners," or men who run illicit stills.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing occupies a building of its own at some distance south of the Treasury Department. Here are designed, engraved, printed and finished all of the securities issued by the

government. It would take many pages to describe the intricate process through which the special paper goes from the time when it is received and receipted for at the bureau until the finished banknote is delivered at the Treasury Department, there to receive the seal which is the final stamp of administrative approval. Every sheet

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

We are so well accustomed to sneering at "our army" that few Americans who have not visited Washington or studied the duties of the secretary of war appreciate in any degree the importance of the position which Mr. Endicott occupied in



SECRETARY PROCTOR, WAR DEPARTMENT.

of paper delivered to the bureau has a history, and the story is kept with unerring accuracy through all the stages of its development into banknotes, revenue stamps, bonds, or whatever other security it may find at the end of its career. Captain Meredith, the present chief of the bureau, is a practical printer who has worked at the case in St. Louis and Indianapolis and Chicago.

his relation to the Cleveland administration and that Mr. Proctor occupies now in his relation to the administration of President Harrison. If Secretary Proctor's duties stopped with the direction of purely military affairs—that is, military affairs as the civilian commonly understands them—he would have more time to drive the handsome span of horses which he guides through the beautiful park about the Sol-

diers' Home almost every Sunday. But a catalogue of the duties of the secretary of war brings to light a great many unexpected but important duties and responsibilities. He performs such duties as the president enjoins upon him concerning the military service; he supervises the purchase of army supplies, transportation, etc., and of expenditures made under the army appropriation bill. He provides for taking meteorological observations at the military stations and at other points; arranges the course of studies at the West Point Military Academy; has charge of all public buildings and grounds in the District of Columbia; purchases real estate needed for national cemeteries; directs the construction of piers or cribs by owners of sawmills on the Mississippi river; makes regulations for several important canals and for the Davenport and Rock Island Street Railroad Company; makes rules respecting bids for contracts; and causes sunken vessels obstructing navigation to be removed. He supervises the disbursements of army officers; manages the National Park on Mackinaw island, Michigan; and directs the expenditure of the appropriation for the Mississippi River Commission. He has charge of all the work of improving rivers and harbors; approves plans for all bridges authorized by Congress; establishes harbor lines; and supervises and controls the Bureau of Ordnance and Fortifications.

This is the pleasant little list of the more important general duties of the secretary of war. The army occupies apparently a very insignificant place in this category; but the army, nevertheless, gives the secretary of war as much trouble as almost all the rest of his duties put together. Not that the movement of



OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

the troops occupies any serious amount of his attention. Major General Schofield is in command of the army, and, seated in his comfortable quarters in the north wing of the great department building, he directs his adjutant general to have the troops moved here or there as he sees necessity for their presence in one place or the other. Except in a case like that of the disturbances in Oklahoma at the time of opening of the new territory (when the subject was a matter of cabinet discussion), the secretary seldom bothers himself with the conduct or the movement of troops. There is a map in his

office directly opposite his desk, which looks very like the weather maps that are hung in public places, all covered with little colored tags. On this map every morning are suspended from convenient hooks little bits of cardboard which show at a glance what troops are stationed at the different army posts. These tags are yellow, red or white. The yellow tag indicates cavalry; the red, artillery; and the white, a body of infantry. The secretary, if any occasion arises for such extraordinary interest, can step over to the card-covered map and move troops about as easily (on the map) as he would the figures on a chess-board; and as fast as time and distance can be put behind them the troops will conform to his ideas of location. But it is not in this way that the army gives the secretary of war cause for much annoyance and thought. It is in the distribution of appointments and of assignments to desirable posts of duty that the secretary finds himself waylaid and harassed and annoyed. Not a day passes that some senator or representative in Congress does not present himself with an urgent appeal on behalf of an officer who

is tired of the frontier and wants an easy billet in Washington; or a cadet at West Point who is in trouble, and for whom the secretary is asked to intervene; or a relative or friend of a ward politician in the congressional district who has inadvertently enlisted and who wants to get out of the army.

Over the mantel in the office of the secretary of war, in an oblong glass case, is the flag which draped the casket of President Lincoln. Below it on the mantel stands a handsome bronze clock purchased by direction of Jefferson Davis when he was secretary of war. Every visitor to the War Department takes a peep at these and examines with pride the long row of glass cases in the hallway on the third floor containing life-size but not at all life-like models wearing the uniforms which have been used in the army of the United States from 1776 to the present day.

These are the only shows which the War Department affords, except the beautiful library, which contains the finest collection of technical books of the kind in the United States.

CHANGE.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

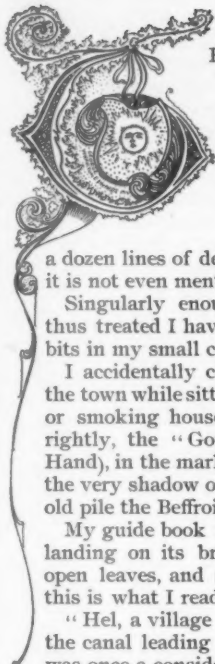
To know ourselves the dearest to our best
And best to our most dear, and then to feel
Chill spectres of pale Doubt glide swift between—
Sad shapes enwrapped in mists of time and change
Haunting the sacred places of the soul—
Surely to trust, there is no death like this!
Before their haunting presence angels flee,
The blessed shining ones of Hope and Faith,
And Love that cannot flee, at last lie dead,
And there is wreck where peace with folded wings
Brooded erewhile, and Joy was wont to be.

Yet, wherefore speak? What help in cry or word?
Can moans awake the dead? The waves heed not
The pleading of the pallid waning moon;
Streams flow not upward, turn not back to sleep
In upland lakes, however fair they lie!

Nay, nay, plead not! The lake may to the sky
Look up, and pitying showers from on high
May fill its yearning depth to overflow.
But then, e'en then, can it forget to grieve
The recreant stream that dreams and sings below?—
Heart of its heart, that yet could smile and go?

A BRABANTIAN HAPPENING.

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



HE town in which I made the discovery, although one of the quaintest spots I have found in my wanderings over Brabant, is dismissed in the more important guide

books with less than a dozen lines of descriptive matter, while it is not even mentioned in the others.

Singularly enough, in the very spots thus treated I have gathered the choicest bits in my small collection of bibelots.

I accidentally came upon the name of the town while sitting at a small estaminet or smoking house called, if I remember rightly, the "Gouten Hantje" (Golden Hand), in the market square of Bruges, in the very shadow of that magnificent gray old pile the Beffroi.

My guide book fell to the sanded floor, landing on its brilliant-hued back with open leaves, and stooping to recover it, this is what I read :

"Hel, a village 1 hr. N. E. of C—— on the canal leading to T—— (comp. p. 9), was once a considerable and fortified seaport, but has been in a state of decadence since the sea began to retire from it in the xvth. cent. The picturesque Halles were built in 1464-1468, and restored in 16—; in front of the building is a statue of the Flemish poet Jacob de Coster Van Mearlant. Ruins of the church of Notre Dame, founded in 1180 but never completed, and the Gothic Hôtel de Ville, merit inspection; beyond this there is little of interest; no hotel, and accommodation for travellers villainous." This last clause decided me, for of course few travellers would dare to fly in the face of such a warning; therefore it would be comparatively untrodden ground.

In a short time I was travelling in a third-class carriage in company with an old peasant woman who talked to herself the whole way. In due time I was before the gate of "Hel," through which I could plainly see the square, with the unfinished cathedral tower in the distance.

The picturesqueness exceeded my ex-

pectations. At the left of the square rose the Gothic Hôtel de Ville with its steep windowed roof, surmounted by a most curious pear-shaped cupola, on the bulbous face of which was a weather-beaten sun dial; below I could make out

"The crazed old clock
And the 'wilder'd chimes.'"

I was soon busily at work, having first filled my water bottle at the pump, the noisy croaking of which filled the air with sounds so inharmonious that a porcine matron sought flight with her ample family down one of the side streets. I had



well-nigh finished my sketch when I became aware of a subtle breathing behind me, and turning, I discovered what must

have been the entire population of the town, including the sow and pigs, all standing at my back in a row.

I had seen in a window before beginning my sketch, among some merchandise, a lovely old Delft pot full of clay pipes. The doorway at one side stood open, and into this I beat a retreat. I would buy the pot as a souvenir of the place—and at the same time have a pretext for entering the house. It proved to be a tobacconist's shop, as I might have known by the Turk's head hanging from an iron crane above the low door. The floor was of red brick tiles and scrupulously clean: on one side a fireplace with a shiny brass rim and a pot bubbling over a handful of coals; on the other a low counter with brass scales



IN A SNOWY LACE CAP.

shining like gold, for weighing snuff, and a box of clay pipes. Behind the counter, knitting calmly and with her eyes fixed on me, was an aged dame in a snowy lace cap of such priceless value that I repented almost having come

in to rob her of her Delft pot. I say rob her, for I intended to offer her but five francs. To my inquiry she came out from behind the counter, courtesied in a charming manner, and said she did not speak Frankrijk, would I speak Vlaâmche? I remembered someone saying that if one but asked for what they wanted in English, speaking rapidly and using as many gutturals as possible, one might achieve something of success in the Flemish tongue. The result justified my attempt.

I will transcribe my question for the benefit of those who, with a similar knowledge of Flemish, may visit Brabant.

"Brrrengt u dat antikke pot bij t'vinda down!" While I was composing this successful sentence, the old dame divided her attention between myself and a jar of snuff which she was taking, not by pinches, but by means of a spoon!

Excellent dame, dame of intelligence that you are, I salute you from a distance of something over three thousand miles, as my eye rests upon the charming outlines of my "antikke pot"—but I must not anticipate.

"Hoe weel kost dat?" I ventured again, as I felt the glaze with my hand, gently removed the clay pipes, and turning it up, looked for the mark on the bottom. Sure enough, there it was, and even an older and more famous mark than I had hoped for. Five francs indeed. Why, I would give ten at a pinch.

"Dat weel kost het Mynheer twee fraancs haalf," she said finally, turning to me and holding up two old twisted brown fingers, and with the other hand crossing the little finger to signify the half. I could scarcely believe my ears. Two francs and a half! Why, I had repeatedly offered five dollars to a suave gentleman in Fourth avenue for a specimen one-half the size and without a top at that.

Seizing a piece of newspaper which lay on the little counter I wrapped it up carefully, put a three-franc piece in her hand, and hurried from the shop, fearing she might change her mind—followed by a torrent of "dank u veels" and astonished ejaculations from the old lady.

I moved on towards the town hall, and mounted the steps worn by the feet of the Dukes of Brabant and their fair ladies. I passed through the mighty banqueting hall, still redolent (one may almost imagine

a sniff of the roast from that huge spit) of the hospitality of the fourteenth century, when mighty galleys and castelated ships emptied here their cargoes from the Orient and Venice, when black-skinned sailors and men in strange garb thronged the wharves where now the polder grass waves peacefully.

I stooped to examine the hinges of the inner door. Hinges have a peculiar attraction for me, and some very interesting examples were formerly to be seen here. Alas! the fine oak door, which was covered with many layers of whitewash, was suspended upon simple bar hinges of a common T pattern, which may or may not have been antique, but were certainly not interesting.

Hearing a slight noise behind me, I turned and confronted a neat-looking old body leaning on a sort of staff, who at once addressed me in Flemish.

Lifting my hat, I asked to be allowed to wander about, which permission was at once accorded.

Pointing to the "antikke pot" strung on the handle of my sketching umbrella, she asked in broken French if I was buying such things. By way of reply I inquired if she had any antiquities to sell. With a shake of her head she hobbled along before me down the hall, opened a low door in a whitewashed (?) carved oaken door of magnificent design, motioned for me to enter, closed the door behind me,



THE MARKET PLACE OF HEL.

and I was alone in what proved to be the ancient burgomasters' council room. A truly magnificent apartment, wainscoted in oak now black as ebony. A long table occupied the centre of the room, with high-backed and elaborately carved benches on either hand.

One entire side of the room was taken up by the chimney and fireplace, while the mantel bore in high relief the ancient escutcheon of the town—a ship of a single mast amid tumultuous waves, but without sail, with a sailor hoisting a pennant, surrounded by a banderole, upon which, as near as I could distinguish, was the fol-

lowing legend: + Sigillum + Scapinorum + et + bergensum + de + Hel. + I found that it had been sculptured by Wantier van Inghen in 1465, who received for his work ten escalins and six deniers de gros. Escalin is a coin of the Netherlands worth about twelve and a half cents.

High up in the wall I noticed a peculiar and beautiful iron grilled window. I wanted to examine its detail more closely, but there seemed to be no way in which I could accomplish this.

At the head of the table stood a massive oak chair. So high was the seat from the floor that by mounting it I might easily study its design. No one seemed to be near. So dragging it up as gently as I could, and not without noise, I placed it against the wall, and springing upon the seat I took out my pocket sketch book, and soon was engrossed in the beauty of the work, and endeavoring to put in the masses with the aid of a broad-pointed carpenter's pencil. I had nearly finished when I heard, or fancied I heard, a long-drawn sigh—it seemed the sigh of a person in bitter distress.

At the same instant the old dame stepped into view from behind one of the high-backed benches. How or when she had entered the room I do not know; at any rate she only motioned me to follow her. We passed through a side door into the estaminet. The old woman hobbled to the hall, looked out, listened, and returning to my side, again asked me if I was buying curiosities. I assured her that I would buy if offered something good. Beckoning me in a highly mysterious manner, she unlocked a door which I had not before noticed, and disclosing a flight of stone steps leading downwards, bid me descend.

The stairway gave access to the crypt, a magnificent vaulted apartment with Gothic pillars.

The old dame with her staff pushed away some of the stones at the side wall, and motioned me to drag out what seemed to be a very dirty oak plank. When I had succeeded in hauling it out into the light the old dame pushed me aside, and stooping down with many rheumatic grunts and

groans and ejaculations which might have been of a pious character, although I doubt it, seized the corner of her apron and rubbed vigorously at one end of the plank. She then picked up a small stick from the earthen floor and began picking and digging until I saw that there was some sort of ornamental iron work, much rusted, attached to the wood. Uncorking my water bottle, I poured some of it on the spot, while the old woman rubbed with straw and dug with the stick until at length I saw the outlines of a most exquisite design in hammered iron. Here and there the volutes and foliations were missing, but in the small clean spot we had made I saw enough to almost make my mouth water.

The work was quite as fine as jewelry in parts and was evidently a panel of some sort.

I took out my handkerchief, and rubbing in a particular spot for a moment found to my joy that the detail proved still more exquisite.

One thing was clear: I would have this piece at almost any cost.

"Hoe veel kost het?" I asked eagerly. "I will give twenty-five—fifty francs."

"EEN HUNDERT FRANC."

Watching the old creature's face, I saw it brighten for an instant. Then with a shake of her head she said slowly: "Maar, de burgomeester wilt niet, but the work is worth een hondert franc; it is a very fine piece—and very antique; two hundred years has it been here—in this very building—the council room upstairs; but—but the burgomeester wilt niet, and I can't sell it—but—it is worth een hondert franc—for not one sou less."

"Seventy-five franc—five and seventy will I give," I said, taking out my little pocket case and jingling the gold under her eyes. With a shrug of her shoulders and a repetition of the grunts and groans, she at length rose to her feet, and poking



up the straw over the panel with her staff, shook her head.

"Een hondert franc it is worth—if it should be sold, which it cannot be, for the burgomeester wilt niet, but not for less than een hondert franc—for it is fine and antique," and then motioned me towards the steps by which we had reached the crypt. "Stay," I said.

"Yes, I will give you een hondert franc!"

I did not believe for a moment of course that the burgomaster had anything to do with the matter—that was merely a subterfuge to whet my desire and force me to give the price she asked.

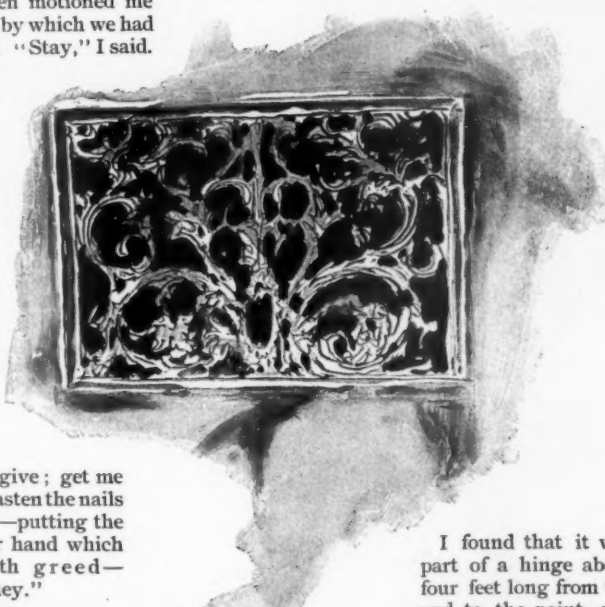
"Verstaat gij mij. Een hondert franc will I give; get me something to unfasten the nails—quick—here!"—putting the napoleons in her hand which was shaking with greed—"here is the money."



She tore open the front of her dress, and dropping the jingling pieces into her bosom, hobbled out to and up the stairway.

Down upon my knees I went and began the discovery of new beauties in the detail. Clearing away the dirt and rust which had accumulated, I found that some sort of waxy substance had been forced

into the spaces in the work and had formed an admirable preventative against injury. The substance proved to be nothing more or less than common soap. It was somewhat difficult to clear it away, but I was satisfied that I had made a bargain indeed.



I found that it was part of a hinge about four feet long from the end to the point, and some eight inches broad

at the widest part, forged in iron; here and there it had been heavily gilded, and bore some sort of inscription, either welded to or riveted upon it. I could not clear away the dirt and soap properly without hot water and turpentine, and I was unable to remove the iron work from the plank, which was apparently as solid as the day it was cut from the log, without an instrument of some sort. While I was looking about the crypt for such, the old creature returned and intimated that I should leave my treasure and return with her to the room above, to which I demurred, but upon her insisting, deemed it best to humor her.

She made me understand that she would remove the hinge and send it to me at half-past eight that evening by messenger. I was to wait at the gate tower on the canal until I saw the messenger with the parcel approach; then I was to walk along

the canal for some distance, when I would be overtaken by the boy, who would deliver the hinge to me. All this seemed entirely unnecessary and absurd, but it lent a sort of mystery to the purchase, and I consented, noticing that she seemed immensely relieved.

That night anyone on the other side of the canal might have seen a curious figure walking briskly in the direction of C—, The figure was reflected in the still waters of the canal and resembled a huge double X. Occasionally it would be lost against the velvety blackness of a clump of willows.

If one had followed along after he would have seen the figure enter the gate of C—, followed by a curious sergent de ville for a short distance in the shadow of the quaint Spanish-roofed houses, who

streets of C—, past the cathedral with its one ever-burning light shining dimly through the painted robes of the Virgin in the altar window, and after innumerable turnings, emerged into the glare of light at the station.

So eager was I to decipher the inscription on the hinge that I could not wait for morning to come, so with a lot of old newspapers spread on my bedroom floor, a palette knife and a bottle of turpentine, I began the work of cleaning. By dint of much scraping and rubbing the following legend appeared upon the centre panel:

Drie gebroeders macten mij
Van Harlebeke waeren zij
M—CCCC—L—III.

Three brothers made me,
From Harlebeke were they.
1—5—5—3.

The letters were beautifully damascened in the iron, a fashion of which I had read, but I had never seen an example of the work until then.

If this was a genuine piece—and I had every reason to believe that it was such—then I was in possession of a treasure, for the damasquinerie en cuivre is said to be a lost art, and but few examples are to be found in the continental museums.

How to pack and care for my hinge became a serious problem. I did not wish to box it, for luggage abroad is a nuisance, as everyone knows, and it would not fit in either of my trunks, being some eight inches too long. At length I hit upon a plan. I had one of those sliding cases of leather, so common in England, and which are used—pardon the allusion—for soiled clothing. They are capable of being shut up like a telescope, or lengthened in a similar manner. I decided to wrap the hinge in several nightshirts, and pack in a lot of my coats and trousers about it to fill the space.

The case being strapped made quite a proper looking and portable piece of luggage.

No one but a collector of antiquities or he who has a love for handicraft will understand my delight in the hinge. I pictured to myself the place I would give it upon my studio wall, where it might be



"THE LETTERS WERE BEAUTIFULLY DAMASCENED."

satisfied himself that it was only one of those demented tourists who did not know enough to remain at home, shrugged his shoulders with the remark that no one could understand foreigners, lighted a cigarette, and once more took up his position in the shadow of the gate.

The figure walked on through the silent

seen and admired by my fellows; and I even planned a little supper of macaroni au gratin, reedbirds and vino di Chianti



"SWORE VIOLENTLY UPON THE BODY OF ST. LIVIN."

in its honor, at which, amid the appreciative tales to be told of the past summer, the story of the hinge would be given with some success.

Delightful anticipation—but I must not depart from my story. That afternoon saw all my luggage stowed in the van save the hinge, which reposed comfortably in the rack above my head, in a first-class carriage of the express train for Antwerp, at which town I arrived in time for dinner at the "Grand Labreur." Need it be wondered at that I was so extravagant as to order a bottle of the best Volney the cellar afforded, when my exile was almost a thing of the past and on the morrow I was to sail for home?

My two trunks remained in the hallway of the hotel, but the leather case containing the treasure I insisted upon carrying to the chamber with my own hands, a proceeding which filled the bellboy with amazement.

Several times before I went to bed I was disturbed by the courier of the hotel entering my room without knocking, and

bearing towels, water, and a chair consecutively. I recall now the fact that I thought it curious that the courier, who is generally the most pompous of individuals, should demean himself by bellboy's work, but it made little impression upon me at the time, save that he seemed somewhat curious about my leather case, which I had deposited upon the bed temporarily.

In the morning I arose quite early, and after settling my bill and asking that my trunks be sent at once to the steamer, called a cab and looked about for my leather case, which I had intrusted to the courier, just in time to detect that worthy disappearing with it up the stairs. Upon hearing my "Hi! there, where are you going?" he at once came down, and taking off his cap explained that he was going up to see if monsieur had left anything behind. "An officious sort of a beggar," I said to myself, as I gave him the remainder of a handful of coppers and bade him let my things alone.

One of the servants being at my elbow, I gave into his hands the precious leather case, and shaking hands with the proprietor, who seemed in a most excited state of mind about something or other, bid the man follow after me.

I had not gone farther than the cathedral, from the great door of which a funeral was emerging with all the pomp of high mass, gorgeous funeral car with nodding plumes and colored lamps, than I found I had lost the man in the crowd, but thinking that he had taken a shorter cut of which I was ignorant, I did not feel at all disturbed.

At the steamer wharf there was the usual bustle and confusion incidental to departure, and I at once went aboard. Some business with the purser occupied



THE SERGEANT DE VILLE.

me for a short time, after which I sought out my stateroom, in which I found my valise, heavy coat and rug, but the leather case containing the hinge was nowhere to be seen. After assuring myself that it was not in the room, I went upon deck, thinking to find my man there, with like success. Here was a dilemma; it wanted but a scant half-hour to sailing time and the hotel was not less than half a mile away. It was a risk, but I could not bear to leave my hinge, which assuredly was not on board the ship. Evidently, missing me in the crowd,



"SIR! I HAVE THE HONOR."

the man, with the stupidity of his class, had taken it back to the hotel. Jostling the people coming on board, I gained the wharf, ran to the nearest cabby, and with a "Double fare if you take me to the 'Laboreur' and back before the steamer sails," jumped in and was soon tearing through the streets.

Dashing up before the hotel, I did not wait for the cab to stop, but leaping out ran into the vestibule. Imagine my astonishment and indignation to see my trunks still standing in the hall where I had left them.

I demanded the presence of the proprietor, but he was nowhere to be found. I called for the courier, who at length came.

He proved to be an entirely different person from the individual who had made himself so officious, and upon my asking again for the courier whom I had seen a short time before, swore violently upon the body of St. Livin that he and no other was courier. I demanded the reason of my baggage remaining in the hotel when

I had ordered it aboard the steamer to sail immediately. Again he swore that he had received no such order from the proprietor, and added that "*le diable boiteux*" was in the hotel assuredly.

I looked at my watch, and it, as well as the long-drawn deep note of the whistle sounding at the same moment, told me that my steamer had sailed.

That afternoon, while sitting in my room trying to bear my woes and arranging a vocabulary of expletives with which to salute the proprietor when he should appear, a knock sounded upon the door. To my response entered a gentleman, hat in hand, who, addressing me in excellent English, handed me a card with a bow.

The card bore the following:

LOUIS LAROCHE,

Commissaire de Police, Ville de Bruges.

I looked at him interrogatively.

"I see you do not recognize me," he said, showing a fine set of teeth in a most irritating manner.

I agreed with him.

"I regret," he said, "to have been the cause of your detention, through missing your steamer this morning"—and then paused.

I looked at him with surprise.

"To come to the point, I was intrusted with the management of a rather delicate piece of work;" here he again showed his teeth. There was something about the man that was familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had seen him before.

"It was connected with your luggage. The burgomaster of Hel notified us yesterday that a valuable piece of antique iron work had been purchased by an English"—"American," I interposed. He waved his hand, as if to intimate that my correction was a matter of little consequence, and continued—"gentleman, in his town. The object was of great value, and was recognized from the description of the boy who delivered it. It had disappeared from the central door of the Town Hall years ago.

"The informant could not describe you minutely, but we had a list of all the strangers in the neighboring towns who would be likely to purchase such an object. From your profession" (smile and bow) "and the fact you were known to have

passed through C— on the very day of the—the—pardon me, I search a word—the buying of the object, going in the direction of Hel, and returning the same night late from C— third class to Bruges, with a long parcel, which might readily have contained the object—we concluded" (another smile and bow) "to trouble you.

"Not having received the information until after you had left Bruges, we were unable to reclaim the object, but we had no difficulty in tracing your movements. We easily followed you to the hotel, where" (again a bow) "I undertook the matter myself."

It flashed upon me that it was under the gold-banded hat of the courier that I had seen the disagreeable smile—it was all clear now.

I fancy my face showed my thoughts, for he said: "I see you recognize me now," and continued: "I hope you will believe, monsieur, that I regret sincerely being

forced to detain you, but you were so very watchful of the object that there was no other way in which to get possession of it.

"We understood at once that you were innocent of any intent to despoil an historical monument, for such the Hôtel de Ville undoubtedly is, and recognizing this fact, I am authorized to see that your temporary inconvenience and the expense to which you have been put is made as light as possible.

"Here are one hundred francs which you paid to the 'custode' for the object, and I have already arranged with the company that you are to select, if it please you so to do, another berth in the steamship which sails on Saturday. Added to this are the renewed assurances of my sincere regrets for your inconvenience.

"Sir, I have the honor"—and he bowed himself out, leaving me in an entirely dazed condition, with the five louis in my hand.

A PROPHECY.

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

I NEVER saw your face—and yet I know
On some glad morn its smile will bloom for me
In sudden tenderness, and earth will glow
On mountain height and plain and silver sea.

I never heard your voice—and yet its tone
Will pulse in music through some lonely day,
Till all life's hidden griefs be subtly flown,
And flowers break forth beside the dusty way.

I never held your hand—and yet its touch
Will send new strength along my weary arm,
And sordid cares, that burden overmuch,
Its clasp will lift and lighten like a charm.

Your step I know not—yet like ringing sword
Its fall will sound upon my toiling way,
And I shall turn and listen for that word
The heavens themselves will lean to hear you say.





LAST STAGE.

IT is a vividly bright day in January—the 16th. There is a tingling crispness in the air as if it were early autumn—a slight frostiness that chills the skin, but does not penetrate the veins. Rather the deep breaths of this keen, pure sea air make the blood pulse with a swift, delicious warmth, like a plunge into cold water.

We are anchored at Brindisi—the ancient Brundisium of the Romans—which does not by any means look its age. It does not appear particularly attractive either from the wharves, and I am more than ever certain—as I always have been certain—that I could never agree with the haughty provincial who preferred to be first in Brundisium rather than second in Rome. Indeed, all efforts now are bent on being first out of Brundisium, as the train leaves within the hour. The Britannia goes on and around to Portsmouth, but the English government runs a train down through France and Italy to meet the P. and O. steamers, and thus gain five

days in the arrival of the Indian and Australian mails. This mail train carries one passenger coach for the benefit of Personages from the colonies who may be in haste to reach home; and if there are not a sufficient number of these distinguished servants of the empire to fill the car, mere ordinary travellers can occupy the vacant berths by cabling ahead and securing them. I have taken this precaution at Ceylon, and find there will be no difficulty in the matter provided I can get my luggage through the customs in time.

It is almost impossible to get anything done. The whole ship is in an uproar. Mails and luggage are being disembarked. Many passengers are leaving for a tour through Italy before finally returning to England, fearful of the winter fogs and of the influenza raging there. Italians, with cocked hats and imperial importance of manner, are bullying every one and getting things into a hopeless tangle. My luggage is finally marked as passed; a porter is hired to transport it; I go off to



THE HARBOR OF BRINDISI.



ON THE ITALIAN COAST.

attend to the visé of tickets, despatching of cables and other minor matters, and arrive ten minutes before the advertised arrival of the train. . . . No luggage! I fling out of the car, rush back again to the ship, and discover the missing possessions in the hands of a pig-headed Italian who insists they have not been properly examined, and demands the keys. Various necessary additions to my wardrobe during the voyage have so enlarged the contents of my little box that only careful packing and the emphatic sitting down upon it of the stewardess and myself have induced it to shut at all. Now this amiable official insists, despite the fact that it goes under seal and bond straight through to England, upon opening it and strewing my garments about the deck.

I hope I did not forget the dignity a gentlewoman should preserve under the most trying circumstances, but I fancy that my tones, while low, were concentrated, and that the little American I used was "frequent and fluent and free," for the man turned pale and wavered. I snatched up my belongings, flung them in pell-mell, jumped upon the box, snapped to the hasp and ran off with a porter

towards the train, blank despair in my heart. Happily, Italian trains are not bound down by narrow interpretations of time-tables, and I do succeed in catching it, with the luggage and some few tattered remnants of a once nice temper.

It is very destructive of the mental equilibrium to lose the temper so thoroughly, especially if one is out of practice, and it is fully an hour before the exceeding beauty of the country through which we are passing begins to have its soothing effect and to make me fain to forgive the Italians because of Italy! On our right is the Adriatic, blue as lapis-lazuli and gay with flocking sails. Here and there lie little snow-white towns along its shores and between are the gray olive orchards, with something strangely human in their gnarled grotesqueness. Even in flying by one sees flashes of fantastic gargoyle-like resemblances to persons one has known, caricatured into impossible contortions, as if by some mediæval humorousness. It is not difficult to conceive how people who lived among olive groves developed dryad superstitions and created legends of flying women transformed into trees.

... The English government pays the Italian government a large subsidy for this train and the swift passage of the mails, but the ubiquitous person who attends to all our needs—is porter, guard, steward, cook, and brakeman in one—has his own ideas on the subject of haste and acts accordingly. When we reach a town where he has friends he goes out, quietly winds us up like a Waterbury watch, dismounts, and is received with affectionate enthusiasm by a little crowd on the platform. He inquires solicitously after each one's kin unto the fourth and fifth generation, gives his careful attention to all the local gossip and retails the

news he has been gathering all along the line. When he can no longer hear or tell some new thing he lets us run down with a sudden whir, and we go on our way. At meal-times he retires into a tiny den amidships, and from a space but little larger than a match-box produces delightful soups and salad, excellent coffee, well-cooked game, baskets of twisted Italian bread, wine and oranges. At night he arranges our sleeping berths, and I think would perform barber duties and assist

with our toilets if called upon to do so. He is a fatigued and blasé personage who looks as if chronically deprived of his due allowance of sleep, and he evidently regards the travelling public as a helpless,

nervous creature always in a peevishly ridiculous hurry.

We begin to climb into the mountains and it grows very cold. Oddly angled vineyards hang precariously to the steep sides of the heights, propped into place by dams of stone that keep the soil from sliding down hill. Queer villages are tucked into clefts, with streets that are merely narrow stairs. Now and again we flash by the bold outlines of a ruined castle crowning a crag: the site always chosen with so much discretion that one wonders not only how enemies ever got in but how the owners themselves ever emerged—unless they fell out.

A film of snow appears here and there, and the cold intensifies. Suddenly we catch a glimpse of white heights outlined against the blue—we are among the Alps, and the St. Gothard tunnel is not far



ITALIAN FISHERMAN.

away. . . . A space of darkness, of thundering, clattering echoes—and then France! . . . Everything is quite different all at once. A fine new fortress commands the tunnel; the station is better built, larger and in better repair than those we have seen in Italy. The customs officer, a well-set-up and good-looking Frenchman in a smart uniform, inquires politely if we have anything to declare, and when we answer in the negative sets his heels together, gives a profound salutation and vexes us no more. Everywhere is an air of greater prosperity, thrift and alertness. The train does not stop to admit of gossiping and goes at added speed.

Telegrams have been following me along the route concerning the possibility of catching a ship at Havre. The train is rather behind time and unless the 'Transatlantique' will consent to delay her departure for an hour or two, it will be useless to attempt to cover the space between Villeneuve, Paris, and Havre before tomorrow at seven. There is hope, however, that she will wait, and Friday night, some two hours after midnight, the guard rouses me to deliver a telegram which says I must be ready at four to change cars for Paris. This means leaving my box—it is under seal for London—and crossing the ocean with the few belongings in a travelling-bag. I rise and dress quietly, scribble a few notes of farewell to such of my fellow passengers as have been especially courteous, and am all ready when we halt at Villeneuve. A young Frenchman, agent for Cook's tourist bureau in Paris, has come to meet me,

but brings the discouraging intelligence that the ship has refused to wait and that there is no chance of catching her. It is not until I reach America I discover this is a mistake and that the Transatlantique waited several hours.

This change subjected me to much inconvenience and to suffering, from the effects of which it took much time to entirely recover. For then began a most trying experience, from the strain of which not even the most vigorous constitution could escape unharmed.

. . . It is too late—half past four—to return to bed, so I throw myself on the couch and wait for day. A faint rimeclouds the window when dawn breaks, but a breath dispels it, and outside are lovely Corot-like visions—pale, shadowy, gray—worth the lost sleep to have seen. Here and there a thin plume of smoke curls up against the dull frosty sky from the chimney of a thatched, lime-washed cottage set amid barns and stacks. As the day grows peasants from Millet's pictures come out of the cottages and go along the road, carrying fagots or baskets full of potatoes and turnips. Two legs and a



ITALIAN GIRL.



"QUEER VILLAGES ARE TUCKED INTO CLEFTS."—COAST OF ITALY.

pair of sabots appear under a perambulating heap of hay. A big dog drags a small cart full of milk cans and a woman with a cap and tucked-up skirts trudges along beside, blowing on her fingers to warm them. All this, just as did Italy, seems very familiar. I know it quite well from pictures and books. It gives one the sensation—reversed—one has in reading a realistic novel in which all the little details of daily life are minutely and accurately reproduced.

It is ten o'clock when we reach Calais, and the Dover boat has gone, so there is time for a bath and breakfast—luckily, as I shall not have another meal for forty-eight hours; but of this I have no prevision. The Channel is gray and stormy when we start, and a gout of rain splashes now and then upon the deck. Fat old French gentlemen spread themselves out in chaises longues and make all necessary preparations for sea-sickness. English turn up the collars and thrust their hands in the pockets of their ulsters and stride along the rolling deck. The sun struggles through the clouds later and turns the gloom to a stormy gray-green and a shifting silver—and there looms slowly through the mists the white cliffs of England!

For me this keen windy sea is thick with sails . . . the high-beaked galleys of

the Conqueror, the silken wings of the White Ship, Henry's fleet carrying victorious armies into France, Drake's and Raleigh's prows, galleons from the east, certain small sailing craft carrying fugitive monarchs—the myriad wings of a nation of sea birds, spread for pleasure or for prey. . . .

Starting two months ago from a vast continent which the English race have made their own, where the English tongue, English laws, customs and manners reign from sea to sea, in my whole course around the globe I have heard that same tongue, seen the same laws and manners, found the same race. Have had proof with my own eyes of the splendor of their empire, of their power, their wealth, of their dominance and orgulousness, of their superb armies, their undreamable commerce, their magnificent possessions, their own unrivalled physical beauty and force—and lo! now at last I find from a tiny island ringed with gray seas has sprung this race of kings. It fills my soul with a passion of pride that I too am an Anglo-Saxon. In my veins too runs that virile tide that pulses through the heart of this Lord of the Earth—the blood of this clean, fair, noble English race! . . .

It is worth a journey round the world to see—

" This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;
 This fortress built by nature for herself
 Against infestation and the hand of war.
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in a silver sea;
 This blessed plot of earth, this realm, this Eng-
 land,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds so far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
 land—
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea!"

and I understand now the full meaning of this trumpet-cry of love and pride from the greatest of earth's poets—an Englishman.

Dover—and one sets foot at last on the mother soil. We are, by the way, the only people who call our land a mother. . . . The blue boudoir of a first-class carriage—then English landscapes under the level rays of a setting sun. Certain characteristics here are very reminiscent of Japan. The neatness and completeness of everything; the due allowance of trees dispersed in ornamental fashion; nature so thoroughly tamed and domesticated; the picturesque railway stations and a certain

moist softness in the air. But where everything there is light, fragile and fantastic, here it is solid, compact and durable. . . . Like the English sea, the English land swarms with phantoms—the folk of history, of romance, of poetry and fiction. They troop along the roads, prick across the fields, look over the hedges and peer from every window. I hear the clang of their armor, see the waving of their banners; their voices ring in the frosty winter air, their horses' hoof-beats sound along the paths. Without regard to time or period, to reality or non-reality, they come in hosts to welcome me—to say, "And so you too have come to join us. We have waked once more to greet you. We are the ghost of England's past!"

Even the folk of the contemporary novels are not absent. I see the sunk fence by the coppice where Angelina always bids Edwin an eternal farewell in the last chapter of the second volume, and they are there doing it now. There rides Captain Cavendish in his red coat, home from the hunting-field, and on his way to the handsome old country house yonder where he will squeeze Mrs. Fitzroy's fingers under the teacup he passes her and thus lay the foundation for forty-two chapters of



"TREES APPEAR LIKE DRYADS FROM CAR WINDOWS."

jealousy, hatred and all uncharitableness.

. . . Darkness falls. A dull glare is reflected from the heavens that speaks the presence of a great gas-lit city. A myriad sparks twinkle in the distance—the "Lights o' London." . . . Miles and miles and miles of houses. A huge, shadowy half-globe looming against the sky—the dome of St. Paul's . . . towers and delicate spires, and lights shining through many lance-like windows—Parliament Houses, where lords and commons sit in debate . . . long gleams quivering serpent-like across a wavering black flood—we have passed over the Thames, and here is Charing Cross. . . . Clatter, hurry and confusion—everyone giving different suggestions and directions. I had meant to remain over night in London and take the

to Holyhead and to catch the Bothnia, which touches at Queenstown next morning. This train leaves in an hour and a half. I have not slept since two o'clock the night before nor eaten since breakfast, and my courage is nearly at an end. One of my fellow-travellers who has been most kind to me all the way from Ceylon comes to my rescue and assumes all responsibilities. I am sent off to the hotel to dine in company with two kind and charming fellow-voyagers, Sir William Lewis and his daughter, while he arranges my difficulties. I am far too tired and disturbed, however, to eat, and can only crumble my bread and taste my wine. At half-past eight my friend appears and carries me off to the Euston station. He has snatched his dinner, got rid of the dust of travel and into evening clothes. He has brought rugs and cushions that I



"PALE, SHADOWY AND GRAY COROT-LIKE LANDSCAPES."

North German Lloyd steamer at Southampton the next day, but here the news meets me that this ship has been suddenly withdrawn and will not sail till late in the week. My one chance is the night mail

may have some rest during the night, a little cake in case I grow hungry, and heaps of books and papers. My foot warmer is filled with hot water, the guard is induced to give me his best care and attention, and



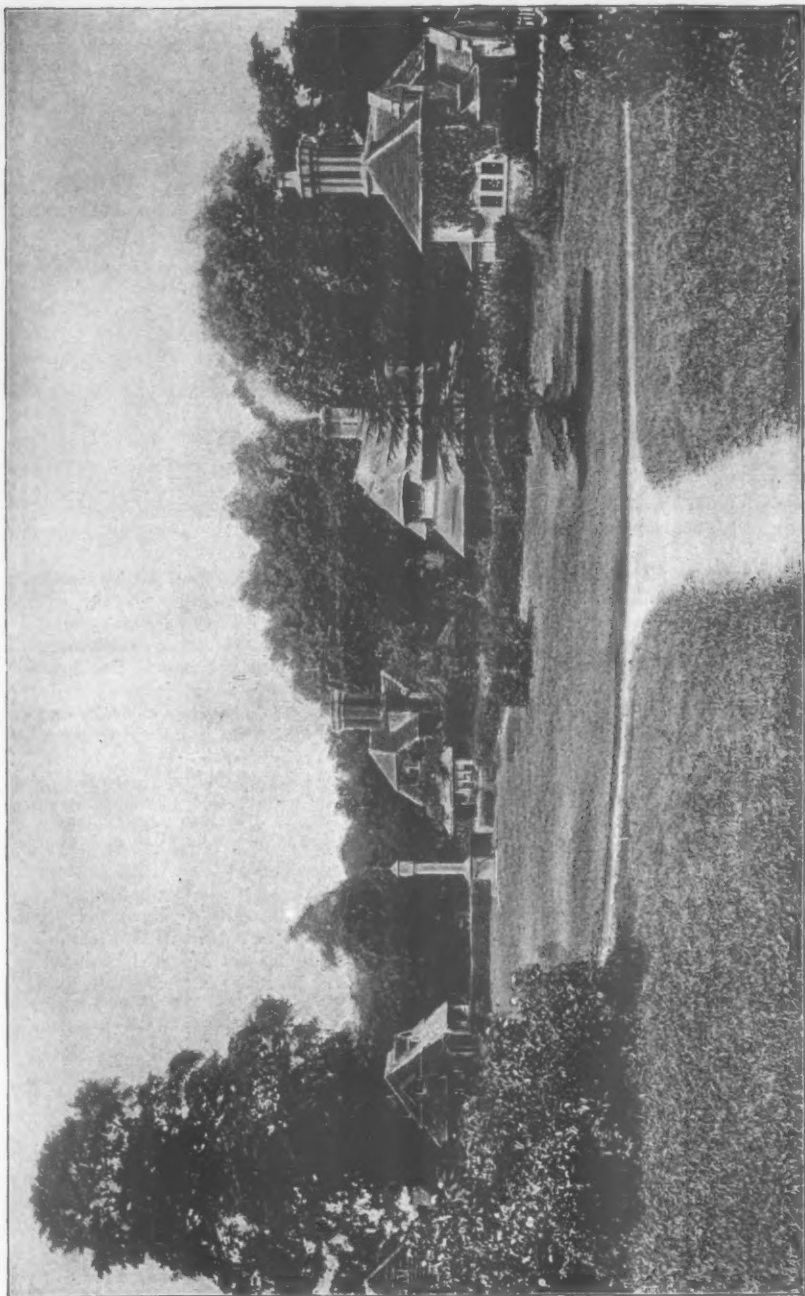
"PEASANTS FROM MILLET'S PICTURES COME OUT OF THE COTTAGES AND GO ALONG THE ROADS."

then I go away alone again, somewhat comforted by the chivalrous goodness of the travelling man to the uncared-for woman.

. . . I fall asleep from fatigue, am shaken by horrible dreams and start awake with a cry. The train is thundering through a wild storm. I try to read, but the words dance up and down the page. The guard comes now and then to see if I need anything, and deep in the night I reach Holyhead. Gathering up my multitudinous belongings I run through the rain and sleet to the little vessel quivering and straining at the pier. The night is a wild one, the wind in our teeth, and the journey rough and very tedious. The cold and tempestuous day has dawned before we touch Kingstown and are hurried—wretched for lack of sleep and the means of making a fresh toilet—into the train for Dublin. The Irish capital is still unawake when I rattle across it from station to station this Sunday morning, and immediately I am off again at full speed through a land swept with flying mists and showers—a beautiful land, green even in January. Later, ruddy-cheeked peasants go along the roads to church—a type I am very familiar with in America. I gaze at the sturdy young men and wonder how soon they will be New York aldermen and mayors of Chicago; how

soon those rosy girls will be leaders of society in Washington.

. . . I am growing frightfully hungry, having eaten nothing since yesterday morning in Calais. There is the spice cake, but with no liquid save a little brandy in a flask I soon choke upon the cake and abandon it. The train is behind time, owing to the late arrival of the Channel boat, and stops only for the briefest moments. At noon we reach Queenstown, having curved around a fair space of water and past the beautiful city of Cork. The ship has not yet arrived, but will doubtless be here in a few moments, the bad weather having delayed her; and my luggage is all hurried down to the tender, where I should be sent too did I not wail with hunger. The Queen's hotel is not far from the station, but the evil luck which has pursued me for the last two days ordains that the kitchen of this hostelry should be undergoing repairs at this particular moment, and no food is to be had. By dint of perseverance I finally secure a cup of rather cold and bitter tea and a bit of dingy bread. I am warned to hold myself in readiness for an instantaneous summons to the tender, for when the steamer is signaled there is no time to waste. So hastily I make such toilet as is possible with my dressing-bag aboard the tender, and sit alone in the waiting room attendant on the summons.



IN ITS NEATNESS AND TRIMNESS A LANDSCAPE REMINISCENT OF JAPAN.—ENGLAND.

Hour after hour goes by, but no summons arrives. I dare not move lest the call comes during my absence, and sit there hopelessly, helplessly, overwhelmed with hunger, lack of sleep and fatigue. At six o'clock my patience is at end, and I am clamorously demanding more food, when they bring the long-expected notice. The ship has been signaled, and the tender must be off. It rains in torrents, mingled with sleet, and the wind blows a tempest. The tender puts out from shore and is whirled about like an eggshell. The wind drives us back, and over and over again we essay the passage before we can make head against the wild weather. It is two hours and a half later when we get alongside the ship, and I am chilled to the bone, sick and dizzy for want of food and sleep, and climb stumbingly across the narrow, slippery, plunging path that leads from one ship to the other.

. . . The weather is terrible—a season long to be remembered for the January storms of the north Atlantic. The waves toss our ship back and forth among them like a football. Even were I not too miserable to move the plunging of the vessel would make it impossible to keep one's feet. The ship laboriously climbs a howling green mountain, pauses irresolute a moment on the crest and then toboggans madly down the farther side, her screw out of water, and kicking both heels madly in the air to the utter dislocation of one's every tooth and joint. Down, down

she goes, as if boring for bottom, and when it is perfectly certain that she can never by any chance right herself, she comes nose upmost with a jerk, shakes off the water and attacks a new mountain, to repeat the same performance on the farther side.

Two-thirds of the passengers are very sea-sick, and I am quite as wretched and prostrate as if I was, too. It is the third or fourth day out, and I am beginning to take heart of grace and to long to leave my stuffy little cabin. The ship is rolling frightfully still, and I am still revolving in my mind an attempt to rise when a sudden lurch sends the heavy jug full of water flying out of its basin full into the berth, where it smashes into twenty pieces upon my face and chest and drenches me with icy water. The doors of the gangway are left open lest they freeze together, and therefore a bitter wind sweeps through the cabin, so that when I am hauled from my dripping bed, and it is discovered that the key of my box, where are the only dry changes of garment, is mislaid, I am stabbed through and through my wet and clinging clothes by this terrible cold. I am thus suppressed again for another three days, and it is only towards the end of the week—the storm being abated—that I am able once more to stand on my feet. It is a most amiable and friendly little company that finally assembles in the cabin; the recent woes we have all passed through having made us sympa-



THE COAST OF ENGLAND IN A "NOR' EASTER."



THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT NEAR CHARING CROSS; ST. PAUL'S IN THE DISTANCE.

thetic and considerate. We even get up in time a concert for the seamen's orphans, and play shuffle-board on the still uncertain deck for prizes. But this crossing of the zone of storms has greatly delayed us, and it is late in the evening of the eleventh day when we take our pilot aboard. The morning of the twelfth day is cold, but evidently has some thought of clearing, and the sea is less rough. . . . A rim of opaque film grows on the horizon. Very soon Coney Island is in

sight, and as we swiftly near the shore the plaintive reproachful eyes of the great wooden elephant are turned upon us as if to deprecate our late coming. The water has smoothed itself into a bay. A huge gray woman, holding an uplifted torch, awaits our coming. We are by the shores of Staten Island. "Is this the hill, is this the kirk, is this mine ain countree?"

Suddenly a great flood of familiarity washes away the memory of the strange lands and people I have seen and blots out



ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, NEAR CHARING CROSS.

all sense of time that has elapsed since I last saw all this. I know how everything—the streets, the houses, the passers-by—are looking at this moment. It is as if I had turned away my head for an instant, and now looked back again. My duties, my cares, my interests, which had grown dim and shadowy in these last two

months, suddenly take on sharp outlines and become alive and real once more. I feel as if I had but sailed down the bay for an hour, and was now returning.

. . . The ship slides into dock. I can see the glad faces of my friends upon the pier. My journey is done. I have been around the world in seventy-six days.



THROUGH PICCADILLY ON WAY TO EUSTON STATION.

NORSEMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY KRISTOPHER JANSON.

THE old vikings of the north were imbued with an ardent spirit of adventure. They dashed out on the wild ocean in their boats of hide as in their ships of war and took land where they pleased. The world belonged to him who could take it with his sword. And so they raged like tigers and lions on the coast of England and Scotland and Ireland, ravaged France, burned cities in Spain, frightened Sicily and dragged along with them as much booty as they could lay hold of. In the churches of France people prayed, "Deliver us, O God, from the fury of the Norsemen!" At last they ascended the throne of England in the person of William the Conqueror. Modern civilization has put a stop to this warlike aggression and the lands are no longer at the mercy of the Norse invaders. But still the curiosity to see foreign countries, the desire to fight against difficulties and conquer them, lies deeply buried in every Norseman's breast. And when young Carl Bock traverses the island of Borneo and the forests of Siam, and Dr. Carl Lumholtz spends three years among the cannibals of Australia, when Fritjof Nansen on his 'skees' (snowshoes) crosses the ice of Greenland, hitherto considered an impossible task, and Nordenskjöld again opens the arctic regions to new discoveries, then all these young heroes have proved themselves to be genuine sons of the old viking race.

This desire for adventures and daring deeds together with the harsh conditions of life in their native home has led to the immense Scandinavian immigration

to this country. We Norsemen are in a sense more closely related to America than any other nation. Our countryman Leif Erickson was the first white discoverer and settler in New England. And though his attempt at colonization proved a failure and left no visible trace, still the stories of his daring voyages lingered in the minds of his people and was probably one of the many causes that led Columbus to perfect his plans for discovering the continent on the other side of the ocean. We know that Columbus visited Iceland, and it may be taken for granted that he heard of Leif's adventures in olden times.

The first Norwegian colony we hear of is Bergen in New Jersey, founded 1624. The Swedes settled about the same time (1638) in Delaware, and the first Swedish church was built at Wilmington in 1698. But these colonies were more or less

absorbed first by the Dutch element and later by the English.

Immigration on a larger scale commenced in the year 1821 when Cleng Persson and Knut Eide left Norway in order to investigate the Eldorado on the other side of the ocean. The Norwegian peasants suffered then from religious persecution. The law forbade other people than ordained ministers to preach; but the peasants disregarded the command and one of their number, the fervent and talented lay preacher Hans Nilsen Hauge caused quite a stir and revived the slumbering religious spirit of the people. He was arrested and imprisoned; but the movement started by him could not be



PROFESSOR SVERDRUP.

stopped, and in spite of jails and fines the peasants fought their own fight. Besides that, another sect, the society of Friends or Quakers, caused much inconvenience to the established Lutheran church. It was not an uncommon thing that the sheriff came and carried off the children of the Quakers in order that the Lutheran minister might baptize or confirm them; and if the parents did not partake of the holy communion, they were fined and made to pay their full tithes to the pastor to whose church they did not belong. Such conditions soon became intolerable and the peasants commenced to look with longing eyes toward the land of liberty on the other side of the ocean. After Cleng Person's return the first emigration society was founded in Stavanger in 1824, and on the 4th of July 1825 a party of fifty-two persons boarded a sloop bound for America. After sailing fourteen weeks they landed in New York all healthy and well. It caused quite a stir that anybody had dared to cross the ocean in so small a vessel. After several troubles the passengers sold the ship and cargo; their religious brethren the Quakers helped them along to Illinois, and they settled partly in Rochester, partly in Kendall and Morris counties. They had to go through many hardships. The winter set in before they had houses built, so that twenty-four of them were obliged to join in putting up a small log house which gave each person one square foot of room. They earned their living by threshing with flail for their neighbors, for which work they got every eleventh bushel of wheat. But by patience, endurance and hard work they pulled through, and after five years' stay they sent encouraging letters home asking others to come. From 1825 to 1836 smaller parties came in vessels from Gothenburg, Hamburg and Havre, and the stream of immigration turned to the prairies of Illinois. The tireless pioneer Cleng Person had been tramping all over the country west of the big lakes in order to pick out the best pieces of land for his countrymen. When from the top of a hill he looked out over the blooming prairies of Illinois, where the grass stood knee high, and discovered smoke from a chimney, he fell on his knees and thanked God for this paradise opened to his children.

Half dead from starvation and hardships he crawled down to the homes of the pioneers and got the information that this was the Fox river country, where some Americans just then had commenced to settle. Thither went the next party of Norwegian immigrants, of which Cleng Person was the leader, in the year 1836; and soon the banks of the river bloomed with prosperous farms.

Less fortunate were the settlers of Beaver creek. They caught the first glimpse of the region in the dry season; and the flat bottoms covered with rich grass seemed very inviting. They built their huts but when the rainy season set in they soon learned their mistake. The water covered the lowlands; they had to wade through ice and mud wherever they went. In the spring their fields were changed into lakes, and when the water evaporated the ague craved its victims. Many died and the survivors fled to their countrymen in Fox River and La Salle counties. Norway, Leland, Lisbon, Morris and Ottawa soon became centres of the western colonization, and in 1839 the Norwegians attacked the prairies and forests of Wisconsin. Almost every summer the barns and log houses of the older settlers were packed full of new immigrants on their way farther north and west. The first Norwegian newspaper was started at Norway, Wisconsin, and the first Norwegian Lutheran church was built there in the year 1844. The first pastor was a Dane named C. L. Clausen.

When the steamers commenced to cross the ocean and the conveniences became greater, when railroads carried passengers to the farthest point and friends sent tickets home and met the newcomers at the station, then of course the scruples grew less and less, and the immigration gradually increased to its present large proportions. Soon northern Iowa and the whole of Minnesota and Dakota were covered with Norwegian settlements; and the hardy Scandinavian pioneers are fast filling up the forests of Oregon and Washington. Nay you will find them in the vineyards of southern California, among the mountains of Colorado and Idaho, on the prairies of Texas, on the arid plains of Arizona and among the Mormons at Salt Lake City. Minnesota especially has become a Scandina-

vian state, the fourth part of its population belonging to this northern race. They are considered a hardy, honest, industrious class of people, where the saloon has not exerted its baneful influence upon them.

It is almost impossible for us, who live surrounded with all modern conveniences, to measure the difficulties and hardships with which these first pioneers had to fight. Coming to the large city of New York, bewildered by the foreign language and the noisy brawl of the hotel-runners, unable to express themselves, cheated out of their scant savings in a thousand ways, packed like freight on board the canal boats, unloaded like cattle at Chicago or Milwaukee, where other 'Christian brethren' tried to roast them, and at last finding themselves left alone under the awning of their wagon out on an immense prairie, with no roads, no traces of human beings; driven to

madness by clouds of mosquitoes, by want of food and water—what wonder that many sat down, with their heads buried in their hands, and cried aloud and cursed the moment when the desire for adventures and a better future had lured them to this desperate undertaking? And when the land was located, to commence with two empty hands, first digging a hole in a hill or an old Indian mound, and creep in there with the children like woodchucks; or erecting a shanty out on the windy open prairie, and nearly freeze to death in the cold winter; and

when the summer came, to work, work, work, suffering with ague, hearing the sick children moaning and crying, unable to attend to their wants, beyond reach of any physician, not seeing smoke from a neighborly chimney for many miles; perhaps scared to death by wild beasts prowling round their lonely huts, or by Indians, in their war paint, shouting in a barbarous language and swinging their tomahawks. When we now see

the smiling farms in the thickly settled regions, with school houses and churches and postoffices, we would not dream that this had been a wilderness forty, or fifty years ago, changed as it is now into a garden by the industry and patience and unflinching energy of the old men and women who now sit in their armchairs, broken down by rheumatism and overwork, or sleep under the turf by the old oak or pine tree yonder. American history will not mention the names of these

courageous pioneers, who have done more for its glory than soldiers on the battlefield. But it ought not to forget their deeds; and their grandchildren who now occupy the farms will bless the toil and sufferings of their predecessors, who have bequeathed to them comfortable homes and a happy future.

But this peaceful battlefield is not the only one where the Norsemen have shed their life blood for their adopted fatherland. In the civil war they were found in almost every western company; and the Fifteenth Wisconsin, consisting only



PROFESSOR R. B. ANDERSON.



HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

of Scandinavians, gathered its bloody laurels on many battlefields, especially at Chicamauga where their commander Colonel Hans Hegg, son of one of the first settlers, was killed. "I think I shall have to send my Fifteenth Wisconsin," General Sherman used to say when something risky was to be done.

Besides farming and money-making the common Norseman's mind is occupied with two things—politics and religion. Having fought for his independence and being at last united with his former foe, Sweden, the Norwegian is very jealous of his liberty and always on his guard against any encroachment upon his right of self-government. He has a vigilant eye, is politically wide awake, and Norsemen therefore make good material for citizens of a republic. Still the Scandinavians have not exercised a great political influence in the West, though some of them, like the Norwegian Knute Nelson of Minnesota, have attracted attention as members of congress. The reason for this must be sought in their

mutual jealousy which always is likely to frustrate their occasional efforts at co-operation. Being born and educated in the narrow valleys of Norway and separated one from another not only by mountains but by dialects and customs, the Norwegian farmer's mind is accustomed to move in a narrow circle; his interests rarely stray beyond his farm, his parish or his district. It is very difficult for him to drop his little local scheme, for the benefit of the larger commonwealth. While the Germans or the Irish always keep close together and thereby obtain political power, the Scandinavians are always divided against themselves and an easy prey to eloquent demagogues who take advantage of their national prejudices. This stubborn narrowness and lack of public spirit makes itself particularly felt in their religious conflicts. The Scandinavian Lutheran church of America has split

into six different organizations, which have hitherto waged a sort of civil war one against the other with all the harshness and cruelty that characterize internecine combats. The disagreement has related partly to questions of doctrine, partly to government and internal organization; and as no party was willing to yield, each has magnified its flies into elephants. The Norwegian is a born controversialist. He likes to discuss, to twist words, to push arguments, to indulge in hair-splitting definitions; and as the religious field is the only one in which he feels himself at home, he gives free vent to his fighting spirit in his ecclesiastical controversies. A Scandinavian Lutheran church convention offers a tragi-comical sight. It is held quite in mediæval style. No quarter is given to the slightest heresy; wholesale condemnation, the stake and eternal damnation await the sinner that goes astray. The Bible is considered a great arsenal of doctrinal weapons and projectiles.

The combatants launch Biblical thunderbolts against one another; Moses and David and the prophets are made viking chiefs who brandish their swords with delight; and when one of the parties is about to be pushed to the wall, its ministers command a charge of bayonets along the whole line with St. Peter and St. Paul as standard bearers. The inspiring words of command, the smell of powder, the smoke of the burning heresies stir up the farmer. He feels his importance as a crusader; the fanaticism of his leaders influences him and he considers himself a sentinel of God's kingdom on earth, whose holy duty it is to resist and repulse all those modern innovations that come and ask for admission in the alluring guise of 'progress.'

In this stubborn belief in the infallibility of their own party the reason must be found why three of the Lutheran societies during three years have struggled in vain to unite.* They have labored energetically and some of them are excellently organized. Each party has its high school and theological seminary. The Norwegian synod has its seat of learning at Decorah, Iowa, presided over by Professor Larsen; the Norwegian-Danish conference at Minneapolis, Minnesota, (Augsburgh seminary), at the head of which are Professors Sverdrup and Oftedahl. The Augustana synod has its seminary at Marshal, Wisconsin and the Hauge synod at Red Wing, Minnesota. Besides these the Norsemen have colleges at Willmar and Northfield, a seminary at Parker, Minnesota, and a normal school at Sioux Falls, Dakota. In former days the Lutheran societies violently opposed the common school and tried to establish separate parochial schools. Now this opposition has partly ceased, but it still has some strength in the Norwegian synod. And we receive in these very days the information that the Bennett law of Wisconsin, which would impose the teaching of the English language on every school in the state, is likely to be defeated by the opposition of the Scandina-

ian Lutheran ministers. Besides the Lutherans, the Baptists and Methodists have gathered around them quite an important Scandinavian element. During the last seven years a Unitarian movement has also been started at the head of which stands the Norwegian author and theologian Kristofer Janson. The centre of this movement is Minneapolis, where a handsome church has been built. Other places where liberal societies have been formed are St. Paul, Underwood, Fergus Falls, Linden in Brown County, Minnesota, and Hudson, Wisconsin. The movement seems to prosper. Among the Norwegians who have left their old country in order to use their influence and talents among their emigrated countrymen we also may mention Professor Breda, now of the State university at Minneapolis, a man of rare attainments and ability, and Professor Edward Olsen whose untimely death his countrymen have not ceased to deplore. The latter occupied the professorship of Greek at the Chicago university and was then elected president of the newly founded university at Vermilion, South Dakota. During a visit to his brother, the well-known drygoods merchant S. E. Olsen at



CONSUL F. SVANOE, CHICAGO.

Minneapolis, he spent a few minutes at the editorial offices of the Minneapolis Tribune. Suddenly the alarm bell rang, the building was on fire and, before the flames were extinguished, the bleeding remains of Professor Olsen were picked up from the ground. He had tried the fire escape, but had dropped down. The deceased had been a member of the Oriental congress, and was the only one—so it was told—that was able to address each one of the many delegates at the convention in his native tongue.

In our list of educators we must not forget Professor W. W. Wraaman, Professor Hendricksen and Rasmus B. Anderson. Professor Wraaman has been for some time superintendent of Hennepin county schools, and is now the president of South Minneapolis academy. He has done much for the introduction of the English language among his countrymen and has published a very practical handbook. Professor Hendricksen was for many years professor of history at the College of Beloit, Wisconsin, and is now editor in chief of *Skandinaven*, one of the oldest papers published in the Norwegian-Danish language.

R. B. Anderson was for a series of years professor of the Scandinavian languages at the Wisconsin State university at Madison; went from there into business as a life-insurance agent for the Equitable and was appointed by President Cleveland minister resident at Copenhagen, Denmark. On returning to the United States he resumed his business life and is now acting as agent for one of the large cod-liver-oil companies of Norway.

He is a good type of the self-made Norseman of America. His father was Bjorn Anderson, a Norse peasant's son, and his mother was the daughter of an officer in the army. In the aristocratic circles of Norway such a union was considered a misalliance, and as Bjorn Anderson also was a Quaker, the prejudices with which he had to contend were well-nigh insuperable. He therefore resolved to escape with his young wife to the land of liberty and crossed the ocean in the spring of 1836. The two first years were spent at Rochester, New York, where he worked as a cooper. Then he moved farther west to La Salle county, Illi-

nois, and at last pitched his tent on the site of the present town of Albion, Wisconsin. Mrs. Anderson was the first white woman who settled there. They had to endure all sorts of hardships and sufferings, but they did not lose courage. They were endowed with a will of iron. In the first two or three years six cents was all the cash money they owned. With the few products they could spare the husband had to go through the uncultivated wilderness to Milwaukee, the nearest town, seventy miles distant, in order to exchange them for necessities of life. During his absence his wife stayed alone in the log hut with the children, only visited by an occasional Indian. In this school of hardship young Rasmus grew up. He remembers with pride that he earned his first money by peddling apples. By energy and hard work he achieved success. He visited first the Norwegian college at Decorah, Iowa, but his independent nature rebelled against the tyranny of the school and he was compelled to leave. Later we find him as professor, first at Albion college, then at the Wisconsin State university. His influence has been great as a teacher but still greater as an author. The language and literature of his mother country became his favorite study, and he has done more than any one else to introduce in America a knowledge of the remarkable old Norse civilization. His chief works are a Norse Mythology, Viking Tales of the North, America not Discovered by Columbus, and *The Younger Edda*. He has also by translations tried to make the best Norwegian works of fiction known to the American public, particularly the peasant novels of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. He has also translated Winkel Horn's *Handbook of Scandinavian Literature* and several of the masterpieces of Georg Brandes, the celebrated Danish critic.

Another man of letters who has made himself famous is Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Coming to this country at the age of twenty-one he still conquered all the difficulties of the English language to such an extent, that he was welcomed as a contributor to the principal American magazines and soon became a full-bred American. His first novel, *Gunnar*, made quite a hit and has been published in

seven editions. The picturesque nature of the land of the midnight sun and the odd fancies and customs of its people opened a new world to the American reading public. Gunnar was followed by a series of novels—*Tales from Two Hemispheres*, *Falconberg*, *Ilka on the Hill-top*, *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*, *Vagabond Tales*, *Idyls of Norway*, *The Light of Her Countenance*, and several others—by which this author has a secure place in American literature. In 1874 he was called to the professorship of German in the Cornell university at Ithaca, New York, and moved in 1880 to New York city where he was offered a professorship of Germanic languages and literatures at Columbia College.

Scandinavian artists have not as a rule found America a golden land of promise. Very few have come here to stay. Ole Bull, who married an American lady and settled at Madison, Wisconsin, ruled despotically everywhere by the magic of his violin, and even the busy prosaic western America stopped to listen to his wonderful strains, in which the whole Norwegian nature quivered in melodies. Edmund Neupert also occupied a prominent place in the musical world of New York. But besides these names, I know of no prominent Norwegian musician who has settled here. Stars have come on a visit, and left again.

Among the painters, two have tried their luck in the growing western cities. One of them, Melvold, died in the utmost poverty; the other, Gansta, does not enjoy a very enviable existence at Minneapolis. The culture of the rich west as regards art is not as yet sufficiently developed to enable it to distinguish between pretentious charlatanism and true artistic merit.

The sculptor Jakob Fjelde has made himself favorably known of late by some busts of prominent men. He has been engaged to model the bronze figure of the muse of History for the public library at Minneapolis; but he also complains bitterly of the hard struggle an artist has to encounter in our western states. In this row of artists I will also place Mr. Struck, the architect of the splendid Normanna hall at Minneapolis. It is self-evident that the larger number of Norwegian immigrants belong to the poorer classes,

who have come here to better their material conditions. Among the exceptions to this rule we must count the many able physicians educated in European universities, who have made America their home. Prominent among these are Dr. Knut Hoegh of Minneapolis, probably the best surgeon of the northwest, and Dr. Doe of Chicago.

The Norsemen most eminent in the legal profession are Ingolf K. Boyesen of Chicago, the author's brother, and A. Ueland of Minneapolis. These gentlemen enjoy the full confidence of their fellow citizens and have a well-merited reputation for ability and honesty. Mr. I. K. Boyesen has twice been offered the nomination for a judgeship when a nomi-



KRISTOPHER JANSON.

nation was equivalent to an election. But his practice is so remunerative that he can not as yet afford to give it up in return for judicial honors.

A great number of the Norwegian immigrants remain in the cities as skilled mechanics or as laborers. The growing western communities do not fully appreciate what they owe to these faithful toilers. They are grinding the wheat at the flour mills, they are handling the logs at the saw mills, they are digging the sewers and paving the streets and planting the parks and driving the teams and doing much of the housework. Some of

them, though relatively few, have acquired wealth and position. I will not mention those who happened to own land where the large cities of Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and St. Paul now are situated. They got their millions into their pockets by mere chance. But I mean those who by their own efforts have amassed fortunes and who exhibit in their success the typical qualities of their race. Among these Mons Andersen of La Crosse, Wisconsin, is the best known. Commencing as a poor lad by sawing wood for people, he scratched his English a b c on the saw-buck in order to learn the language. Americans immediately noticed that here was energy worthy of assistance and they helped him along. Now he has become the chief of a large drygoods establishment and owns a beautiful residence at La Crosse. His native simplicity and modesty have however not forsaken him.

In journalism the Norse-Americans have unfolded a startling activity. One of their earliest ventures was *The Northern Light*, published in the forties by Hegg & Reimert at Norway, Racine county, Wisconsin, in the interest of the Free Soil movement. Though it was not a financial success and expired after two years of precarious existence, it had the merit of having first signalized the fact that the natural sympathies of the Norsemen were with the party of freedom and opposed to the then menacing slave power. Incidentally it also raised one of its publishers, Mr. Reimert, into prominence in state politics. He was a presidential elector in 1848 and subsequently a member of the constitutional convention and of the state legislature.

In 1849 *The Northern Light* was bought by Knute Langeland, and under the changed name, *The Democrat*, devoted itself with much energy and ability to defending the cause of abolition. At the end of a year and a half it again gave up the ghost. *The Emigrant* and *Fædrelandet* (*The Fatherland*), which after a season of separate existence wisely united their cerebral and financial forces, continue to address the Norse immigrant (at La Crosse, Wisconsin) and devote a vast deal of space to religious controversies of a more or less acrimonious kind. The editor of *Fædrelandet* and *Emigranten*, Mr. F.

A. Husher, has been a member of the Minnesota legislature and has recently been appointed United States consul to Fort Stanley and St. Thomas, Canada.

A remarkable man who was associated with Norse-American journalism in its early days was the late Marcus Thrane. He had been imprisoned in Norway for inciting the laboring population to revolt, and after having served out his sentence came to the United States. He first settled in Chicago where in 1856 he published *Den Norske-Amerikaner* (*The Norse-American*) which can scarcely have been a very profitable enterprise as its subscription list was later presented to a new paper called *Skandinaven* which continues its prosperous career up to the present day. *Skandinaven* was undoubtedly the first Norwegian newspaper in this country which proved a financial success. This was due to various causes, foremost among which were the character and ability of the editor, the above-mentioned Knute Langeland. Mr. Langeland during his long editorial career exercised a greater influence than any other man in moulding the opinions of his countrymen into sympathy with American institutions. He was Norse to the backbone and yet a thoroughly loyal American. A plain rugged man he was, with no grace of speech and manner, but rigidly upright, deeply religious, and withal progressive in a careful and deliberate way. He was in the best sense representative of the people whom he addressed; he understood their interests and the working of their minds; and they therefore listened to him and made his paper the great success which in the course of time it became. A goodly share of credit for this success belongs to another sturdy Norseman, Mr. John Anderson, the publisher of *Skandinaven*, who by his intelligence, industry and energy has worked up a great printing and publishing department in connection with the paper. *Skandinaven* is and always has been republican in its politics. Its present editor, Mr. Peter Hendrickson, was formerly a professor in Beloit college, but abandoned an academic for a journalistic career. He is a clear and vigorous writer and, though a strong partisan, is personally as courteous and genial as editorially he can be disagreeable, if you happen to be a democrat.

Another Norse-American journalist who being born an American (but of Norse parents) may perhaps disclaim the appellation, is Mr. Victor Lawson, the editor and proprietor of the *Chicago Daily News*, which is said to have the largest circulation of any newspaper in the west. Mr. Lawson is the son of a Norse immigrant, Ivar Lawson (or Larson), who was part proprietor of *Skandinaven* during its early days. I cannot refrain from pointing to this intelligent, wide-awake, energetic and enterprising gentleman as an instance of what, under favoring circumstances, the Norse immigrant may become in the second generation. Mr. Victor Lawson is as American in feeling and sentiment as if his ancestors had come over in the *Mayflower*. He has assimilated the best qualities of the American character, while yet retaining a certain Norse sturdiness, a fearless courage of his convictions, and a fine independence which refuses to follow a party where his conscience disapproves. It is these qualities which have made him the power that he is in western journalism.

Eminently worthy of honorable mention as a journalist is Mr. Luth Jaeger, formerly editor of the influential weekly, *Budstikken*, in Minneapolis, and now editor of *The North*, an excellent, ably edited journal printed in English and devoted to the noble task of educating the Scandinavian immigrants to be good and loyal American citizens. Mr. Jaeger is a democrat in politics, and his paper is independent with a pronounced democratic tendency. The same may be said of its Norse namesake, *Norden*, published by I. T. Relling & Co. in Chicago. Mr. Relling is one of the many intelligent Norsemen who became *Mugwumps* in 1884 and have since drifted in the direction of democracy. His paper which is conspicuously fair-minded has naturally reflected his political conversion, and is now a most vigorous and much-needed champion of tariff reform and reform of the civil service. Mr. Relling is also at the head of a prosperous publishing house, and makes a specialty of the importation of Scandinavian books.

It is an undeniable fact that the Norse-Americans have not hitherto wielded a political influence at all proportionate to

their numbers. Though imbued with a strong sense of personal independence and endowed with considerable aptitude for political affairs, they have failed to secure the recognition from the republican party to which their loyalty and staunch support would seem to have entitled them. Where they are strong enough to defy all opposition, they have sent men of their own race to the state legislatures, and in a few instances also to congress. The Honorable Knute Nelson of the fifth Minnesota district, is the only Norseman who has attracted national attention and made a record of which his countrymen have any reason to be proud. He had the courage to vote against his party and support the Mills bill in the fiftieth congress; and what was more, he knew how to state the reasons for his temporary apostasy with much force and cogency. Mr. Haugen, another Norseman, who represents a Wisconsin district in the fifty-first congress, made his countrymen blush at seeing his vote recorded against the international copyright law, and Mr. Lind, a Swede, even went to the length of making a speech in favor of sustaining the present disgraceful condition.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin, Norsemen frequently figure on the state tickets as candidates for various offices and usually on the republican side, and in the Dakotas they are sure to play a considerable part. A great drawback to their political preferment is however their animosity to the Swedes. The American party manager is not given to making nice distinctions; and it has been found impossible to impress him with the fact that Norwegians and Swedes are separate nationalities. He calls them both Scandinavians and can see no reason why they should not combine upon common candidates and back them with the force of their united strength. This is the secret of the comparatively small political influence which is wielded by the race which in Minnesota might be the dominant one and in Wisconsin and the Dakotas at least holds the balance of power.

[* After this article was written the information comes, that the three parties at last successfully have completed their union, at a meeting in Minneapolis, in the month of June.—ED.]



VOLCANOES NEAR SAN JOSÉ DE GUATEMALA.

A GLIMPSE OF GUATEMALA.

BY FRANCIS J. A. DARR.

THE voyage from San Francisco south to the Isthmus, in the slow, coal-saving steamers of the Pacific mail, is not such as to inspire one with love for the sea; and notwithstanding the inconvenience of landing in open roadsteads, San José de Guatemala was a welcome sight to all of us.

The shallow waters of the Pacific coast of Central America make it necessary for steamers of any draught to anchor in the open sea at about two miles from shore; large, flat-bottomed launches, rowed by twelve scantily clothed low caste natives, then approach the side of the vessel to transport passengers, baggage and freight to the long iron piers which have been built out beyond the surf.

The passenger seats himself in a chair supported by block and tackle to a crane above, and when all is ready is swung out into space, and rapidly lowered into the launches. The operation is safe enough on quiet days, but in rough weather one receives many hard knocks, if lucky enough to escape a ducking, which is a source of much amusement to the natives and heartless passengers who crowd the deck to witness the discomfort of the unfortunates who are going ashore.

On a clear day the view of the mountains from the port is very impressive. It is but a few miles from the backbone of the Sierra Madre, which from here south to Costa Rica fairly bristles with volcanoes.

From the low country of the coast up to the 4500-foot elevation of Guatemala city, the Indian dress passes through every grade, from absolute nakedness to a complete costume of sandals, trousers, shirt and hat. The railroad to the capital

passes through many Indian villages of adobe huts with thatched roofs, surrounded by heavily laden tropical fruit trees.

The life of these indolent, lazy natives is sleeping, eating, smoking and drinking, when they have earned enough silver to purchase a quart of "aguadiente."

From the windows of the train one catches many views of domestic life. Here a woman grinding corn for the "tortilla," there, the frijole or black bean, and always watched by her three or four little children, one for every year of her married life. The last one, or baby, is folded in a shawl on her back, shoving his chubby fists into his mother's hair and seeing how much he can pull out.

Their cooking utensils are of native pottery and answer every requirement. It is said that the native Guatemalteco can tell at a glance not only in what district any particular piece of pottery was made, but that he will also name the village. A run of about three hours brings you to the town of Escuintla. In former days this was the distributing point for the interior of Guatemala; was headquarters for ox teams; contained the homes of many of the wealthiest traders in balsam, coffee, sugar and cochineal, and promised to soon outstrip in population and importance even Guatemala itself. The aniline dyes killed the cultivation of the cochineal bug, the railroad was pushed from the coast, through Escuintla, over mountains and ravines to the capital, ox teams were sold as beef cattle, and today Escuintla is but a poor ghost of her former self. To a traveller, however, it presents every characteristic of the ideal, lazy tropical town. The narrow cobbled streets are lined with



INDIAN "RANCHOS" BETWEEN ESCUINTLA AND THE VOLCANOES.

dismal-looking adobe houses, and at certain cool hours of the day are filled with gaudily dressed Indians from the surrounding "pueblos," bringing every variety of fruit and vegetable known to the climate. These farmers, so to speak, are never anxious to sell their produce until they arrive at the "plaza," where they arrange their baskets in rows to await customers; but often when going at a dog trot some cook will call out to them, that she herself may be spared a trip to the "plaza." Though competition at the market is brisk, all venders combine to keep the price up and never cut rates unless in secret. Fruits and wild vegetables are wonderfully cheap; but potatoes and peas, or in fact anything requiring cultivation is high in price.

Escuintla has an altitude of about 300 feet, and from eleven in the morning until five in the afternoon a native of northern climes must remain in the shade to be comfortable. The quiet burning heat is something terrific; the large-leaved plants fold up, while small sprigs seem to die. Perspiration streams down the faces of passing Indians, whose leathery skins glisten with moisture. Animals seek the shade of trees, everything living seems to rest. The hot sun shines from a clear sky until about three P.M., when dark storm clouds roll down the mountains shading the entire coast. Large drops of rain fall first, gradually increasing until the very heavens seem to have opened; and as suddenly the storm passes away, followed by the cool sea breeze, moistened by the rain. The refreshing sensation

is delightful, there is new life everywhere, the plants open, blooming roses are again moist and fragrant, loaded mules are once more on their way, and the deserted streets are again filled. In such warm regions ice becomes the greatest luxury, and it is only recently that ice machines have been successfully worked by natives. The water of Escuintla is tepid before being cooled by evaporation in earthen jars, and is brought from some large springs, a few miles distant, by Indians, who dispose of it from door to door at a moderate price, while the ordinary water used for washing purposes is brought through the city in the old aqueducts built years ago by the Spanish priests. At many corners there are public water troughs, where the poor and those who have not running water in their houses procure their supply.

Earthen vessels holding from three to five gallons of water are balanced on the head, by first making a rest by placing a twisted cloth on the crown, coiled in a circle. This balancing feat is acquired only by long practice, and there are few prettier sights in the tropics than the picturesquely dressed and graceful native girl, almost unconsciously carrying the water jar on her head. One often meets really handsome women among the Indians. Brought up from early childhood accustomed to every exercise, their figures develop most beautifully, and every movement becomes naturally graceful. From sixteen years of age until say thirty is their prime; after that they fade rapidly, and are wrinkled hags at forty. Their dress consists of square-shaped shirt with

armholes, which in color varies with the age and taste of the wearer, from white and black, through all colors and shades; the skirt is wound round the body outside of the shirt and both fixed in place by a stout belt; a light shawl and a many colored headpiece complete the costume. Many adorn themselves with coral necklaces and bangles, made by stringing small silver coins on stout cord.

The avenue of San Luis on the outskirts of Escuintla is lined by two rows of gorgeous palms, which are much nobler varieties of that southern forest king than are found anywhere in the West Indies. None of the aged inhabitants I met were old enough to tell me the age of these trees, nor any more than that they were regarded as old when they were children. The undergrowth and luxuriant vegetation around the town is of that dark green common to the eucalyptus or blue gum tree of California, and as the railroad gradually ascends the heavy grade to the east the refreshing coolness of the mountains is soon felt, and the rich heavy foliage of the coast is superseded by the sparse growth of higher altitudes, until the banana and pineapple plants are replaced by mountain oak and apple trees.

The question of labor in Guatemala is growing more serious every year, and even now the planter puts a mortgage on his hired men for the next year by advancing them anywhere from fifty to \$100 apiece. This is what is called a system of "habilitacion," and it has spread from the farm hands of the country to the domestics of the city. One employs a cook, she immediately borrows a month's wages: she calls it a loan, but it might just as well be called a gift, because one never sees it again, and

she will always owe that amount, unless more is lent.

Of course, in any particular department where the president or one of his ministers may own a coffee estate, all other owners have to stand aside until the favored "finca" is well supplied with labor;



INDIAN GIRL OF GUATEMALA.

and sometimes powerful owners have so drained the country of able-bodied coffee pickers that weaker proprietors have lost entire crops amounting to many thousands of dollars. The power of the head of government is so absolute that he is able to persecute this or that coffee grower at will, and there is little or no recourse. In order to be a successful coffee

planter one must have some influence with the heads of departments; if a native, the influence is generally political in its nature; but if a foreigner, one has to pay for all one gets.

Earthquakes are of daily occurrence in the vicinity of Amatitlan, and many ruined houses and shaken-down churches can be seen on all sides. Those most severe were felt in Antigua, about 108 years ago, when that city was entirely destroyed. The cathedral of San Francisco, with walls varying in thickness from five to ten feet, was completely destroyed. Huge arches built of cut stone were broken like so many pipe stems.

Shortly before arriving at the city the train passes close to the national penitentiary, built by General Barrios. Surrounding the interior buildings there is a wall about twenty-five feet in height, wide enough at the top for sentinels and guards to be posted, and enclosing an area of about ten acres.

The interior arrangements are so crude, the cells so uncomfortable and the lowest tiers so damp and unhealthy as to recall the dungeons and prisons of the Middle Ages. The liberal party came into power, with Barrios as its leader, in the revolution of 1870 and 1871. He immediately began to beautify the capital, to lay out fine streets, to erect creditable public buildings, and in a hundred different ways to improve the dirty, ill-smelling Spanish town, until the contrast became so great that now it is called the Paris of Central America. The old monks had constructed a simple but excellent system of water supply, but their drainage plans were defective and epidemics had been frequent. American en-

gineers corrected this in a great measure, and the city now compares very well in that respect with some of the most favorably located towns of the United States.

One's sojourn need not be of long duration to learn that though the military despotism of Barrios accomplished some good results for the country at large, it was nevertheless a reign of terror. Citizens were never sure that on the following day they might not be in prison. Innumerable spies were employed, and no doubt many used their secret influence to punish and persecute personal enemies. The system developed into an inquisition; no man was safe. Arrests were frequent and at night, without charges being preferred or accuser named. The peniten-



AVENUE SAN LUIS, ESCUINTLA.

tiary was commanded by an army officer, responsible only to Barrios and his minister of war, Barrundia; and many families today mourn for members who were last seen entering its gates.

During thirteen years, over 3000 political prisoners disappeared in the penitentiary and were never again heard from! Many claim that the number is nearer 5000. In addition to the wholesale executions, numberless political prisoners



THE CATHEDRAL, GUATEMALA CITY.

were whipped and tortured to extort confessions. The methods of punishment were numerous and barbarous; it will suffice to relate a single instance. A certain colonel had in some manner incurred Barrios's hatred. By degrees he lost his grade in the army until he was confined by the police. From being one

of the most zealous, brutal, and cruel of his chief's supporters he himself had become a prisoner. He was a giant in stature and strength, and numerous trials at the whipping-post produced but little effect upon him. One night, after a very severe lashing, he allowed himself to curse his persecutor.



RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAN FRANCISCO, ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA.



AVENUE DE CALVARIO, ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA.

Orders were then given to use petroleum; his cut and gashed body was saturated with oil; he was tied to a cemented floor and set fire to. The petroleum did the work.

It is possible that the complete system of espionage exercised under Barrios has rendered Guatemaltecos suspicious. A stranger immediately feels that he is regarded with curiosity by all who see him; the nature of his business, the probable length of his sojourn in the country and the source of any influence he may have will all be inquired into with the greatest minuteness. The country is full of new schemes for railway lines, electric-

light systems, telephone plants, colonizing projects, the building of new seacoast piers and even of the planting of vineyards under public protection; thus whenever a stranger does appear he is said to be connected with this or that enterprise. As a rule the Germans, English, French and Italians receive a much more cordial welcome than the Americans, and the

people as a nation are much more European than American in customs, feeling and sentiment.

The growing power and influence of the United States is regarded with jealousy; emigrants from our country are not desired; they view us in the same light as the Californian does the "Chinee," considering that nothing but money would attract us to their shores. The excess of Indian blood is by degrees darkening the complexion of the entire race. The only hope of the country must come from foreign lands; they are indebted to us for nearly every piece of engineering work they have; their regular communication



GRAND PLAZA, GUATEMALA CITY, SHOWING THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

with the outside world is by means of American steamers, and yet we see the authorities always throwing the weight of their influence against things American. Their far-seeing leaders must see that in time the overflowing population of the United States will cross to the south of the Rio Grande; the Mexicans will be first absorbed, the Central Americans next; and yet we see these people already beginning to attempt to keep us out, just as effectually as they would push back the ocean from their coasts with the palms of their hands.

For many years Guatemala has been the most active advocate of the union of the Central American states. While such a union would be advantageous to that small brood of half-breed republics, it should be accomplished by peaceful means.

During Barrios' time his supporters made loud claims that he had no designs on the presidency of the union, but I do not think that today there can be found too honest Guatemaltecos who would swear that such was the case.

You may varnish over Guatemala's de-

sire again and again, but the true incentive remains the same, i. e., to control the new union as she does her own departments today.

Whatever strange sensations one may feel in a land not thoroughly hospitable are soon forgotten in only casually studying this unique race, so near every refinement of civilization and yet clinging to Spanish customs that our Sioux and Apaches will scorn in a few years. The "mozo" or laboring Indian still carries his pack or "canasta" on his back, like a beast of burden, and the coffee machinery of the remote districts has all been transported over the mountains, piece by piece, in the same manner.

The conventional low rambling Spanish house, enclosing a tropical garden, the beautiful stone and "adobe" religious structures and the bright-colored costumes of the Indians attract the eye at every turn in the streets, momentarily banishing any sad thoughts that even a moralist might entertain concerning the future of this gay and thoughtless people, who take so few steps forward in this age of universal rapid progress.

SOLITUDE.

BY FREDERICK PETERSON.

It is the bittern's solemn cry,
Far out upon the lonely moors,
Where steel-gray pools reflect the sky,
And mists arise in dim contours.

Save this, no murmur on their verge
Doth stir the stillness of the reeds;
Silent the water-snakes emerge
From writhing depths of water-weeds.

Through sedge or gorse of that morass
There shines no light of moon or star;
Only the fen-fires gleam and pass
Along the low horizon bar.

It is the bittern's solemn cry,
As if it voiced, with mournful stress,
The strange hereditary sigh
Of age on age of loneliness!

HORSES AND RIDERS.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

TO attempt to say something new or even something with a flavor of novelty as to the art of riding a horse, in anything short of a volume, would be a vain undertaking. Yet when one gazes upon those who ride and even while one rejoices that their number is ever on the increase, it is impossible to believe that a reiteration of some of the old truths as to what constitutes good riding can ever be amiss. This, at all events, is all that the present article aims to do—to present very briefly a few of the principles which the writer has come to believe most essential to success in an art that is well worth any man's cultivation. These conclusions, even if they prove to be familiar, are the results of many years of practice, study and observation. I have ridden constantly ever since I was put on a pony at nine years of age, I have followed hounds in various places and over all sorts of country, and I have had the advantage of studying the art for a short time with the best and most scientific horseman I have ever seen.* These opportunities have not been exceptional, but they have taught me something: the difficulty of the art itself, and the manner of my own shortcomings, if nothing more. It is possible that I may be able to suggest something which will be of interest or assistance to others who love the horse and the saddle as I do, and this is my only excuse for venturing on such well-trodden ground. I shall not attempt to develop my views by means of reminiscences, although all who ride have plenty of them, for in the matter of riding "teaching by example" is not a system which approves itself either to my taste or my capacity. At the risk of seeming didactic therefore, I shall try merely to set down some of the conclusions at which I have arrived after a good deal of experience and some thought, and which appear to me to be most helpful to good riding and to the proper training of a horse. In what I have to say I shall begin with the dumb animal. We can afford to give him precedence, for it is pretty certain

that the animal who can speak will, in the end, always get his own case stated as fully as it deserves.

History runs back for many centuries, but it does not reach the time when there were not relations of some sort between men and horses. It is not creditable to the more intelligent member of the partnership that the most remarkable fact about this long association after many years of civilization should be the nature and disposition of the horse. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the fact that the horse is still gentle and docile, that he is still preëminently useful to man, is little short of a miracle in view of the treatment to which he always has been subjected. Horses, except in a very small percentage of cases, always have been, and are now, broken and governed in almost absolute defiance of the laws of their nature. The Arabs, perhaps, and a certain number of persons engaged in the training of race-horses of great value, break colts with some reference to their nature, and there is probably an equal number of intelligent and highly civilized men who treat the broken horse after he comes into their hands with some regard to his natural qualities. These exceptions are so few, however, that they do no more than prove the rule, and have had and can have but little effect upon the equine race, the great multitude of horses in daily use among men. The treatment of the horse as an animal to be trained and used by man is almost universally wrong, and the first lesson that anyone ought to learn who wishes to become a horseman in the broad sense concerns the nature and disposition of the horse itself.

The horse is one of the most timid and nervous of all known animals. He is quite as timid as the deer, which is generally spoken of as typical in that respect. His means of defence and offence are feeble and clumsy in the extreme, not going beyond a lumbering blow with his hoofs or an awkward pinching bite with teeth formed only to crop herbage. The stag, with his heavy antlers, is a much more formidable foe than any stallion could pos-

* M. H. L. De Bursigny.

sibly be, and yet none who has ever tried to stalk deer or who knows anything of their habits would set a stag down as other than a timorous animal. Practically, the only means of protection against its enemies possessed by the horse are its suspicious watchfulness and great speed. Its only safety in the days of wildness was in flight and to flight it always resorts still, in a moment of terror, although, like all other timid animals, it will fight after its fashion, if cornered and driven to desperation. In addition to the deep-rooted instinct which teaches it to fly from any real or imagined peril, the horse is sensitive, excitable and more susceptible to punishment and to kindness in the simplest forms than any other animal of which we have intimate knowledge. It is true that we often hear it said that a horse has courage, but the expression is misleading, for it is not at all the quality which we mean when we speak of courage in men or in fighting animals. With the horse, courage is only the courage of effort or endurance, never that of resistance or attack. In moments of intense excitement, to which the horse with his high nervous organization is peculiarly susceptible, he will charge a battery, run until he drops dead with exhaustion, or face a fence or ditch from which under ordinary circumstances he would recoil. A short time ago, a horse racing to a fire with an engine tore his hoof entirely off in a railroad track, but he raced on and gave no sign. The injury was not discovered until the fire was reached, and then the noble animal was put out of his agony by a merciful bullet. Courage of this kind the horse can show under stress, but the fighting courage of the bulldog, of the game-cock or of man he never possessed and never exhibits.

How then is this nervous, timid, excitable animal broken to man's use? The answer can be given in a word. He is broken and always has been broken by a system in which violence and force are the predominant features. He is treated as if he combined the attributes of the rogue elephant and the man-eating tiger, with the tough hide of the one and the cunning ferocity of the other. Sometimes the violence and the force employed are moderate and do comparatively little harm. Sometimes they are extreme, as in the case of the "broncho," which has

been broken with such summary brutality for generations that it is a marvel that the ponies of the western plains are not all hopelessly vicious buck-jumpers instead of producing only a comparatively small proportion given over to this evil propensity. The amount of violence used in horse-breaking depends, in fact, entirely on the character of each individual engaged in the work. Horse-breakers, as a rule, are neither highly educated nor very thoughtful persons, and they resort naturally to force when the animal under their hands makes them impatient, as he is certain to do sooner or later. Be it much or little, however, violence is almost invariably used in breaking horses, and the average man seems to proceed on the theory that the horse is naturally vicious. In reality a naturally vicious horse, that is, one which will of its own motion attack man with the intention of injuring him, is as scarce as a white blackbird. There are horses which have been made vicious by breaking, although even these are rare enough, but the horse vicious by nature is practically unknown. Yet the theory on which horse-breaking proceeds among civilized nations is that we are dealing with a fierce creature which must be subdued by fear. Fear must be appealed to with the elephant or the tiger and with many other animals, but it is greatly out of place in dealing with a horse. The mere statement of the proposition, indeed, is sufficient to show its absurdity. We wish to break an extremely timid and nervous animal to our uses and we do so by adding to its fear, and control it by making it more afraid of us than anything else. The process ought to be the exact opposite. We ought to make the animal obedient and useful by giving it confidence in us and making it regard us as its protector and friend and not as its tyrant. The more a horse is punished the more his sensibilities are deadened, while by punishing as little as possible it is easy to get a horse to respond to the tone of voice or to the slightest touch of hand or leg.

It is a waste of words, however, to try to reform horse-breaking. The present system has been in vogue for an indefinite time. The world gets in a rough way what it wants, and the mass of men engaged in the business have neither the time nor the wish to change, even if they

had the power of reflection sufficient to enable them to see the need and the value of improved methods. With the people to whom the horses come when they leave the hands of the horse-breaker the case is somewhat different, and the improvement in the methods of training and using horses, although slight, has been both certain and steady as civilization has advanced. With those, therefore, who use the horse and who desire to use him intelligently, with the greatest security and with the best results, it is always possible to get a hearing, and to such persons even an imperfect sermon may be preached with interest if not with advantage. In this paper I shall speak, of course, only of the horse under the saddle, and if anything that I may happen to say has, by good fortune, a wider application, I can only repeat Doctor Holmes's words that

"This is a moral that runs at large.
Take it, you're welcome, no extra charge."

What, then, is the first point to be understood by anyone who wishes to ride not only well but intelligently, and to get the most and best from the noble animal under him? The first thing is to understand the nature of the horse, which I have already tried to describe briefly. For in order to be a real horseman in its fullest sense a man must both love the horse and comprehend its nature. I have seen many a bold rider in the field and some skilful trainers in the school who regarded their horses simply as machines by which they might get somewhere or do something, and who were, therefore, not horsemen in the right sense. If a man understands the nature of the horse he knows, as I have said, that he has to do with a sensitive and timid animal. In order, therefore, to get the horse into the habit of obedience which is the foundation of all good results in riding we must win his confidence. It is, of course, absolutely essential that the horse should understand that the rider is the master, from whose will there is no appeal, and it is probable that at least one occasion will arise in which the rider's control can be demonstrated only by the application of force. But it must never be forgotten that this is the rare exception, and that the best rider is he who uses force least frequently, and when he does use it applies it in such a manner that the horse knows precisely

what the punishment means, and dreads it accordingly.

To get a proper control of a horse the rule is, as I have said, to get his confidence, and this is obtained by kindness, patience and the creation of habits. All three are essential, but last not the least so, for no animal, not even man, seems to be so entirely the slave and creature of habit as the horse. Let me give a practical illustration of just what I mean. The average horse at the outset is afraid of a railroad train. Very few—I am speaking of course of horses who are neither broken in spirit nor dulled by age—care to stand near to a train passing at even a moderate rate of speed. At the station of a little town in Essex county, Massachusetts, there is a horse, not high spirited, but sound and well fed, whose business it is to take people from the train to their various destinations in the neighborhood. When not so engaged he stands with his wagon parallel to the inward track of the railroad and facing the same way as the trains which pass on that side of the line, from which he is separated by a platform perhaps five feet wide. Thirty or forty trains a day pass along that track. Some stop at the station, others are express trains which rush by at the rate of forty miles an hour. When these trains pass the station that horse stands perfectly unmoved, hardly turning his ears. If anyone thinks that this is not a display of confidence, let him stand on the platform of a station while an express train comes by, with closed eyes; and if after performing this simple experiment he is not convinced that the horse to which I have referred shows nerve and confidence, in this instance born of habit, I am very much mistaken. It is much the same thing, I believe, in taking horses into battle. After the first alarm and surprise at the sounds of the battlefield the confidence born of excitement and confusion prevails and the horse goes readily and even eagerly into the fight. If he is wounded and recovers from the wound, I have been told that it very rarely happens that he can be got back into battle again, because he associates the battlefield with injury and pain. Therefore in ordinary life the object of the horseman should be to impress upon the horse's mind that the objects which alarm his timid nature are not going to injure

him, and that the demands which the rider makes upon him will neither hurt nor pain him. When such unlimited confidence can be developed by habit it can also be developed by patient kindness and by the simple reward of a kind word or a slight caress, on which the horse sets great value. Let us take as an instance of what I mean the very common matter of shying. The wild instinct which causes a horse to regard with intense suspicion any unfamiliar object where he fancies that danger may lurk leads him also to contemplate immediate flight as soon as his suspicion is aroused. The ordinary method of dealing with a timid horse is to let him take you unawares by shying, and then punish him severely for following the dictates of his nature. In other words, the common practice adds to the fear of the object the fear of ensuing punishment, which is connected in the animal's mind, not with his shying, but with the object that made him shy, and the next time he will probably spring away with redoubled vigor. The proper treatment is very different. In the first place a rider ought not to be taken unawares by a shying horse. It is, of course, impossible to always foresee that a horse will shy, but these cases do not occur very often. Still more rarely a rider must force a horse by an object which terrifies him by means of punishment, but this is only necessary when the rider's safety or that of others is involved. The true method with a timid horse when his rider sees him show slight but unmistakable indications of fear is to turn his head by a slight pressure of the bit slightly away from the dreaded object, keep him moving, speak to him constantly in an encouraging voice, and by no means punish him. Except in the case of unusually timid horses, in nine instances out of ten a horse will pass perfectly well an object which he fears if he is encouraged and soothed by the voice. In other words, give him confidence. Make him understand that you are not only his master, but his friend and protector, and that when you speak to him he may be sure that he is in no danger. Almost all the accidents which occur with horses, either in riding or driving, come from the instinctive timidity which teaches the horse to break away from anything that he fears in blind and headlong flight. If, when he is frightened, he ex-

pects the infliction of pain from his master he becomes uncontrollable almost at once; but if he anticipates kindness and is accustomed to rely on his master's voice and hand, the impulse of flight is soon quieted.

What I have said about shying is merely an illustration of the principle which should be used in training horses. That is, we ought to teach them the habit of obedience and confidence in order to get from them the best results both of use and safety. There are, of course, great differences in the nature and intelligence of horses. They vary in these respects as widely as men, and these differences must be taken into account. Some learn very quickly, others very slowly, and all have great cunning and persistence in evading what is demanded of them. But the same general rule applies to all. Be patient and kind, and above all unyielding, for if you ever allow the horse to conquer when you have once set out to make him do something, he is not likely to be of much value afterwards.

In regard to the training of saddle horses it would be quite impossible within the limits of such an article as this to enter into any detailed discussion. The utmost that can be done is to throw out a few general suggestions. Most people—I am speaking of course of riders—are simply carried by their horses from place to place. They think that they are riding because they stay on the horse's back and give a general direction to his forward movement. But this is not riding. The man who rides in the true sense of the word is the one who has his horse under control, and whose horse never makes a movement in any way except by direction of his rider. I do not mean to underrate the difficulties of sticking on a horse, still less do I undervalue the nerve and courage which are the absolutely essential qualities of any kind of riding. But courage and sticking on, although essential, are still only a small part of the art. Every man who undertakes to be a rider ought to know, in a rudimentary way at least, how to make and train a saddle horse. Training a saddle horse is something against which a prejudice exists in many minds, because it is associated with "school riding," and yet "school riding," as it is commonly termed, or in better language the art of training a horse, is the most im-

portant thing that any horseman can learn. In the first place it breeds the condition of mind in which most riders are sadly deficient. It is the liberal education of horsemanship, and like every really liberal education it teaches liberality in judging other riders and all systems, and gives a man a breadth of view which is as important in this as in graver matters. The school rider who is nothing else is no doubt disposed to be narrow towards those who are proficient in other directions, but this is merely because he is not a school rider in the true sense of the word. That is, he has not been properly taught about the training of horses, for a properly taught rider is aware that there are certain fundamental principles which are to be found in every kind of good riding. He knows, for example, that the cowboy, the Arab, the Mexican, the cavalry officer, the English jockey and the English fox-hunter are all in their way good and sometimes admirable horsemen. But the tendency of men who have never tried to understand the science of horsemanship, so far as my own experience goes, is to undervalue any kind of riding which is superficially different from their own. The English, for example, are the great cross-country riders of the world; that is, more men have been in the habit of riding across country in England, and it has been practised there for a longer time than is the case with any other nation. So much everyone will admit, but the English theory appears to be that owing to these facts Englishmen have a monopoly of riding, and that in the true sense of the word nobody but an Englishman knows how to ride. It is fair to say that the great English jockeys who ride flat races are probably unequalled, but aside from this there is nothing very surprising or very unusual about English riding. Riding across country is the best of schools to make a good seat, but it is not extraordinarily difficult, and there is probably hardly a riding nation in the world whose good riders cannot jump horses over obstacles as well as any Englishman. The mental attitude of the Englishman about riding always reminds me of what befell a friend of mine many years ago. My friend had been a very gallant officer in our civil war and had been three times severely wounded. When the war was over he travelled in England, and at a din-

ner party in London was asked by a distinguished English general whether we were able to teach our men to fight in line. "Why not?" was the reply. "You could teach monkeys to fight in line if you tried." There is no peculiar English monopoly either in riding or fighting. As Doctor Johnson said of a certain book: "Yes, sir, many men, many women, many children might have written it."

In learning to ride well, therefore, or, which is the same thing, in learning to train a horse, it is best to realize that you have before you not an accomplishment which is in its nature wholly empirical, but an art and a science to which you may devote a lifetime without reaching perfection. The objects of riding are first, to stay on your horse, second, to control him absolutely, and third, to get from him the best and the most that he can give. To achieve these objects constant practice is the most essential, and practice under the most varied conditions, both of gait and ground. But practice alone will not suffice. It can make a bold and vigorous rider sometimes, but never a complete and finished horseman. For this, study, instruction and observation are all needed.

It is not my purpose, even were it possible here, to set forth the best system of riding and training, upon which volumes have been written. But it is possible perhaps to illustrate my meaning as to the necessity of work and thought in order to become a good horseman. The two factors of riding on horseback are seat and hand. Both are, of course, essential to good results, but the second is dependent on the first. Without a good and a strong seat a good hand is impossible, although a good seat by no means involves necessarily a good hand. I say a good hand, but the true phrase is an intelligent hand, for the technical expression a light hand or a heavy hand is misleading. "Light hand" is used as synonymous with a good hand because the most obvious sin in this direction is to pull or bear needlessly on a horse's mouth. The hand ought, of course, as a rule to be as light as possible. But to imply that a light touch on the bit is always right is as absurd as to say that there is no harm in dragging on the reins continually. In order to get a horse in hand or to force him into his bridle it is

often necessary to use the utmost pressure of which the rider is capable to compel the horse to give to it before it is in the least relaxed. What is wanted is an intelligent hand, one which never uses the bit except as a means of guidance, to convey to the horse the rider's wishes and to control the horse's movements. If the rider holds himself in place by the reins, as many riders do, or if like most riders he allows the motions of his body in the saddle to be communicated to the horse's mouth by the bit, then he has neither a good nor an intelligent hand. The motion of the hands, in other words, must be entirely detached from the motion of the body, so that the rider never gives a sign to the horse by the reins which he does not mean to give. I have seen many a man on horseback who thought he had a seat, but who was really kept in place by bracing himself between the horse's back-teeth and the stirrup irons. I have seen not a few strong rough riders who had a good grip on the saddle brace themselves still further by holding on by the reins. These men of both classes invariably have pulling horses or horses who dread the bit, which is equally bad and dangerous. They have no hand, and consequently but little guidance or control of their horses. Most riders, even very good ones, balance themselves unconsciously by the reins and permit the motions of their body to be communicated to the horse, giving him the wrong sign at the wrong moment and hopelessly confusing him as to their wishes and intentions. To get the hands properly detached we must learn to ride without reins. This instruction is given in all military schools and in good private schools and is too often forgotten afterwards. If anyone doubts the fact that riders rely on the reins too much and do not keep the hands entirely detached from the motions of the body let him select a soft piece of ground or go into a ring, put his horse into a sharp trot, slip his feet out of the stirrups, drop his reins and fold his arms. He will soon discover that his hands form a more important element than he imagined in keeping him in his saddle, when they ought to have nothing to do with it.

Thus, however, we come back to the seat, the essence and source of good riding, the rider's capital, which must sustain and

support him and enable him to do what he pleases with his horse. Whyte Melville says that the best seat is a combination of grip and balance, and I do not know that any better or more concise definition can be given. At the same time, like most concise definitions, it requires a good deal of explanation. For example, grip is all-important, but grip in the wrong place is worse than none at all, for then it not only fails of its own purpose but destroys balance as well. Let me try to enlarge the definition a little. The most important point in a rider's seat is the knee, for in its position there can be no variation. It must always be in close contact with the saddle. Above and below there may be separation, but never at the knee. When you can see a gleam of light between a rider's knee and the saddle, that rider's seat is bad and insecure. If the separation is momentary and accidental, the seat is for that moment bad. If it is habitual, then the rider has no seat. If, however, the grip is right, then the knee will be in place; if wrong, it will be detached from the saddle. If the rider holds on with the back of the leg below the knee the knee bows out and cannot touch the saddle, but if he grips above the knee with the thigh the knee will be in position. Nothing illustrates the true position better than a cowboy who is a really good rider, and I select him as an example because he is not the product of a school, but of the hardest of all masters, experience, and of the inexorable conditions of his riding. The cowboy is obliged, in the first place, to meet in buck-jumping the severest repeated shocks or reactions that a horse can give. Then he is compelled to ride anywhere by day or night, to cover long distances, to go at speed over the roughest and most broken country, to descend and ascend the most perilous and precipitous slopes, and to turn and twist in pursuit of cattle at a dead run, while his hands are occupied with a lariat or a quirt. There is no need of scientific discussion here. A man who has to do all this must ride not only well but correctly, otherwise he will fail in his work utterly and disastrously. If we look at a cowboy, therefore, we see that he rides with a long stirrup, depending more, perhaps, upon balance than is either necessary or desirable in other forms of riding and with other saddles. But we also see that the thigh is

nearly straight, and from the knee up is perfectly flat to the saddle, giving a strong grip, while the lower leg is entirely at liberty, the body erect and swaying in unison with every movement of the horse, and the hands free from all dependence on the body. Go now to a good military school, or to the best instructor you can find, and every one of these qualities of riding will be those which you are taught to emulate, for every rider wishes to do with his horse in greater or less degree what the cowboy does as a matter of business. No doubt, the cowboy has much to learn. In a polo field I think he would be at once an opponent of the most formidable description, but put him on a big well-bred hunter, on a small English saddle, and in his first run he probably would not distinguish himself at his fences. Still less would he be able to train and develop a well-mannered saddle-horse. But he is, nevertheless, one of the best riders in the world, and he is of value as an example because his only teacher is actual experience of the most varied kind, and the qualities of seat which he attains are precisely those which scientific teaching inculcates as the first conditions of good riding.

The principles of a good seat are those then which I have enumerated in the cowboy: the flat thigh gripping the saddle, the lower leg free to give impulse, direction and control to the horse, the body erect, and moving in instinctive harmony with the horse's motion, and the hands entirely independent of the body. In this way the rider keeps his place by the grip of his thighs and the balance of his body, and never gives the horse any sign, either with hand or heel (the "aids," as they are called in the ring), except the precise one which he intends to give. It is not in the least necessary to be a cowboy to acquire these qualities of seat. Ride a sharp trotting horse without stirrups, ride across country after hounds, study with a good teacher, and you can attain them in a measure, at least, and if you are successful you can learn a good deal that a cowboy has neither opportunity nor need to acquire. Get all three of these teachers, if you can, but if all are not possible it is well to remember that the most easily come by, the short trot without stirrups, is the most efficient in making a seat and getting a man down in the saddle.

When the good seat is attained what re-

sults can you get? In riding as in everything else in this world, the first thing is to know exactly what you want and the next thing is to know how to get it. What you want and all that any good rider wants is to have his horse walk, trot and gallop perfectly evenly and squarely, to be collected and in hand, to go against the bit but not on it, to be ready to respond to any direction and able to jump freely in good form, answering to hand and heel. It sounds simple enough to say that all you want is to have a horse walk, trot and gallop evenly and squarely, but the man who can bring his horse to it habitually is a most admirable rider, and so rare that I can count on my fingers the men I have known who were capable of it. Moreover when a horse reaches that point he is beautifully trained. There is a popular idea that school training is merely teaching a horse tricks—circus tricks as they are called by the average rough rider whose great exemplar is the English groom. The "tricks" in question are not the objects sought in training a horse. They are merely the means to the end, which is to make the horse walk, trot, gallop and jump properly, to subject him to the will of his rider, and to get from him the best and most of which he is capable. There are performances known to everyone who has studied the "haute école" called commonly the "high airs," which require the utmost skill and which really result in little but their own execution. I am quite of the opinion of Colonel Anderson, who considers them of slight value and advises the average rider to refrain from attempting them, which he is pretty safe not to do in any event. But every rider wishes his horse to go evenly, to be in hand, to turn or jump easily and in good form, and these things can only be reached by the school methods, because those methods are scientific and immutable. A rider must learn to control his horse's hind legs by the grip and motion of his own legs, for the hind legs of the horse are the great motive power. He must be able to collect his horse by bringing the hind legs under him, and make him move forward or backward. He must be able to make his horse move in hand, giving to the bit, and turn short either by the fore legs moving in the pirouette or by the hind legs in the reversed pirouette or rotation. To have the horse

walk and trot squarely in hand, it is necessary to learn the passage, but beyond the Spanish walk and trot, which are important in order to develop and extend the gait, it is certainly not necessary to go, and it may be doubted if, with rare exceptions, it is beneficial. Up to this point, however, the scientific methods of the school are absolutely necessary in training a horse, and they impart a strength and correctness to the seat and an intelligence to the hand which nothing else can give. At the same time the school cannot do all. It will give strength and exactness and intelligence of hand and leg, but it is apt to lead to rigidity. To get, in addition, ease and flexibility of seat a man must ride in the open; not on the road, for that leads to nothing, but on the plains, in the polo field, or, best of all, across country after hounds. The great merit of riding across country is not the jumping, for a horse can be jumped in a ring or a pasture, and sitting a jump is largely a knack or trick. But after hounds a man must ride at speed over broken ground, down steep slopes that bring his heart into his mouth, and must jump in cramped corners from a stand, walk or trot, meeting unexpectedly, perhaps, a drop on the further side of half a dozen walls. This endless variety of movement gives an ease and suppleness to the seat and an unconscious accommodation to the movements of the horse which can be obtained nowhere else.

The essential practice of riding without stirrups or across country can be had almost anywhere, but first-rate instruction by a really scientific horseman of the best class is not easily found. In the absence of such instruction much can be learned from books. The best book on riding, con-

sidered as literature, is Whyte Melville's *Riding Recollections*, for it was written by a man who was at once rider and writer (a rare combination), and has a literary charm wholly apart from its subject. It is also absolutely free from the boasting which makes most English books on riding thoroughly unattractive. *Riding Recollections* teaches the best of all lessons, that a good rider must be liberal and tolerant as well as catholic in his tastes, besides many others hardly less important, but at the same time it makes no pretence to being scientific. The best scientific work that I know is Colonel Anderson's *Modern Horsemanship*, which is at once simple, thorough and sound. Everyone, however, interested in training ought to read the great book of Baucher, the founder of the modern science, and if he wishes to go into the higher intricacies he can follow this by the treatise of Baucher's pupils, MM. Raab and Ruhl.

When all is said, however, practice, study and patience are the best masters. They will teach the difficulty of the art and its value. They will show any man that for the development of nerve, energy and courage, so useful in all the affairs of life and so preëminently valuable to a people called to arms, and for the sobriety and temperance in things physical so necessary to any success, no outdoor sport or exercise can equal riding on horseback. They will teach also that liberality of opinion in this as in other matters is best, and that no men have a monopoly of good riding any more than of virtue, but that there is something to be learned of all by him who rightly seeks knowledge, and who judges others with the charity with which he would himself be judged.



A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

BY JULIEN GORDON.



CHAPTER VI.

HEN Daniel Lawton disembarked the next morning at his pier he found his buggy and man wait-

ing for him. The latter handed him half a dozen letters and telegrams which he read on his way through the town. Whirling along the street he chanced to look up as he passed the sign of a new tailor who advertised himself as being a branch of a celebrated London firm.

"I don't take time to get myself clothes, or to have my hair cut, hardly. I have a great mind to stop and look in here. I think Fred told me it was a good place."

He was never vacillating, but prompt of action, and in a moment he had thrown the reins to his servant and was in the store. A clerk with very red cheeks and a waxed mustache approached him languidly. He looked narrowly, almost impertinently, at the new customer, the general cut of whose jib did not suggest extravagance.

"How can I serve you, sir?"

Mr. Lawton had for years patronized a little Hebrew tailor who continued to turn out his clothes from the same mould with praiseworthy constancy. He felt some compunction at this infidelity, and hoped the poor old Jew would never know.

"Measure me for a suit," he said. He ordered himself two and finally three, one a rough light gray for morning wear.

"You wish the latest styles, sir, I suppose?" asked the highly colored clerk, eying Mr. Lawton's black broadcloth coat with ill-concealed scorn.

"Yes, yes, I suppose so." He laughed a little nervously and shamefacedly. "Make them in the fashion. I am not much on dress, as you see, but I'll go the whole figure this time."

"Will you give me your name, sir?" asked the man. He whipped out a note-

book and a pencil, which he held suspended between his thumb and index, "and I will fix the hour for trying on early next week, sir."

"Mr. Lawton, Daniel Lawton; perhaps you know my offices."

The heads of the English master of the establishment and his bookkeeper jerked up suddenly from their desks. The former stepped out briskly.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Lawton! Pray be seated! Hi 'ope you will be pleased with us, sir! We will do our hutmost! Hi think, sir, we have made some things for your son, sir! No one would hever himagine to look at you, sir, you could 'ave a son that hage. A fine young gentleman, sir, with a helegant figure!"

"He takes after his father," said Mr. Lawton père, much amused.

"Narrower in the chest, sir," murmured the clerk, who had become more flushed. "We will be ready for you Tuesday at eleven."

"Make it ten, and I will get around early. I am very busy."

"Yes, of course, sir, of course! any hour you wish."

"Would you like to look at some light cloth for an overcoat, sir? We make them up in all styles for twelve pounds—sixty dollars, I mean, sir! No? not to-day? This way, sir! Would you like a match? Here, Hawser! quick! a light!"

Three clerks darted out simultaneously from behind their counters. They all wanted to have a nearer view of Mr. Lawton, and took a long stare.

He found great difficulty in making his escape, but did finally, after having lighted a cigar, get himself into the street. He was paying the penalty of his greatness.

Later, when he reached home, he found his wife standing outside on the porch, much disturbed and excited. Fred was dawdling about with his hands in his pockets, waiting for the trap which was to convey him to the station. He was going off with his chum Blake for a week's gunning, and there was an endless array of gun-cases and cartridge-boxes piled up on the piazza steps.

"Did the expressman give you back the dollar and a half change, Kate?" Mrs. Lawton was saying, hardly taking time to greet her husband.

"No, ma'am," said Kate, who was engaged in fastening a recalcitrant strap. "He gave me back a dollar and a half's worth of impudence."

"It is perfectly abominable the way that company steals," said Mrs. Lawton. "They are simply robbers. I do hope, Daniel, when you are Governor, you will put a stop to such things."

"Oh mother, don't bother!" said Fred, loftily, as if from heights where dollar bills were plentiful and unimportant.

Mrs. Lawton was clad in a cambric wrapper such as hang in the late summer, at reduced prices, out on sidewalks in front of large dry-goods establishments. It may be said, however, that she had purchased it in the season and at its original value. Seeing it with other gaudier ones, she had thought the color pale until it had come home. It was, in fact, of a brilliant saffron pink, and was distinctly unbecoming.

"Why, Mollie!" said her husband, "you look like a flamingo."

"Yes, I know; I hate the thing; but I wanted to see Fred off comfortably and I have not had time to dress."

"The way you mollicoddle that boy is absurd," he said a little dryly, and went into the house.

At the dinner she asked him about his meetings over the bay and spoke of the probabilities of a successful election; but Fred's departure and the fear lest he was not provided with sufficiently warm flannels, and above all the expressman's guilt, were with her still, and she threw no eagerness into her questionings.

He had somehow failed to speak to her of his first visit to Mrs. Gresham; he did not now mention the second. Why? Perhaps it was due to a naturally reticent nature. On that first evening he had casually told her of his introduction, but he was introduced to so many people and obliged to shake so many hands, male and female, that it made small impression upon his wife. It had always bored him; she thought it would continue to do so to the end. Immediately after dinner he made his escape to his study.

He looked over some political attacks

upon himself in the journals of his antagonists. It was difficult to pick flaws in him. They were very mild, and they failed to annoy. He then wrote a few important letters, after which he tried to think what he should say on the morrow at a meeting of workmen that he was to address, but somehow his brain refused to work. It did not matter much. He was never at a loss when the moment came. He felt now a mental lassitude that was not common to him, and thought he would find the aliment he required upon his book shelves. He craved, as it were, to rest his spirit upon some lofty ideals, but even his favorite authors failed this evening to arrest his attention. He threw aside the books and began to think, and his reverie was one of despondency. He asked himself what after all was this struggle and effort for? What had his successes brought him? How ephemeral their joy, how insufficient their attainment! He was no pessimist, no sentimentalist, but we all touch these moments of disillusion and discouragement. Now, he thought to himself, life was half over. Youth, ah! bold brave youth! Even that was gone—youth which women adore! His heart contracted in sadness. Then, suddenly, as he sat there musing over the worthlessness of earth's best prizes, a thought rushed past him and touched him with its wing: a thought of rapture, for which all else might well be jeopardized; near which all others paled. He shuddered from head to foot.

He had been through all his past a man of energetic principle and forceful, even aggressive, will. He dismissed the dizzy vision, instantly pushed it from him, compressed it way down in the darkness of his being where no one might suspect and he himself not dwell upon it one moment more. It left him at peace—for an hour.

But what are will and energy, nay, principle, in the first travail of an awakened passion? Let men cavil as they may. The river flows smoothly enough. See how gently it glides between its flowery banks! But dare to dam it up, and then, even after years, loosen only a tiny stone, make but an inch's rift in the soil, and behold, through the floodgates the long-pent waters, wild, exultant, escape; broken, torn, with the wreck of a continent upon its bosom!

People prattle of Truth, "The loving Truth," they say. Artists paint her in her splendors, crowned with majesty, bearing aloft in undraped chastity her lamp of pure fires, searching the hearts of guilty men to ransom and redeem them. But Truth is ugly enough, and as I see her now her lamp is turned down, her garments bedraggled, and the bright picture I would fain show you is marred with smoke and seared and soiled.

The thought, the dream, came back to Daniel Lawton later as he lay upon his couch; came back, and this time he did not shrink at its approach. He welcomed, hugged, gloated over it, the sweet delirium of it, the poison and the pleasure! He held it close to himself, warming himself at its glow, lingeringly now in wilful dalliance, until Truth, weeping, put out her torch!

CHAPTER VII.

SHE had said she would make him the fashion; he became the lion of the hour. His family scattered, about this time, for a trip into the mountains, and he was left to his own devices. Frequent short journeys were necessary in this interim for the exigencies of his canvass. His home was unsettled. He concluded to run over to the Goshen house and make that his headquarters for a brief season. It would be a sort of holiday, a respite and rest he greatly required—so at least he said to himself, since Truth had veiled her face from him.

And thus it came to pass that he was in vulgar parlance "taken up." We hear the significant expression, and must accept it without explanation.

Mrs. Langton fancied him. She invited him to her Saturday evenings. She was a dried-up little old woman who made the sunshine and the rain in the coterie over which she reigned. People said she was amazingly clever, and she certainly had a wicked tongue. She expressed herself as much honored by Mr. Lawton's willingness to appear at her soirées. She never gave her guests anything but ices, tea, and conversation, and liked to catch distinguished odds and ends, specimens of eccentric or foreign humanity, as a form of inducement.

Tom Fane, who kept bachelor's hall,

gave Mr. Lawton a reception, and all the "smart" people turned out, as they were wont to do for his entertainments. He was invited to five dinners a night, to coaching parties and yachting parties; to luncheons, garden fêtes, picnics and teas. And he accepted everything or nearly everything, where he felt sure he should meet her. Of course he knew and everybody else knew it was Mrs. Gresham who had launched him, and people smiled and said "Isn't it funny?" Men put him up at their clubs or took him off for a day's fishing. Fair women asked him for his portrait, almost for his autograph. Once in a while he said or did something that was unexpected, but it was overlooked and excused. The word "provincial" was never applied after the first ten days of the furore.

One caviller insisted that he said "lady" where "woman" would have sufficed, and after a heated discussion one night at a dinner where he had held the people spellbound for fifteen minutes with his eloquence, he suddenly apologized and said, "I have talked too long; I must 'quit.'" A young woman tittered, and whispered to her neighbor she thought the expression countrified. Her neighbor replied vaguely it was probably "western." An erudite old gentleman who overheard the remark, who was an authority on language but at the same time snobbish, and who always kept abreast of the successful swimmer, thought the expression was admissible, and on the whole quaint and picturesque. A woman who hated Constance because Jack Gresham had flirted with her desperately before his marriage, and then had taken himself and his ducats to another shrine, intimated that Daniel Lawton said "Yes, ma'am," when he addressed a girl of twenty. Then a tender feminine voice, which was always raised in the defence and never in the attack, asserted unhesitatingly that this accusation was an atrocious libel, but that even if the charge were true it was only a trifle old-fashioned; one who had so surpassed others might well be forgiven if he was behind them in so insignificant a matter.

"Everyone," she said, "said 'Yes, ma'am,' a hundred years ago, and even now one had to use the words as an accompaniment to one's courtesy when pre-

sented to Queen Victoria or her daughters, if spoken to by these royal ladies."

So the ripple of talk ran to and fro, up and down, and Mr. Lawton's social bark was carried safely over these little eddies upon which so many are doomed to instantaneous wreck. He was at once too modest and too self-respecting even to suspect their existence, and more, he was too absorbed; for the temptation he had at first repudiated and then courted had become an obsession of every hour. Every moment he could spare from his political duties—he would soon have to start on another pilgrimage; there were important principles of his platform he must explain to his more distant constituents—every moment, I say, was spent with her. People laughed, thinking the intimacy extraordinary, and it was so! All they knew was that they were happy together. Of each other's past, its associations and its experiences, they never spoke. Of course she knew vaguely that he was a married man, the father of children, but she instinctively asked him no questions and he was silent. Of her he hardly thought as of a wedded wife.

Mr. Gresham's hunting expedition seemed to have extended itself indefinitely, for he did not return, and the husband remained a myth whose reality Lawton tried to forget. The husband, the worm at the heart of the rose! He who should one day return with claims and tyrannies! It was well to banish him, blot him from the memory.

With a childish simplicity Lawton avoided looking at the photographs upon Mrs. Gresham's drawing room tables, at the portraits upon her walls, lest he should some day meet the eyes that he dreaded. In the meanwhile nothing could be more charming than their walks, their talks, their communings. She was surprised to find he had read everything, and that even the works of contemporaneous fiction which interested her were not unknown to him. His comments upon them tallied with her own views, but had something fresh and vigorous in them, and however different their traditions might have been they met here upon the same ground. Of art, too, she was amazed to find him an incisive critic, possessed of a naturally correct taste. She knew that he could hardly have had the time, in the

stress of his active life, to cultivate æsthetics, yet his artistic perceptions seemed to her of no mean order.

Constance was sitting one morning under a tree on her lawn picking at a banjo (I regret that I can use no more impressing verb). She was a good musician, a pianist of some originality and sentiment; but it is only in novels that women reach the F above the line at the first trial and dance admirably without preparatory instruction. "Art is long," and Constance drew more discords than harmonies from the instrument upon which she had only lately begun to experiment, and which fills so many modern drawing rooms with anxiety and gloom. Fortunately her audience, an Austrian attaché and a French first secretary of legation, did not seem harsh censors of her poor performance, and applauded her effort with fervor. It is hardly to be marvelled at. These stringed instruments have the advantage that they may be carried into the sunlight, and furnish a lovely woman an opportunity of posing under green boughs in graceful positions and picturesque hats, and with pretty arms bared to the elbow.

Mrs. Gresham did not play in private theatricals; her contempt for the public had not reached this climax. She must therefore be pardoned if her dramatic instincts found a more innocent vent.

Suddenly, as she sat listening to the chorus of praise sung by her two foreign visitors and was yawning behind her hand at their inanities, her lips parted, her eyes shone and her cheeks flushed. A thought had struck her. She cast aside her banjo, and fell to dreaming of another instrument from which she drew no discords and on which she played with consummate address. Practice makes perfect and it is also an advantage to have genius. She bethought herself now of a great heart which she held palpitating in her palm. She could feel its wild throbs, almost listen to its pulses under her fingers; upon its strings she liked to play. From its keys Constance could draw rapturous melody, for she was a skilled artist. With a woman's keen insight she had guessed long since that it was hers, and the desire to play upon it at this very minute grew into a positive longing.

She became so distraite that the quick-witted strangers saw they were importu-

nate, and in a few moments had taken their leave. On winged feet she flew to her secretary and had in less than a quarter of an hour despatched a note to Daniel Lawton. For it may as well be said here with sorrow that the good resolves which Mrs. Gresham had so lately made to the stars had melted, like them, into the dawn, and that when Truth veiled her face from Daniel Lawton, her own Recording Angel covered its eyes and wept.

This written message was one of those three-cornered ones that smell good and may mean so much or so little. To Daniel Lawton it meant exactly that he was to dine with her that night—and for the first time alone. The fumes of it were in his brain through all of the summer's day.

When he presented himself at eight o'clock his hostess was not in her boudoir. He waited for her patiently, for expectancy, which can be the most terrible of ills, can also be the sweetest of human joys. At last the gray portière with its border of roses was lifted and Mrs. Gresham crossed the threshold. He mastered his agitation with difficulty, but her own tranquil greeting had soon somewhat calmed his heart-beats and put him at his ease. They had only time to exchange some banalités before dinner was announced. He gave her his arm across the numerous drawing rooms and their progress was, to the man at least, a beatitude.

The dining room was almost in darkness, except the table, whose gold embroidered cloth, strewn with flowers, chased silver, rare porcelains, fruits and bon-bons, was radiantly illumed by numerous wax lights. Peering into the frowning gloom Lawton thought it almost a pity the splendid apartment should be kept so dim. He himself liked a room to be very light. He expressed this opinion and she laughed low and told him he was a Philistine with old-fashioned ideas, but that in fact Mr. Gresham was just the same; all men were alike, afraid of the dark, like children, and when her husband was at home an extra chandelier was always lighted for his benefit.

"I am making the most," she added, "of my liberty. I like it this way best."

She spoke quite naturally and as a matter of course, and seemed surprised that

her remark was met with an awkward pause.

They returned to the boudoir for their coffee. She offered him a cigarette, but he declined it, and the agitation which had possessed him earlier came back upon him with redoubled force. She, on the contrary, was gay and apparently undisturbed. She rallied and chaffed him about his new rôle as a man of fashion; upon his social success and his conquests. But he answered her in monosyllables, and grew at last absolutely taciturn. The seriousness of his attitude gained upon her in a peculiar way. As his spirits seemed to dampen hers rose, until at last she became merry and even a little wild. She bantered him with unmerciful raillery, laying particular stress upon his attentions to a maiden of thirty summers and large fortune, who had showered him with courtesies, and evidently entertained a romantic admiration of his person. As he grew more and more gloomy she grew more and more light. She was probably intoxicated with the sense of her own charm. She felt that every movement of her lips, every shrug of her shoulders, every quiver of her eyelids, every intonation of her voice, with all its joyous and pathetic cadences, every curve of her hand and wrist as she raised them or they lay upon her lap were eagerly marked, nay, devoured, by the silent man who sat beside her, and she was secretly filled with pleasure that she could thus beguile him.

Judge her not too harshly! Women who have no turn at philanthropy, are not possessed of genius, and who love power, have but this arena. Had he been bolder she might have been more prudent, but his respectful homage awakened in her a childish temerity. He did not even venture to approach her, sitting at some distance across the shaded room, with only that sombre fire growing in his eyes. She felt so sure of him now; he was such a gentleman. Ah! they might say what they would, he was that.

I think that his Satanic Majesty himself sends a special messenger sometimes to preside over a woman's toilet, to peep and hide and beckon in the plait of a dress, in the curve of a girdle, on the end of a shoe, in a coil of hair. Had the bold imp some hand in arraying Constance for this hour?

She wore a gown cut very low, as was

the fashion of the moment, displaying her beautiful arms and glowing bosom. It fell in rich folds of golden satin close to her long rounded limbs, making her every motion a rhythm of charm. The dress became her, toning down her rich color, and casting up strange lurid reflections into her eyes. A woman's talk is more brilliant when she is conscious of looking her best.

As time sped on, however, she could not have told why, her own spirits began to flag and falter. A certain restlessness of his continued quietness, a sense of uneasiness and of danger in an atmosphere which seemed to grow a little stifling. Perhaps she, who was never maladroit, had teased him long enough; perhaps she had gone too far and wounded him. She disliked the thought. At last, glad of any change, she made an excuse to rise and ring for a glass of water, but as she did so he also sprang to his feet. It was too late for her to shrink from him. All the pent-up fierceness of the years was raging in him now. If she had wished to rouse him she had succeeded. She had only time to take a step or two backwards in her newly awakened fear when he had her by the wrists. He held them as if in a clasp of iron, and as he did so he looked down upon her as a keeper does at the creature he will tame.

Constance knew she had met her master, and had neither the will nor the power to struggle or to stir. After holding her thus in his grasp of steel for a moment, speechless, he drew her to him with indescribable violence, and stooped as if to seek the warm soft lips of the temptress, but suddenly, and with an exclamation of terror, he threw her from him, and picking up his hat, which lay at hand, almost ran from her presence. She tottered and would have fallen, had she not clutched a neighboring chair, but her high heels were not made for such exercises, and in her unsteadiness her head rolled against the wall. She sat down with her hands over her heart trying to quell its tumults. Her blood ran riot in her veins, and the thought uppermost in her was "I have never known such joy!"

She was fastidious, refined, for after all she was a haughty woman, or rather was possessed of that form of pride which gives the illusion of force; yet she who

had so resented the first touch of his hand upon her arm when she had stood on the rocks and thought him guilty of familiarity was neither shocked nor angered now.

Women prefer brutality to coldness; and all great feeling dominates. A famous Russian writer tells us that so enormous is the power of a genuine passion that a woman who hated the man who so loved her and knew her visit to him would mean death, yet went, drawn to him by some incomprehensible fascination, to meet it at his hands.

Up in the mountains the next day Mrs. Lawton and Clemence were sunning themselves on the piazza of the hotel.

"I have letters from Fred and from your papa, Clem," said Mrs. Lawton.

"Well, I hope they are having a better time than I am; that is all I can say." Miss Clem's tone was disconsolate. She had not yet taken her elder brother's advice as to modulating it.

"Why, papa is quite gay, going out a great deal; and do you know, Clem, he has been to the Greshams'; to that Mrs. Gresham's you are always chattering about."

It had been easy enough to write of it casually. Of course Mrs. Lawton had heard of "Sea Mew." The papers were full of its beauties, the purity of its architecture, the correctness of its landscape gardening.

Young America is still dazzled at her own prowess. She puffs herself, and struts and swaggers and advertises.

"Oh dear! I wish it was me," said Clemence.

"Nonsense, child! Do you suppose Mrs. Gresham would trouble herself with a little schoolgirl like you?"

"Hurry up and call me that, mammy; it won't last much longer."

"No, it won't," and Mrs. Lawton sighed.

"Why do you sigh, ma?"

"Oh, because I loved my babies, and they will soon all be men and women. Well, I am glad your papa's resting. He needed it; he looked worn out."

"So he knows that Mrs. Gresham? Well, I have always noticed the good things happened to people who didn't care a picayune about them."

"You seem to think Mrs. Gresham

quite wonderful. What do you know about her?" said Mrs. Lawton smiling.

"Well, she is wonderful. I hope to be exactly like her some day. Who knows? When papa's Governor perhaps I shall marry a swell!"

"Clem!" said her mother frowning, "I don't like that kind of talk. I don't want your head running on beaux. You must think of your studies."

Miss Clem made a wry face. "Well, mammy, it is the truth that old people get all the fun and don't care a bit about it. They enjoy things in such a tiresome, dull sort of way."

"I suppose you think me and your father very old, but we don't feel so, and you won't when you are our age."

"I think you are just sweet, mammy, and you don't look old and you cannot look cross, even if you try ever so hard."

Mrs. Lawton shook her head.

"When papa's Governor you will have to go out in society more, won't you, ma? Can't I have a low-necked dress, please, please?"

"We will see. He must be elected first."

"Oh, it's a walk over; everybody says so," said Miss Clem sententiously. She had infinite confidence in her father's lucky star. "Why, Marcus M.'s just trembling in his shoes!"

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVING a letter for Mrs. Gresham, Lawton had departed. It is the fashion of the day to laugh at all romance and to say that love is out of date. Yet we know that there are rugged soils in which it still may flourish; that while in a heart like Constance's, which has wasted its strength in futile coquetries, the flame may at its best burn but fitfully, Lawton's was still capable of all its height of sacrifice, all its depths of tragic despair.

His letter moved her to tears. With the intense humility of all deep natures, his poor heart floundered hopelessly in the throes of this new-born sentiment. He implored her pardon for having looked a moment up from the flatness and dreariness of his own existence to the poetry and beauty of her own. He poured out at her feet all the richness of an idolatry that expected nothing and asked for less. She carried the missive about with her for two

days, in her dress, close to her bosom. There are hymns of worship which women find it hard to destroy.

On his distant round of political speech-making his audiences were more than ever persuaded of his rare gifts. The topics he was obliged to present to them were practical and hard enough, but it may be that a ray of the martyrdom that he suffered—for he had sworn to conquer himself—pierced through even their unpromising dryness. He was never more scathing in denouncing corrupt, dishonorable and crooked methods; his invective was never more scorching, keen and withering; his exhortations to courage, to manfulness and vigilance, more noble. People trembled under the magnetism of his eye and voice, and came out and looked at one another and said: "This is genius;" for there was something in the man that impressed them strangely, with a hint as of some dark foreboding. Later this was remembered and commented upon by his friends, those party leaders whose enthusiasm for him had known no bounds, and some of whom had accompanied him.

Two weeks had passed, and Mrs. Gresham was resting on the terrace one afternoon after her horseback ride, when her friend, May Gerold, was announced.

"Where in the world have you kept yourself all this time, Madam May? We have seen never a sight of your beloved visage. Dear me! what a smart gown!"

"I am grateful that you notice my absence and glad you admire my frock. I have been across the water, stopping at the Ramseys'. I came back an hour ago, and only wonder I lived to come back at all."

"So bored?"

"To extinction! The most tiresome lot of men—perfect jackasses, and the women not much better. Even Geraldine was a comfort. She is at least larky enough to keep one awake. What have you been about over here?"

"Oh, the everlasting treadmill; the same old round! But this is the end; the season is over. I too have been bored unto death." Constance said the last words fervently. "Jack returns tomorrow, and Wednesday I am expecting a house party of fourteen. Mrs. Langton gives a ball on Tuesday, the Days' musicale is on Monday; et voila!"

"A ball? How extraordinary! So late in the season."

"Mrs. Langton thinks she will have fewer undesirable people."

"And where is Mr. Lawton?"

To her question Mrs. Gresham replied indifferently: "How should I know?" and gazed at the view as if Daniel Lawton was a wraith who had vanished into the ambient ether.

Mrs. Gerold had not enjoyed her trip, and had grave doubts of the Turkish minister's fidelity during her absence. She felt rather cross.

"Well, I know then, for I saw him this morning."

Mrs. Gresham's heart gave a leap, but she managed to conceal her perturbation and only inquired calmly: "Ah! really. What was he about?"

"Kissing his wife."

"That must have been an edifying spectacle in public," forcing a smile which it must be confessed was rather a feeble effort.

"I thought myself that the time and place were ill-chosen, but there they were, kissing each other according to their lights. He was in the railway station, and she and a lot of children were getting out of the cars. I suppose he had come to meet them."

"What dress shall you wear to Mrs. Langton's, May?" asked Mrs. Gresham abruptly.

"My swagger gown, my mauve and silver."

"I wouldn't advise you to," said her friend dryly. "It is not becoming."

"Not becoming! Well that is a crusher! Why, I thought myself simply angelic in mauve."

"My dear," and Mrs. Gresham shook her head decidedly and laughed a little discordantly, "that is an illusion which had better be dispelled at once. You are too brune for those light lilac shades. I should strongly recommend you to keep to your black."

"I do think, Constance"—Mrs. Gerold was almost crying—"this is the most unkind thing I ever heard you say. Why, it was you yourself who insisted on my ordering that gown, which has nearly ruined me, and that everyone admires."

"I have not the slightest recollection of the fact," said Mrs. Gresham, leaning back

languidly with half-shut eyes; "but if I did, je vous ai mis dedans—that is all I can say. As to people—they do tell such lies."

"You are disagreeable today, Connie. I think I had better leave you."

Mrs. Gerold rose stiffly. Mrs. Gresham entered no protest.

"I do verily believe," continued the young widow, lingering, "that you are angry at what I said about Mr. Lawton."

"What has Mr. Lawton to do with your gown?" asked Constance with some asperity.

"A good deal, I fancy. Before I depart, Connie, don't you want to hear what his frait looks like?" Mrs. Gerold went on provokingly.

"Certainly, if it amuses you, but I cannot be expected to take the same interest in men's—harems that you do."

Mrs. Gerold winced. The thrust was ungenerous, and Constance was ashamed of herself.

The surgeon will tell you that if you but touch upon certain nerves the most heroic patient must writhe and scream; and a young warrior of my acquaintance who had faced bullets upon the field of battle, once was known, in the tortures of the dentist's chair, to seize the innocent author of his sufferings by the throat and inflict upon him corporal punishment of such severity that the poor little doctor cried out for mercy.

"Let me see!" Mrs. Gerold screwed a single eyeglass into her left eye and gave her friend an exhaustive stare. "She is taller than you are, Connie—nearly twice your height. I should say a regular stunner, a regular beauty; a high stepper, like that sorrel mare you wanted Jack to get you last year. She has Circassian eyebrows and Oriental eyelashes, a Grecian nose and an Egyptian chin, a slender waist, a full bust, and the voice and gestures of a *houiri*. I tell you what, my dear, the possessor of such charms is a lucky fellow! Ta-ta!"

Constance's sense of humor, which was ordinarily keen, found, unfortunately, no food in this comprehensive description.

When Mrs. Gerold's brougham crunched away upon the gravel she gave an audible sigh of relief and of contemptuous displeasure. Yet ridicule is so paralyzing a weapon that the measure of her vexation

hardly reached the height of what her late tormentor would have called "a fit of the tragics."

She slowly unfastened two buttons of her summer riding-dress and drew a letter from her breast. She held it hesitatingly for a moment in her hands, turned it this way and that, and then angrily murmuring: "Bah! so much for love and for friendship!" tore it into a hundred pieces.

"I wonder," she thought bitterly, "if any other soul is as lonely as mine. Ever since early childhood I have felt the isolation. What is the matter with me? I seem incapable of single simple emotions. Those I love offend my taste, and where I have hated I have always pitied. Is it the fault of my own temperament? Am I too fastidious, and are not such subtleties weaknesses? We chatter of sympathy—what is it? To suffer together? Who truly suffers with us?" She should have known that a high civilization is never obtained without a corresponding loss of robustness. A sense of mortification and wounded vanity lingered with her through the day, mingled with a sentiment which was at once more poignant and less unworthy.

Mrs. Gerold in the meanwhile laughed heartily but not very good-naturedly at the picture she had drawn. The quiet, plump matron she had seen descending from the drawing room car and claiming a perfunctory conjugal greeting was so unlike her portrait!

Twelve hours before, while returning from his own wanderings, Lawton's eyes had chanced to rest on the pages of a weekly journal which he had hardly ever before opened. A young woman who had occupied in the train the half of his seat, and had perused its contents with a feverish avidity had, on alighting at her station, left it behind her. He had, indeed, heard the paper spoken of as a social sheet which battered like a parasite on the wounds which it inflicted. Its politics were hazy and variable, following the evil humors of its editor. Its literary criticisms were probably bought. As he flicked over its pages carelessly, pages filled with cruel personal allusions, low innuendoes and obscene jests, he wondered what attraction it could have had to the sweet-faced girl who had sat beside him. You see he was a simple-minded person,

and he associated maidenhood with a love for the poetic and the beautiful. This gross materialism held his attention with a mixture of curiosity and disgust.

Suddenly, as Mr. Lawton was about to throw the paper aside, his eyes became arrested by a heading in larger type than the rest: "Mrs. Slack Dresham's new Lap-dog." He read it from beginning to end. Under the name of Dawton he was made to dance for the public. And what a dance it was! Everything that the most venomous political rivalry might have inspired, everything that the most petty personal rancor and spite could have invented, was heaped upon him in coarse freedom, and under the faintly disguised names hardly a detail of his late social experiences escaped or failed to be held up to merciless ridicule. His political creeds and methods, his dress, his appearance, but above all, his social triumphs, were minutely recorded, and became the target for a hundred poisoned arrows.

His vanity and self-love were not inordinate, and he could have laughed in scorn, but for the dragging in of Her. He was malignantly called the new lap-dog, whom she had cajoled and petted; had made absurd at the moment of all others when the world's eyes were upon him. That which had been to him of ineffable sweetness, an experience at once refined and profound, was made the subject of vulgar and ribald jests. Of his wife it was kindly said that in the new rôle of man of fashion he had forgotten the partner of his early obscurity—the village girl who had once been good enough for him but whom he had now far surpassed. She had been left to darn her stockings in desolation by the desecrated hearth, while his head lay, like Samson's, on his new Delilah's knees.

To people of true sensitiveness such things are terrible. That a creature like Constance should be held up, almost by name, to public opprobrium—he knew that hundreds would read and understand—filled him with a rage all the more violent that he knew it was impotent. His own part in the performance seemed to him both heinous and horrible. Whether rightly or wrongly she had embodied for him, in the brief summer days that were over, everything that a woman could of

delicacy and of loveliness. He had perhaps overrated her. Who can say? He who has no such illusions is indeed poverty-stricken. Daniel Lawton had for the first time in his existence tasted of a draught which if it be indeed poison is of a flavor so exquisite that it would make death welcome; he had smelled for one moment of that sombre flower whose perfume leaves undying memories.

During his drive homewards with his wife and daughter, whom he had gone to meet a few hours later with his habitual courtesy, he told Mrs. Lawton he had an invitation for a ball for her.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, you must go!" cried Clem, clasping her hands. "I will dress you!"

He had found a card from Mrs. Langton, and had immediately resolved to go to this ball, and to take his wife with him. He had written and told the old lady that Mrs. Lawton would be at home on the day mentioned, and she had by return mail, with effusive apologies, sent another card.

He thought his wife a perfect lady and he blamed himself for having given the world a chance to doubt it. He repented, I am sorry to add, of nothing else. He knew she was a woman to whom a low thought or coarse word would be impossible—a woman before whom they would expire upon lips fain to utter them. He remembered that some of the ladies of fashion he had met and who might criticise her—he was not dull of perceptions—were less fastidious and might well emulate her in this.

The invitation was accepted, Clemence having persuaded her mother that the coming glories of gubernatorial precedence would necessitate certain social efforts and concessions. Early the next morning Mrs. Lawton sought her husband's study, with anxious wrinkles upon her usually smooth forehead.

"Do I disturb you, dear?"

He looked up wearily. "Not at all." He had been perusing all the morning a discursive treatise on the tariff laws.

"I want to ask your advice; you will think it unimportant." Mrs. Lawton was deprecating. "Daniel, do the ladies wear very fine clothes at the Goshen house? Are they very dressy?"

"I didn't see any la—any women at the hotel excepting in very plain things,

my dear; travelling gowns mostly. All the society, you know, is outside at the villas and cottages, and they are very fine indeed," he explained.

She sighed. "Oh yes, of course; I knew that. I didn't suppose," she continued tentatively, "that my brown satin would do. Clem says the waist is too high. Do they wear low waists to everything?"

"Pretty low, it struck me," said Mr. Lawton laughing, and at the same time some recollection made the blood rise suddenly up under his hair, and he fidgeted a little nervously in his chair.

"You see," she continued, "I have so little time. But," she added, smiling at him, "I don't want to disgrace you, dear."

He winced. "By all means," he said hurriedly, and rather huskily, "get a new dress, and at once." Something which he gulped down would come up in his throat. "You can have all the money you want. Fix yourself up handsomely, Mollie; don't stint yourself in the expense."

He spoke as cheerily and kindly as possible, and the thought passed through her mind how different he was from many husbands. He, too, so clever and wonderful.

The flush had left him and his face was pale.

"Well," she said, "I will order the carriage, and Clem and I will drive into town to Madame Elise's. She must be made to get me up something in three days."

She thought it was rather a pity to discard the brown satin, which was very handsome, and had a train, and was trimmed with real lace, but Clem had positively insisted that it was not full dress.

"I will put it in the trunk, in case we stay several days, or are asked to dine out," she thought.

"Oh! by the way, Daniel"—she put her head into the door again—"I wish you would step to the stable and see the new mare. They have put her into the box stall. She'll do splendidly for the buggy. The man says she is very fast in single harness. She is spirited, he says, but gentle, and I think you will find her convenient in the mornings."

The autumn had declared itself rainy. The weather was lowering. It had poured steadily for nearly a week, and the tides were extraordinarily high.

Madame Elise, as she measured Mrs. Lawton, asked if Madame had heard that the old dock under Harbor hill, where people went of a Sunday afternoon, had been swept away and that even the cliffs were more or less undermined. Then they chattered of ribbons and embroideries, and storms and tides were alike forgotten.

When the new gown came home Mrs. Lawton tried it on, with two neighbors who had dropped in, Clemence and Kate the housemaid in attendance. It was voted "very becoming" and a great success. It was indeed suitable and rich. It was a heavy violet silk relieved with white lace, somewhat cut away about the shoulders, and with sleeves which met the long gloves, which had been provided for the occasion, a little above the elbow. The ingenious Frenchwoman had combined all the requirements of fashion and of her conservative customer.

Clemence was wildly excited. No debutante at her first party could have had a "send-off" of more promise than this mother of a family. A handsome white lace fan was produced. There were pretty slippers, and even violet hose, and Clem exclaimed, "Well, ma, you are just complete!" while Kate, at the doorway, emphasized her admiration by repeated exclamations that "Mrs. Lawton would be the beautifullest belle at the ball."

Alas for human prophecies and their meagre fulfilments!

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the night of the ball arrived the storm was raging with a fury that made the gaslights in front of the hotel flare and blink like the eyes of old age. The torrents of rain lashed against the windowpanes of Mrs. Lawton's whitewashed bedroom until their sashes shook and moaned under the stress.

If Clemence had only come with her mother all might have been different; but the foolish Irish girl had alone accompanied her mistress, and dropped early in the evening the comment "that very few probably would venture out on such a night and that the new dress would undoubtedly be ruined."

People who go to their first party after twenty years of seclusion require discreet and tactful handling. Mrs. Lawton's

vacillating courage sank. When the skirt was half over her emerging head she suddenly lurched out of it with unusual alertness.

"Kate, take the horrid thing away! I should look like a fool in it! I simply can't put it on. Give me my brown satin!" she said in desperation.

Kate, frightened at her own influence, entered now a feeble protest, murmuring that "Miss Clem would be very angry," but she knew from the start that it was all up with the violet silk and white lace magnificence.

When Mrs. Lawton surveyed herself in the high-necked long-sleeved dark gown, only brightened at the neck by a few diamonds which did service on all grand occasions, she felt relieved and almost consoled. She had pictured herself sitting in unblushing effrontery amid a bevy of wiser dames who would naturally, on this frightful night, have consulted the dictates of wisdom and sobriety. Of course a few flighty young misses would still wear their white frocks, but she felt sure the older married women at least would be less foolish. Her own foolishness will appear incomprehensible to the mondaine who slips into the nudity of her ball corset with as much ease as she does into her satin shoe, but Puritanically bred "provincials" of modest and retiring dispositions will more fully understand.

Mrs. Lawton felt some trepidation at acknowledging her cowardice to her husband. She wished to explain to him that it was a sense of unfitness and not economy which had prompted her to the change of toilet, but when they were at last ensconced in the carriage he seemed so distrustful in manner that she imagined he must be composing an oration, and she only casually mentioned to him that she had donned the high-necked gown.

"I dare say it will look very nice, but what will Clem say?" He spoke absently, as if in a dream, and she could only hope when he saw her he would approve.

He was in a fever of unrest at the thought of once more meeting Constance. She had not replied to his letter, and there had been no sign between them since that evening when he had so completely lost himself. He wondered if she were forever offended, and felt that now when she saw him with

his wife the abyss he had himself put between them could never again be spanned. The impulses which had prompted him to bring Mrs. Lawton were too complicated for analysis. The reader who is no novice in the intricacies of human motive will require no explanation, while to the unimaginative and inexperienced even the inscriptions on guide-posts are indistinct.

Probably a form of pride which is akin to humility was the strongest motor. Al-

old lady in an ermine tippet, she had on the only high-necked gown in the rooms, when four or five men were introduced to her in rapid succession. Whether it was an overwhelming conviction of her mistake in not having worn the violet silk, or a natural inaptitude at conversation with unknown gentlemen, certain it is that she found herself quite unable to entertain them. After having expressed her admiration of the really brilliant scene,



THEY WERE WOMEN AT THE VERY LEAST TEN YEARS OLDER THAN HERSELF.

most immediately after they entered the room Mrs. Langton separated them.

"Mr. Fane has something particular to ask you," she whispered in Mr. Lawton's ear. "Something political, I think, about your party organization here." Mrs. Langton liked to be considered au fait about everything. "He is looking all over the place for you. Go, like a dear, and find him, and I will take charge of your wife."

Mrs. Lawton had indeed hardly time to realize that, with the exception of a very

having commented upon its animation, upon the warmth of the atmosphere inside and the dismalness of the storm outside, she had nothing left to say to them. She noticed that by and by they one by one became restive, and finally, in the increasing rush and crush of new arrivals, made hurried excuses of other claims upon them and gradually fell away from her. She was left at last standing quite alone in a doorway, rather glad to be rid of her cavaliers, and yet hardly knowing where to place herself.

She espied an empty chair in an embrasure, half hidden by the voluminous skirts of two middle-aged ladies, resplendent in "shimmer of satin and glimmer of pearls," with a profusion of vari-colored feathers upon their heads. They were women at the very least ten years older than herself. They looked well and fresh enough, however, and she gazed with wonder at their bared necks and rather envied them their pluck. One was in pale rose, the other in a deep sapphire-colored satin.

There was no doubt of it; she herself had made a fatal blunder. At the mere idea of telling Clemence she grew alarmed. The child would be so disappointed. She had been so proud of that other gown. Almost unobserved Mrs. Lawton managed to ensconce herself behind these showy dowagers. Not being accustomed to belledom, or to any homage from men except such as was prompted by the merest friendliness, she felt somewhat lonely to be sure, but not mortified, and on the whole interested and rather amused. Soon, probably, Mrs. Langton or her husband would come up.

Her neighbors were engaged in an animated conversation. They spoke in an audible whisper, and indulged now and then in low well-bred laughter. Sometimes she caught the thread of their disjointed talk, and then lost it again in the general hum, the blare of the band and the tread of the dancers in the adjoining ballroom. When they, however, mentioned Mr. Lawton's name, she would have been more than human had she not listened.

"Which is he? I was away when he was here. Do show him to me!"

"There—over there! Don't you see! He is putting his hand up to his head; leaning against the portière. The man with the gray hair."

"What, that young-looking man?" said the first speaker, putting up a long gold eyeglass. "Why, he is certainly very striking. A fine head."

"Do you think he looks so young? He is gray."

"I should say from forty to forty-five. It is a splendid face. I am quite surprised. They say there is no doubt he will be Governor."

"Oh, my husband is such a partisan!

He of course believes it; thinks that he is a very remarkable man; but then there are those who doubt. One can never be sure. Each side is carried away by its own party hue and cry."

Mrs. Lawton listened and was edified.

"These men whose lives are full of serious interests really live longer and look younger than the idlers. It is what we don't do that wears upon us. So at least I tell my son, who is, I regret to say, a flaneur."

"Very cleverly put. Has he a family?"

"Who? Mr. Lawton? I think there is a wife. I fancied somebody said she was to be here tonight."

"I don't see her with him."

"I wonder what Connie Gresham will say?"

"Oh, by the way! yes, I hear it is quite a flirtation!"

"She is such an incorrigible coquette. I must confess I think the young married women are carrying that sort of thing too far."

"Ah, well! Mrs. Jack is very attractive, and men will burn their fingers."

"I wonder her husband allows it."

"Oh, my dear, it is the fate of the husbands of pretty women to be a little neglected."

"Connie is certainly fascinating and clever, and the house is admirably ordered. I like her, but I think her foolish about some things. Now this man——" Then others came up and the subject changed.

Mrs. Lawton too came out of her window seat. She wanted air, she was stifling. She didn't believe what she had heard, not a word of it. Daniel would not lend himself to such a thing. It was impossible; he was above it. Nevertheless as she pushed through the crowd into the next room her limbs were trembling in a strange fashion. Here she found the mothers of two or three disconsolate daughters huddled together in a corner. She sank into a seat beside them. One, who seemed communicative, turned to her amiably:

"My girl is so timid," she said. "I cannot get her to even stand up and show herself."

The girl in question, who had very thin shoulderblades, jerked them, and emitted a little groan.

"She has such a lovely gown," said the

mother. "It is so silly not to go into the ballroom and show it and dance."

"I might stand there all night and nobody ask me," said the girl snappishly. "Not a soul, and you know it."

"Well, it is all your fault. Other girls get on who have not had half the advantages."

"My daughter is just the same," said another mother sympathetically, who was seated just behind a young lady in scarlet tulle. "She is too particular. Young Bolton asked her for the cotillion but she refused him flatly and says his shoes always smell of blacking. It is perfectly ridiculous, I tell her. *Débutantes* cannot afford to put on airs."

"I haven't got anybody to put on airs with," said the snappish girl tartly. "No one ever comes near me."

"You are too modest, my dear," said the second mother, secretly enchanted at her own daughter's greater success.

Mrs. Lawton noticed that the first mother put her foot out under the cross girl's chair and gave her a little kick. The dull pain she had felt was passing off somewhat and she was thanking God that her Clemence was not here but safely at home and asleep. That was some comfort. Happiness and fame and honor seemed to be away in the glittering pale-blue distance where swinging lamps and fragrant flowers and splendid jewels and radiant women were moving in a panorama of warmth and light. Here were congregated the bitterness of discontent and failure.

It was just then that Mrs. Gresham crossed the room upon her husband's arm.

"Why, there is Mrs. Jack Gresham! And Mr. Gresham is with her!"

"They say that Mr. Lawton who is running for Governor is a great friend of hers."

"The more fool he. She will lead him a dance!"

"Is it for the dance, I wonder, he has put on those lavender gloves that are a mile too large for him, poor thing? I saw him pass a few moments ago."

"There was an abominable squib about them in the weekly ——." And the first mother mentioned the paper Daniel Lawton had read with such anger.

"Oh pshaw! Who cares? Not Mrs.

Jack, I am sure. All she thinks of is her own amusement. She won't mind."

"She is just perfectly exquisite," exclaimed in concert the girl in scarlet and the snappish girl, gazing after Mrs. Gresham's retiring form.

"The gentlemen certainly admire her," said the mothers in unison, but without heat.

Then the first mother added, "Is her color her own, do you think?"

May Gerold now passed through on the Turk's arm—it is to be supposed he was still in the "first stage." She had taken Mrs. Gresham's advice and wore black. She looked extremely distinguished, with her straight, slim figure, her pallor, and her near-sighted eyes under their black brows.

One of the gentlemen who had been presented to Mrs. Lawton early in the evening, conscious of his shortcomings and at the instigation of the hostess, who was still detained at the door, now came forward and offering his arm gallantly asked if she would like to see the dancing.

She remembered that she took it. She talked to him mechanically on various topics. While she did so she saw her husband approach Mrs. Gresham, look at and speak to her, and then she knew. Those cruel women need not have enlightened her. There are instincts more unerring than the sense of hearing. She saw their eyes meet and mingle. She had never seen this expression in her husband's before. All the truth flashed upon her sick soul.

Dramatic people who express more than they feel can probably form no conception of what emotion means to slowly stirred, commonplace, placid natures. The latter have no eloquence with which to voice their woe today, no facile pen that shall dilate on it tomorrow. Tongue and pen will be alike unavailable, but the agony is there all the same.

It is commonly said that a jealous woman can do no justice to her rival. This is untrue. The passions have quickened perceptions of their own which are more generally correct than false, and their illuminations are often clearer in such minds as are ordinarily obtuse.

Constance was dressed with great simplicity, but Mrs. Lawton did not make the mistake of imagining her to be simple. She recognized at once that her repose and

the graciousness of her cold smile were of the highest art. She wore soft white crêpe de Chine, with some pearls at her throat. There were lilies of the valley in her girdle and a great loose bunch of the same flowers in her hand. Sometimes her arm hung by her side and sometimes she raised the bouquet and buried her face in its blossoms. Mrs. Lawton noted too that her color was genuine; and that if she was a coquette and a flirt she was also something more; she made the women about her look tawdry, loud and overdressed.

The barnyard fowl that cackles over its brood is a peaceful bird enough, but let some common enemy hover near, and with ruffled wings and threatening beak and talons it may become a dangerous antagonist. Pussy lies before the hearth and licks her furry paws, purring and calm as a slumbering infant, yet, in a moment, if her rival Ponto should show his face at the drawing room door you have the tiger-cat, fierce and furious, with glittering eyeball, quivering tail and foaming mouth, ready to spring. Even the toothless old lion of whose docility the keeper has boasted will, if that keeper deprive him for but one hour of his food, turn upon him in frenzy and tear and mangle and suck the blood of the hand it fawned upon. The wild beast only sleeps; it can still get up, shake itself, growl, prowl, kill.

Mrs. Lawton saw her husband approach Mrs. Gresham. She saw the young woman's nonchalant manner change to one of eager pleasure, for Constance had passed through many moods since we left her, and tonight they had all culminated in an intense hunger to see him again. It did not escape Mrs. Lawton's strained attention that the countenance which had been so indifferent became almost tender, as the expression of one across whose smiling flits an idea of pathos.

She also noticed that Mrs. Gresham's prestige was shared by the man beside her, and that they two seemed to be courted and petted in an atmosphere of equal homage by the group which surrounded them. She glanced down at herself and felt herself to be not only dingy and dowdy, but insignificant, old and hideous, and with a sudden revelation of her husband's physical attractions, which was as penetrating as a desire of the senses, she became the

prey of an acute jealousy of his beauty as well as of her rival's. She hated them both. So in this gentle woman's breast awoke the savage instinct—the animal—with its appeal to her sex and to her vanity. She would have liked to tear the pearls from Mrs. Gresham's throat, to spit at and strike her, to trample upon her flowers, to insult and mar her loveliness.

Her reason must have tottered for a moment, for she went so far as to imagine that they were speaking of her together; that Mrs. Gresham asked who she was and that her husband repudiated her; that they were ridiculing her together. They had, in fact, not even seen her, being mutually absorbed. Of course, in a saner moment she would have known he was incapable of such baseness. Her sufferings became so insupportable that she determined to end them, and suddenly turning, asked the man who was with her for a glass of water. The instant he had left her she accosted a servant who was passing with a tray of empty glasses: "I am feeling ill," she said to him hurriedly; "please help me to my carriage; and do you see that gentleman over there speaking to the lady in white? In about fifteen minutes, mind you, not sooner, tell him his wife went home; had a little headache; nothing serious, and he must on no account hurry, he must stay. Now promise to do this for me, and come."

The servant, an old man with stooping shoulders, who had been in the family for years, stared at her with his sunken tired eyes. "Certainly, ma'am, certainly! I will tell the gentleman. Shall I call Mrs. Langton? Would you like a maid?"

His sympathetic voice and kindly manner so unnerved her that she feared she could not repress the tears, but she made a superhuman effort.

"No, nothing, only come!" she said so decidedly that he deposited his tray and followed her.

He helped her into her fur cloak and went out to tell the footman. This smart English lackey called out for the carriage, which Mrs. Lawton had prudently ordered very early. It was one from a livery stable; respectable, but not elegant; and he helped the modestly attired person into it with civility, but without enthusiasm. She was thankful the drive was not too short; she could give way to her despair.

On his part Daniel Lawton's evening had not been without incident, for he had at last seen . . . the husband, and, as is the case in real life where nothing happens but the unexpected, it had passed without complications of any sort. Mrs. Gresham had introduced the rosy, jovial, round-faced fellow to him, and he had been forced to admit to himself that he seemed manly and frank. In fact, Jack Gresham had few enemies, and the worst these could say of him was that he was not overburdened with brains and that he grew, sometimes, a trifle heated over his wine. The two men had shaken hands and talked for a few minutes about hunting. He had heard him address her as "Con" and had looked in vain in her eyes for an expression of fear or of dislike. Shall I add that she had even been amicable in her manner, had called him "Jack," and had asked him to bring her a cup of bouillon, and that when he did so she nodded her thanks to him pleasantly?

The conviction was unwillingly borne in upon Lawton, who studied their minutest actions with the keenest anxiety, that Mrs. Gresham did not shrink from her husband with loathing, and that their relations, whatever they might be, were at least friendly. It was indeed difficult to imagine one's self detesting Jack Gresham; he was so very good-natured. Lawton, himself, to his immense regret, found it impossible to do so—not yet, not at once, at least—well then—no matter. Even if the plane were a lower one, one hour of life, one hour! He was starving and she was here beside him! The pure breath of her mouth fanned his cheek, the touch of her hand was upon his arm. Oh, the ecstasy of it!

And Constance—for women are proverbially indulgent to the men who love them—leaned to him, speaking low, sweet words, filled with that happiness which his adoration and his presence always gave her. Probably she did not even notice that his gloves were too large for him. The marked improvement in the matter of his costume of late she had accepted as the most delicate incense of flattery to herself. She had reached that stage of sentiment where such discrepancies as might still exist struck her as pathetic, and as such, endearing. At any rate this thing had been "different;" of this she had felt sure from the beginning.

To him she was as an elixir of strong wine, renewing, stimulating to the utmost every faculty of heart and brain, rousing him to fresh ambitions. He told himself this was growth. While she felt with him like a tired chaser of shadows who grasps at last the real. There was something broad and sweet in the man. He had dwarfed her own world.

CHAPTER X.

THE domestic delivered his message faithfully: fidelity was his strong point. He did so just as Lawton was about to seek his wife. He was too upright and honorable a man to bring her here, a stranger, to a house where he felt at home, and to wound her by any disrespect or neglect. He was, as I say, about to look for her and present to her some of his acquaintances. He had even thought it probable that she and Mrs. Gresham would meet, and although not enough a man of the world to face this ordeal with entire composure he would rather have died than seem to shun it, and had, in fact, determined to let things take their course.

Now for an instant he thought, with a qualm of conscience, of following her, but, man-like, he was provoked that she had not waited for him. He told himself that her impatience was childish in the extreme, and the more he thought of it the more annoyed and irritated with her he became. How would she ever meet the exigencies of her impending position if she were so easily baffled by her first social effort?

So when Constance's eyes bade him stay he lingered. Socrates himself must have had his hours of recklessness. When he reached his rooms two hours later and stopped at his wife's door all was silent and dark. He turned the handle and found it locked. He therefore concluded she was asleep. But Mrs. Lawton was not asleep. After he had gone to his bed she crept up noiselessly and leaned against his door. She listened to his lightest movement, to his breathing, as if they would betray to her his secrets. It is a great shock to find the heart you have rested on in peace filled with tumults of which you know nothing.

Lawton had never been a demonstrative

man, and Mrs. Lawton, albeit loving, was of a calm temperament; her demands upon his affectionateness had at no times been great. Now, standing shivering with bare feet on the cold floor of her dreary hotel room, she remembered all of the past, and marvelled that she had been so easily satisfied. Lately he had been even less warm than usual, and she, in her silly security, had attributed it to the cares and anxieties of his campaign.

She had, of course, known that the world was full of folly, of untruth, and of sin, but she had never believed that these things could touch herself. She read of them, heard of them daily, and had fancied that she alone wore a magic armor, was safe. What an idiot she had been! Now, she felt sure that he had never loved her. A woman's faith, which has burned steadily for years, will waver at a breath. A man's, once accorded, is with difficulty shaken. She thought of Constance, and in her own humility asked herself what qualities she possessed to cope with such a sorceress, and she said to herself, "None." She had been engrossed with her household, with bringing up the children, and she had shared none of her husband's pursuits, none of his literary activities. Even his political career she had borne with, rather than encouraged. How could she fill the manifold requirements of such a mind as his! He had made strides and left her behind. All was clear to her now as the day.

As she stood there in her wretchedness she longed to cry out to him, to touch his hand, to creep into his arms and be comforted; but the anger and pride of her offended womanhood rose up and checked her and she gave no sign.

When he met her the next morning he found her and Kate booted and spurred and packed for an early boat. She murmured something about being worried; that little Dan had a cold, and that she had decided not to remain another night. She bade him farewell quite cheerfully. He was obliged to remain until the evening to be present at an important committee meeting. It would be one of the last, for the elections were drawing nigh.

A week later the great day had arrived. The incessant rain had at last ceased. The storm seemed to have blown itself out, and

the wind-swept valley was at rest. A bright sunshine shone upon the scene and lighted up alike the banners of Marcus M. Curley, which flaunted in the fresh north wind with an impudent assurance, and those which waved across the street a hideous effigy of Lawton's fine face. Curley's supporters were loud in their braggings, as people are who lead a forlorn hope, and are really wading knee deep in despondency. The voting was brisk, and the streets were full of men. There were crowds about and at the polls. They said it would be one of the largest votes that had ever been cast; but everything was well-ordered and quiet. Party feeling ran high, but there was no disturbance. The police, who patrolled the town, were on the alert, but had hardly more onerous duties than usual to fulfil. A few warrants had been issued to the deputy marshals for the arrest of persons accused of illegal registration. A few men charged with "impersonation" were seized at the instigation of the inspectors and held for future examination.

A certain number of jubilant Irishmen who had celebrated the day early by copious libations, and who were a trifle noisy, were collared and hustled off to the station houses. Among the vehement supporters of the two opponents the Independents crept about sullenly, maintaining as to their own intentions a sphinx-like reserve. They seemed to be coquetting between the rival factions, who, in their turn, felt the pulse of this agitating minority which resists, protests and warns, caressing and making them overtures. One could never know until the ballots were counted how an extra vote or two might turn the scale.

Lawton remembered after his mid-day meal, of which he partook at his office, that besides being election day, this Tuesday was one of some significance in his private annals. It was the anniversary of his engagement. He had forgotten it in the morning. It had been their wont—his and his wife's—always to celebrate the afternoon with a tête-à-tête drive into the country, unless indeed, which had rarely happened, business or illness interfered. He now remembered it with compunction. He had noticed that his wife's manner was marked in its coldness since the fatal ball, but he had pretended not to remark the

change, as people do who live in fear of explanations and their consequences. All deceit and trickery were hateful to him and he hoped there was nothing. It was at any rate safer to ignore. It is easier, however, to say "what is beyond remedy should be beyond concern," than to put this sound philosophy into execution.

Today, it must be confessed, he rather dreaded the tête-à-tête, but it was not in his character to shrink from unpleasant contingencies. He reminded himself of her many virtues, of her unselfishness, of her devotion to his children, and his conscience smote him. He would not appear negligent. He telegraphed to her that she must not forget what day of the month it was; that he would be out at three to drive her to Harbor hill, and begged her to have the new mare put into the light wagon. In an hour he received her answer. It was short: "I will be ready."

At a few minutes past three they started. He found his hands were full with the young horse, and for the first half-hour little else was spoken of between them except of her merits and demerits, her possibilities and peculiarities. She seemed somewhat skittish, and chafed on the bit, but Lawton was an experienced driver, having learned in his boyhood to break in colts on his father's farm, and managed her admirably. His wife had implicit confidence in his skill, and was not by nature timorous. They then spoke of the elections, and he expressed himself as glad to escape for a couple of hours from the heated excitement of the town and the importunities of officious friends into the freshness of the quiet fields.

The raindrops still fell from the trees above them and the mud flew up high under the wheels. When they reached Harbor hill these topics, however, were exhausted and there arose a certain chill and embarrassment between them. Wedged so closely into the narrow wagon, bound together so mightily by the ties of custom, by years of mutual interests and mutual sacrifices, these two people felt themselves in that moment immeasurably far apart. They sat shoulder to shoulder, now and then pushed up together by the jolts of the springs on the uneven road; yet they were ill at ease and would have given

worlds if they might have done with this drive, which was such a mockery, and be once more asunder. But Mrs. Lawton had come with a purpose and that purpose was to be accomplished. She tried two or three times to say what she had come to say, but her mouth was so dry she could not speak. At last she did muster up sufficient courage.

"Dan," she said, "Dan, I want to speak to you."

"Yes, my dear?" touching the mare's neck gently with the whip, but somehow his heart stood still.

"When I left that party the other night it was not the headache that drove me away; it was the heartache, Daniel."

There was something so solemn in her tone that he found no word to say to her.

"Listen," she continued, "and I will tell you all. I cannot tell you what I heard. It is useless. Those fashionable folks have tongues in their heads that are as bitter as the adder's. No matter what I heard, though they talked of you, Daniel—and—and of that woman, till I felt I ought to scream out to you and force you to listen to me and be warned! No,—it was not that! I am no gossip myself, and I don't lay too much stress on what tattlers say. No—but I saw you go up to her, and I saw you look at her as you never looked at me, and I seemed to—to—to have—lost you!"

She gasped for breath, and he remained speechless.

"I understand now perfectly, Daniel, that I have been a fool; I have been too busy over the house and the children. When I saw those women I felt I was nothing. I have neglected myself. I cannot talk, and I cannot even dress. When I thought of all that would be expected of me now that you will have such a big place I felt like running and hiding, or asking you to let me go back to ma, for—for—for you never have loved me, Dan, I am sure of it! And, do you know, when you hung over her I knew how it was. I hated her, I hated you! I felt outraged, but I saw her power! I do not think you have been wicked—are those women up to that?" she asked with strange astuteness. "Don't they care too much for themselves? But if I tell you what I thought,

will you forgive me, Dan? I thought she asked you who I was, and that you said you did not know; that you laughed at me together! Daniel! Daniel!" and she clutched at his knee with one of her hands convulsively, "say it was not true! say it was not true! You would not deny your little Dan's mother!"

In her agitation she had grown half wild again, and her eyes fixed his with an anguish of questioning.

Then something in the man's being gave way. His head fell forward on his breast and he broke forth into violent tears and sobbings.

Her own tears flowed freely now at the sight of his unwonted emotion, and they fell upon her hands like a healing balm, for at least he was not of stone. At the sight of her pain he too suffered.

There was another witness of this scene, to whom, if incomprehensible, it gave greater freedom. As Lawton raised one powerful hand to his face to wipe away the great drops which trickled through his fingers the mare trembled, feeling the joy of the slackened rein. It is impossible for the chronicler to know why or at what she took fright. Some workmen were blasting rocks in a neighboring quarry. An explosion a little louder than the preceding ones was the first signal. In a moment Lawton was erect with the reins tightly rolled about his wrists, his feet braced firmly against the dashboard. An instant later he cried to his wife:

"Throw yourself out! I cannot hold her!" and they were hurling toward the cliffs.

Harbor hill on its inward slope was a gentle declivity of grassy meadow, the land dropping to the valley. On the sea

it was a high steep cliff of sand and loose boulders.

As the mare made for and neared the precipice, Lawton repeated his command to his wife to cast herself to the ground, but she hesitated.



AN HOUR LATER THE NEWSBOYS WERE SHOUTING THEIR EXTRAS.

A few yards from the edge he tried, with frantic energy, to turn the mare's head. The wagon swerved round with a jerk under them, and he felt the back wheels sink.

The soil, undermined by the recent floods, had given way. The mare herself seemed to know that her last hour had come. As the earth caved in under her hind legs she snorted with agony, and her eyeballs shot forth flame.

Mrs. Lawton had just time to throw herself across her husband's breast, and so, clinging closer to each other than ever they had done in the first pure transports of their boy and girl affection, they were swept down together into the eternal silence.

An hour later, in the neighboring towns and on the highways, the newsboys were running about shouting out their "Ex-

tras" announcing to the world that Daniel Lawton was elected Governor of the State by an overwhelming majority.

Through the still evening air Constance, leaning at her window, heard their distant cries.



A SEA CHARGE.

BY ESTHER SINGLETON.

LINE after line advancing, on they march,
 The strong sea-soldiers, with white flags unfurled,
 As far as straining, eager eye can reach ;
 And as the wild waves' battle-cry is hurled
 Across the ocean field, with furious might
 The front ranks charge, and in the darkling night
 The snowy hosts one luminous instant gleam
 Ere all the brave men perish on the beach,
 Dead for their cause, known only to the Sea,
 That mother of great passion and great pain.
 Out of the deep, the great deep Mystery,
 World of unknown, abstract and fantasy,
 Rise great white-winged hopes, to die in strife
 Upon that narrow ledge which we call Life.

A PISCATORIAL DINNER.

BY CHARLES FELHAM-CLINTON.

THE fame of the lord mayor's feasts is worldwide and a Greenwich dinner at the Ship but a little less known. While the markets of the world have been ransacked for the first, the sea to its very depths has been searched for delicacies for the last-mentioned, and the first 'fish' dinner eaten on the banks of old father Thames is a red-letter day in the existence of any one who appreciates what fishmongers call 'sea food.'

Ordinary dinners appeal only to one sense but the Ship dinner appeals to the whole five. That of taste is certainly well satisfied; hearing is gratified by the pleasant flash of the water against the piers and the strains of the music floating across the river; that of seeing is pleased by as pretty and varied a view as could be desired; smell—well that can hardly be said to be gratified though it certainly is appealed to as Thames mud is hardly as odorous as it might be. It is putting the cart before the horse to describe the dinner before one arrives at the Inn.

Now that the tramway has monopolized the highroad to Greenwich, the trip there is hardly ever undertaken by land, and the river is used. The easiest place to start from is Westminster bridge close to which is the pier from which start the 'penny' steamers. Odd little boats they are, not comfortable and far from clean, but used daily by hundreds of thousands. Once on board away we go past the Thames embankment owing its origin to the philanthropy of an American; past Charing Cross station, Somerset House and under Blackfriars bridge, in and out among the hundreds of odd-looking craft that blockade our path until London bridge pier is reached. Here 'All out!' is the word and passengers for Greenwich move a few yards down the

pier where a large steamboat awaits them. It is more roomy and comfortable than the other and starts only at stated hours, so we have time to sit on the pier and to look around. Close by is London bridge 728 feet long, built in 1825-1831 by John Rennie and costing about the same as the

The Ship



Greenwich.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

Gras Blanc.

Poche à la Romaine
East India Madeira

The Duke Mortilla.
Johannishberg Cabaret
est. 1802.
gold bronze suit
(Loden).

CHAMPAGNES.

Roderer Carte Blanche
Pfungen Special Reserve

Dente & Goldmann's
Gold Lach,
Vintages 1874.

Sorbet à la Française

Sella freppé Cigarette

Glas de Vongot

Chateau Yquem
est. 1854.

Liquors

Old Brown Sherry
Chateau Laroze, est. 1875.
Paris, est. 1865.

Café Eau de Vie

Gras Blanc.

TORTUE CLAIRE TORTUE LIÉE
GRAS VERTS AU JUS CALLIPASH ET CALIFEE
AILLONS DE TORTUE ÉTUVÉE EN VIN DE MADÈRE

WHITBREAD

CARRELETS ET PERCHE SOUCHÈS
SAUMON DE SEVERNE ÉTUVÉE EN VIN DE CHARLIS
RISQUES DE HONARD PETITES SOLES Frites
BOUQUIN DE MERLANS À LA DARGOISE
ANQUELLES ÉTUVÉES EN VIN D'OPORTO
CRABE À L'AMÉRICAIN CHRISTINES À LA MANTUA
FILETS DE ROUGETS ÉTUVÉS EN VIN DE LAFITTE
HONARD À LA CETOISE ST. PIERRE À LA LUCULLUS
FILETS D'ESTURGEON À LA POLONAISE
TRUITE DE LOCH LOMOND GUILLE À LA TARTARE
PAUPIETTES DE FILETS DE SOLE À LA NAVIGOTTE
FILETS DE TUBETS À LA CRÈME AU GRATIN
ECREUVISSES À LA BORDELAISE LAMPROIS À LA DIEPPOISE
FILETS DE TANCHE À LA ROYALE
CÔTELETTE DE SAUMON ÉCOSAÏS À L'ORIENTALE

WHITBREAD À LA DIABLE

KARI DE RAIS AU RIZ CERVELLES EN SAISON GLACÉ
ANGES À CHEVAL

SALMI DE CAILLIES À L'ESSENCE
CHAUD FROID DE FILETS DE RIS DE VEAU À LA BELLE VUE
MANCHE DE VENAISON HARICOTS VERTS

CANETONS RÔTIS ET PETITS POIS VERTS

ASPERGES EN BRANCHES
ORTOLANS AU FEUILLES DE VIGNE ROTIS ET SALADE À LA
FRANÇAISE

BACON AND BEANS

GŒFS DE PLOVIER

JAMBON DE MONTANCHET À LA DIABLE ET SALADE DE TOMATE
FOIE GRAS EN ASSIC

CHARLOTTE D'ARRICÔTS DAMES D'HONNEUR
MERENGUES À LA CRÈME NOUGATS À LA CHANTILLY
PETITS ECLAIRS AU CHOCOLAT GENOISE

MAZARINE DE FRUITS GLACÉ SPONGADA DI ROMA

FAILLIES DE FROMAGE

LAITANCES DE HARENGS AUX CROUTES
GLACES

CRÈME AU FRAISE EAU DE GROISELLES
CRÈME D'ANANAS EAU DE RABIN EAU DE CERISE
Esouet

ANANA, MELON, PÊCHES, FRAMES, NECTARINES, RAISINS, CONSERVES
Mercredi, le 4 Juillet, 1885.

W. T. Bado, Manager.

MENU.

Brooklyn bridge. Away in the distance can be seen the dome of St. Paul's and on all sides are vast wharfs and granaries. What curious shipping one sees on the Thames. The collection comes from

every part of the world and carries every species of merchandise. The barges are odd to look at and are of much the same pattern as those in use a couple of centuries ago and are propelled down stream by two men tugging at the unwieldy oars.

However, the hour arrives and 'All on board for Greenwich!' sends us scurrying over the gangway, and with a 'toot, toot' of the whistle away we speed down the river.

The captain of a Thames steamboat must be a person of great consequence as he does not communicate his orders to the engineer himself. A small boy with a shrill voice is the go-between. Where this breed of a boy is maintained I know not, but never in my ordinary walks abroad have I come across boys with voices of the pitch and ear-piercing qualities of those on board these steamers. 'Ease her!' 'Stop her!' 'Back her!' 'Gentle!' 'Now!' 'Go ahead!' in the same shrill falsetto mingle with the dulcet tones of the inevitable band on board and the hum of life from the banks and craft around.

Gradually the forests of masts are replaced by trees in the distance, and about half an hour from London bridge the air has become sensibly purer and Greenwich is in sight.

A fine sight it is too. The grand old buildings erected at least 200 years ago are the foreground, while a canopy of glorious old trees on the hillside makes a refreshing background after the sterility of London. Above the green foliage appears the observatory, and as far as appearances go we might be a hundred miles away from the biggest city in the world.

The shrill falsetto gives the word 'Ease her!' 'Stop her!' as the *Water Witch* glides up to the pier. An antique waterman fastens the ropes and pushes out a gang plank, the band makes its final attempt to

collect coppers, everyone rushes to the gangway and in a moment we are on shore.

A walk of but a few yards brings one to the old ship Inn, and the best thing to do is to secure a table before taking a walk about Greenwich. The green lawn in front of the Inn and overlooking the Thames seems the most desirable spot to refresh the inner man; and the selection made, the proper thing is to take a stroll through the old hospital and see the sights while dinner is being prepared.

The grand block of buildings that were once the home of disabled and ancient seamen occupies the site of an old palace known as *Placentia* built by Humphrey duke of Gloucester and which in 1012 was



ENTRANCE OF THE SHIP INN, GREENWICH

a favorite camp of the Danes. Henry VI. made a grant of 200 acres to duke Humphrey in 1433 and another of the same amount in 1437. On the site of an old palace that stood in Edward I.'s time duke Humphrey built Pleasaunce, or Placentia so called from its charming situation. Edward IV. enlarged the park and stocked it with deer. Henry VIII. was born at Greenwich and baptized in the parish church and afterward spent vast sums on it. Several royal tournaments were held here, and it was in the park at Greenwich that Anne Boleyn dropped the ill-fated handkerchief that was brought in evidence against her as being a signal to an admirer and caused her death sentence.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of Placentia and spent much of her time there particularly in the summer. Her first chapter of the Order of the Garter was held in St. George's hall, and many subsequent ones. The ceremony on Maundy Thursday, on March 19, 1572, in remembrance of Christ washing the feet of the poor, was enacted here but is too long to repeat. Suffice it to say that she performed the office daintily. Sir Walter Raleigh's famous feat of throwing his satin doublet before the queen was enacted at Greenwich.

In 1605 James I. settled Greenwich palace and park on his queen, Anne of Denmark, and great alterations were made. Charles I. also was much at Greenwich prior to the civil war, and his queen altered and added to the improvements made by Anne of Denmark, Inigo Jones being the architect.

In 1652 the commonwealth desiring funds wished to sell the park but nothing was done and in 1654 it was used by the lord protector as a residence. Charles II. found it in sad want of repair and pulled a good deal of it down, building again at a large cost from plans by Evelyn. William III. did not care for Greenwich but



LAWN OF THE SHIP INN.

queen Mary wishing that disabled seamen should have as good a hospital as that of disabled soldiers at Chelsea, resolved to add to the buildings, complete those unfinished and turn it into a hospital. No time was lost and though Mary died before its completion, to her is due the grand old pile now standing on the banks of the Thames. The grant was made on October 25, 1694. The whole place was altered and many new buildings added, that known as queen Anne's building being commenced in 1698. In 1705 there were 300 pensioners within the walls; so no time was lost. The paintings in the great hall have been added from time to time until the naval gallery is the finest of its kind in England. In 1738 no less than 1000 pensioners were housed within the walls and in 1778 double that number. Each pensioner received a weekly allowance of seven loaves, three pounds of beef, two pounds of mutton, a pint of pease, one pound and a half of cheese, two ounces of butter, fourteen quarts of beer, one shilling a week tobacco money and also once in two years a suit of blue clothes and a hat, three pairs of stockings, two pairs of shoes, five neckties, three shirts and two nightcaps.

In 1865 a commission of inquiry recommended an act of parliament to be passed with a view of closing the Royal hospital as an almshouse and in 1869, in

pursuance of an act passed, Greenwich hospital ceased to be a home for disabled seamen after being used as such for over 150 years. Though the building still remained, the main features of the place had gone in a great measure.

The hospital was turned into a naval college in 1873, but the picturesque old men whose deeds of valor are written on the pages of the histories of the world had gone never to return. Since then it has been turned into a training school and boys play where the heroes of old wandered around.

Though the pensioners have gone, whitebait remains and this is the chief attraction at Greenwich nowadays; and of this we are reminded by the clock on the centre tower chiming the hour of seven, and urged by the musical notes we leave the time-honored old buildings and return to the 'ship.'

An appetizing odor prevails that awakens the consciousness that the keen air has given a zest to the appetite and that a look at the menu may not be amiss. In this of course whitebait will figure prominently. When that delicacy was first recognized as such I cannot find out, but at a funeral feast given at the Hall of the Stationers Company on May 28, 1612, 'six dishes of whitebait' figure on the bill of fare.

About the end of March whitebait make their appearance in the Thames, and continue to improve until the end of August. W. John Timbs in his *Club Life of London*, says that he found in an old book written by Pennant, "Whitebait are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion during the season a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places where they are taken." If this be true times have changed and either the tastes of epicures fallen or the standard of whitebait raised as no greater delicacy can be placed before a gourmet. That her majesty's government do not despise whitebait is amply demonstrated by that now formal ceremony the 'ministerial fish dinner' that takes place at the close of summer sessions and in which whitebait plays a very prominent part.

In olden times it was the custom for the ministers to go down from Whitehall in an ordnance barge ornamented with gay-

ly colored flags and streamers. Nowadays the prosaic steamer is used, or if one of the ministers happens to have a launch they all go down in that.

The origin of this dinner is told by Mr. Timbs in his work: "On the banks of Dagenham Lake or Reach, in Essex, many years since there stood a cottage occupied by a princely merchant named Preston, at one time M.P. for Dover. He called it his 'fishing cottage' and often in the spring he went there with a friend or two as a relief to the toils of his parliamentary and mercantile duties. His most frequent guest was the Right Honorable George Rose, secretary of the treasury and elder brother of the Trinity House. Many a day did these two worthies enjoy at Dagenham Reach, and Mr. Rose once intimated to Mr. Preston that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were justly proud, would no doubt delight in the comfort of such a retreat." The day was named and the premier came; so pleased was he that he then and there settled a day for the coming year and for several years his annual dinner was considered a matter of course. The distance however was great and Sir Robert Preston proposed that the annual dinner should be taken nearer London. Greenwich was chosen. The party gradually increased, Lord Camden being the fourth member added. Later on came Mr. Charles Long, afterward Lord Farnborough, all being Sir Robert Preston's guests. The number still increased and at Lord Camden's suggestion Sir Robert was relieved of the expense, though he still insisted on providing the buck and the champagne.

In due time Sir Robert died, but Lord Farnborough kept the dinner up, and from the fact of the invitations now going out in ministerial boxes, in due time it came to be that only ministers were invited. From this small beginning came the present important function.

Curran and Samuel Rogers dined together here, and Charles Dickens's safe return from America in 1842 was celebrated here. The list of names that are recorded includes Cruikshank, Talfourd, Milnes, Hood and Marryat, and in 1856 Douglas Jerrold dined with Dickens just prior to the death of the first named.

Of course the old 'ship' is gone but the

new one is worthy of its ancient name and fully keeps up its reputation.

The small decanter of golden sherry is the solitary piece of color on the white damask, and we eagerly scan the menu laid before us by the waiter:

THE SHIP GREENWICH.

CARTE DE JOUR.
Flounders Souchés.



LANDING OF THE GREENWICH BOAT.

Salmon Souchés.
Rissoles of Lobster.
Fried Slips.
Stewed Eels.
Crab Omelette.
Grilled Trout—Tartar Sauce
Salmon Cutlets à l'Indienne.
Whitebait (plain).
Whitebait (bedevilled).

The champagne is iced to perfection and the sherry and white wine good of their kind. A feeling of philanthropy steals upon one as over a cup of coffee and a good cigar, one ruminates over the changing scene in front and one's mind runs riot over what changes that river has seen in the last two hundred years.

A chat with Mr. Bale the manager brings out the fact that the ministerial dinner takes place in August, and that while the carte de jour contains no less

than ten courses of sea food he can lengthen it very considerably if a private dinner is required. Last year American independence was celebrated by a banquet of great magnificence, and as the menu is a work of art, I give it here. The only marvel is how human nature could accomplish the gigantic task set before it.

Mr. Bale showed me a quaint old coin of the sixteenth century on which is a representation of the Ship Inn, so we can safely say that for close on three hundred years travellers have been warmed and filled on the ground we are now using.

The cigar is out and the night air grows chilly and the appearance on the water of thousands of twinkling lights shows that sundown has long gone by and that even the endurance of an English twilight is not unlimited. The bill is produced, the amount paid, and in a few moments the cry 'Go ahead!' in that same shrill voice wakes the quiet echoes of the evening, while the thud of the engine tells us that we are speeding back to London, and our fish dinner though lost to sight is to memory dear.



M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

TO attempt a portrait of a man of letters after the subject has already sat to two limners as accomplished as Mr. Henry James and M. Jules Lemaitre is venturesome and savors of conceit; but nearly fifteen years have passed since Mr. James made his off-hand thumbnail sketch of M. Sarcey, and M. Lemaitre's more recent and more elaborate portraiture in pastels was intended to be seen of Parisians only. Moreover Mr. James, although he praises M. Sarcey, does so with many reserves, not to say a little grudgingly; he even echoes the opinion once current in Paris that M. Sarcey is heavy—an opinion which M. Lemaitre denounces and disproves.

It is in person that M. Sarcey is heavy—in body, not in mind. He is portly and thick-set, but not thick-witted. He is short-sighted physically, but no critic has keener insight. His judgments are as solid and as firm-footed as his tread. Sainte-Beuve has indicated the difference between the "grave, learned, definitive" criticism which penetrates and explains and "the more alert, and more lightly armed"

criticism which gives the note to contemporary thought. It is in the former class, among the "grave, learned, definitive" critics that M. Sarcey must be placed; but



FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

his serious and elaborate decisions are expressed with perhaps as much liveliness and as much point as anyone of the "more alert and more lightly armed" may display. M. Sarcey's wit is Voltairean in its quality, in its directness and in its ease. Though his arm is strong to smite a cutting blow if need be, yet more often than not it is with the tip of the blade that he punctures his adversary, fighting fairly and breaking through the guard by skill of fence.

And of fighting M. Sarcey has had his fill since he entered journalism more than thirty years ago. Born in 1828, he was admitted to the Normal school in 1848 in the class with M. Taine and with Edmond About. For seven years after his graduation in 1851 he served as a professor in several small towns, constantly involved in difficulties with the officials of the Second Empire. In 1858 he gave up the desk of the teacher for that of the journalist, and coming up to Paris by the aid and advice of About, he began to write for the *Figaro*. The next year the *Opinion Nationale* was started, and M. Sarcey became its dramatic critic. In 1867 he transferred his services to the *Temps*, which is indisputably the ablest and most dignified of all Parisian newspapers; and to the *Temps*, in the number which bears the date of Monday and which appears on Sunday afternoon, M. Sarcey has contributed for now nearly a quarter of a century a weekly review of the theatres, slowly gaining in authority until for a score of years at least his primacy in Paris as a dramatic critic has been beyond question.

In addition to this hebdomadal essay M. Sarcey has descended daily into the thick of contemporary polemics. He writes an article nearly every day on the topic of the hour. When About started the *XIX^e Siècle* after the Prussian war, M. Sarcey was his chief editorial contributor, leading a lively campaign against administrative abuses of all kinds and exposing sharply the blunders

of the ecclesiastical propaganda. He has little taste for party politics, which seem to him arid and fruitless; but in the righting of wrongs he is indefatigable, and in the discussion of urban improvements, entering with ardor into all questions of water supplies, sewerage and the like. And to the consideration of all these problems he brings the broad common sense, the stalwart logic, the robust energy which are his chief characteristics. He has common sense in a most uncommon degree; and its exercise might be monotonous if it were not enlivened by ironic and playful wit.

Calling on him one day a few summers ago and being hospitably received in the spacious library which his friend M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opéra, has arranged for him in the wide-windowed studio of a house purchased by him from the painter who had built it for his own use, M. Sarcey told me that he was a little surprised to discover that such reputation as he might have outside of his own country was chiefly as a dramatic critic, whereas in France he was known rather as a working journalist. Sitting



JOHN LEMOINE.

on the broad, square lounge below the wide window—the famous *Divan Rouge* of which M. Sarcey himself has told the legend in the pages of a French review—I suggested that perhaps this was owing to the merely local interest of the subjects the daily journalist was forced to deal with, while the Parisian dramatic critic discussed plays, many of which were likely to be exported far beyond the boundaries of France and beyond the limits of the French language. I asked him also how it was that he had never made any collection of his dramatic criticisms, or even a selection from them, as Jules Janin and Théophile Gautier had done in the past, and as M. Auguste Vitu of the *Figaro* and M. Jules Lemaitre of the *Débats* are doing now.

I regret that I cannot recall the exact words of M. Sarcey's answer, although my recollection of the purport of his remarks is distinct enough. He said that he had not collected his weekly articles or even made a selection from them because they were journalism and not literature:—the essential difference between journalism and literature being, that the newspaper is meant for the moment only while the book is intended for all time, or as much of it as may be; he wrote for the *Temps* his exact opinion at the minute of the writing and having in view all the circumstances of the hour. He said that in a book an author might be moderate in assertion, but that in a newspaper, which would be thrown away between sunrise and sunset, a writer at times must needs force the note; and when it was worth while he must be ready to declare his opinion loudly, with insistence and with undue emphasis. Of this privilege he had availed himself in the *Temps*, and this was one reason why he did not wish to see his newspaper articles revived after they had done their work. (Here I feel it proper to note that a careful reading

of M. Sarcey's feuilletons every week for now nearly fourteen years has shown me that although his enthusiasm may seem at times a little overstrained, it is never factitious and it is never for an unworthy object.)



FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

A second reason M. Sarcey gave for letting his dramatic criticisms sink into the oblivion of the back number is that he always gave his opinion frankly and fully at the instant when his impressions crystallized, and that he sometimes changed these opinions when a play was revived or when a player was seen in a new part. "Now, if I reprinted my feuilletons," said he laughing, "I should lose the right to contradict myself."

"To look at all sides," Mr. Lowell tells us, "and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is, no doubt, the duty of a critic," but the hasty review of a play penned before sunrise, while the printer's boy waits for copy, is of necessity the verdict of a single mood; and this is why M. Sarcey feels the need of keeping his mind open to fresh impressions and of holding himself in readiness to modify his opinion if good cause is shown for a reversal of the

previous decision. And the criticism to which Mr. Lowell refers is, in one sense, literature, while the rapid reviewing of

action and he can take the spectator to but a few places; therefore he has to select, to condense, to intensify beyond all nature; and the spectator has to make allowances for the needful absence of the fourth wall of the room in which the scene passes, for the directness of speech, for the omissions of the non-essentials which in real life cumber man's every movement. Certain of these conventions are permanent, immutable, inevitable, being of the essence of the contract, as we lawyers say, inherent in any conceivable form of dramatic art. Certain others are accidental, temporary, different in various countries and in various ages.

A history of theatrical conventions as M. Sarcey might tell it would be the story of dramatic evolution and of the modification of the art of the stage in accord with the changing environment; it would be as vital and as pregnant and as stimulating a treatise on the drama and its essential principles as one could



ALBERT WOLFF.

contemporary art can never be more than journalism, tintured always with the belief that what is essential is news—first its collection and secondarily a comment upon it.

In this same conversation with M. Sarcey in his library he told me that he had planned a book on the drama—"A History of Theatrical Conventions," was to be its exact title, I think—but that he had done little or nothing toward it. The drama, like every other art, is based upon the passing of an implied agreement between the public and the artist by which the former allows the latter certain privileges; and in no art are these conventions more necessary and more obvious than in the art of the stage. The dramatist has but a few minutes in which to show his

wish. I expressed to M. Sarcey my eagerness to hold such a book in my hand as soon as might be. He laughed again heartily and returned that he had made little progress and that he was in no hurry to set forth his ideas nakedly by themselves and systematically coordinated. "If I once formulated my theories," he said, "with what could I fill my feuilleton—those twelve broad columns of the Temps every week?"

What M. Sarcey has not yet done for himself the late Becq de Fouquières attempted in a book on *L'Art de la Mise en Scène*, the principles laid down in which are derived mainly from M. Sarcey's essays in the Temps. M. de Fouquières, it is to be noted, had not M. Sarcey's knowledge, his authority, his vigor or his

style, but his treatise is logical and valuable, and may be recommended heartily to all American students of the stage.

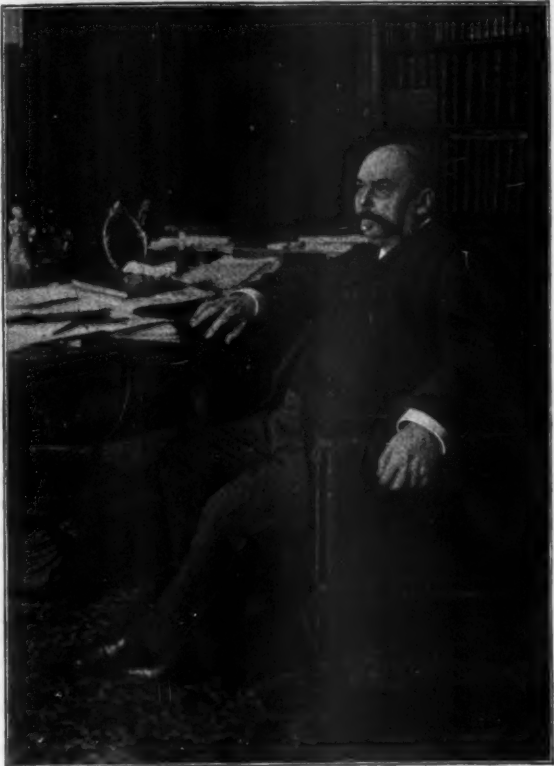
That M. Sarcey should ever feel any difficulty in filling his allotted space is inconceivable to those who wonder weekly at his abundance, his variety, and his overflowing information. The post of dramatic critic has been held in Paris by many distinguished men, who for the most part regarded it with distaste and merely as a disagreeable livelihood. Théophile Gautier was frequent in his denunciation of his theatrical servitude, speaking of himself as one toiling in the galley of journalism and chained to the oar of the feuilleton. In like manner M. Théodore de Banville and M. François Coppée cried aloud at their slavery, and sought every occasion for an excursus from the prescribed theatrical theme. Even M. Jules Lemaitre now and again

same moral enforced more than once; but that is a pretty poor truth which will not bear more than one repetition.

Perhaps the first remark a regular reader of M. Sarcey's weekly review finds himself making is that the critic has a profound knowledge of the art of the stage. Of a certainty the second is to the effect that the critic very evidently delights in his work, is obviously glad to go to the theatre and pleased to express his opinion on the play and the performance. No dramatic critic was ever more conscientious than M. Sarcey, none was ever as indefatigable. Often he returns to see a piece a second time before recording his opinion in print, ready to modify his first impression and quick to note the effect produced on the real public, the broad body of average playgoers but sparsely represented on first nights.

Next to his enjoyment of his work and

strays from the path to discuss in the *Débats* a novel or a poem not strictly within the jurisdiction of the dramatic critic. M. Sarcey is never faint in his allegiance to the stage, and he is never short of material for examination. If there are no novelties at the theatres, there may be new books about the stage. Or if these fail there are questions of theatrical administration. Or in default of everything else, the Comédie-Française is always open, and in the dull days of the summer it acts the older plays, the comedies and tragedies of the classical repertory, and in these M. Sarcey finds many a peg on which to hang a disquisition on dramatic aesthetics. I will not say that I have not found the same truth presented more than once in the 700 of M. Sarcey's weekly essays that I have read and preserved, or the



HENRI MEILHAC.

his conscience in the discharge of his duty, the chief characteristic of M. Sarcey is his extraordinary knowledge, his wide acquaintance with the history of the theatre in Greece, in Rome and in France, his close hold on the thread of dramatic development, and his firm grasp of the vital principles of theatric art. He understands as no one else the theory of the drama, the why and the wherefore of every cogwheel of dramatic mechanism. He seizes the beauty of technical details and he is fond of making this plain to the ordinary playgoer, conscious solely of the result and careless of the means. He has a marvellous faculty of seizing the central situation of a play and of setting this forth boldly, dwelling on the subsidiary developments of the plot only in so far as they are needful for the proper exposition of the more important point. By directing all the light on this dominating and culminating situation, the one essential and pregnant part of the piece, M. Sarcey manages to convey to the reader some notion of the effect of the acted play upon the audience—a task far above the calibre of the ordinary theatrical critics, who content themselves generally with a haphazard and hasty summary of the plot, bald and barren. From M. Sarcey's criticism of a play in Paris it is possible for an intelligent reader in New York to appreciate the effect of the performance and to understand the causes of its success or its failure.

His criticism—even when one is most



CHARLES GARNIER.

in disagreement with his opinions—is always informed with an exact appreciation of the possibilities and the limitations of the acted drama. Here is M. Sarcey's real originality as a theatrical critic—that he criticises the acted drama as something to be acted. With the possible exception of Lessing—whom he once praised to me most cordially, declaring that he was delighted whenever he took down the *Dramaturgie* and chanced upon some dictum of the great German critic confirmatory of one of his own theories—with the possible exception of Lessing, M. Sarcey is the first dramatic critic of literary equipment who did not consider a tragedy or a comedy merely as literature and apart from its effect when acted. La Harpe and Geoffroy might have contented themselves with reading at home the plays they criti-

cised for all the effect of the performance to be detected in their comment. Janin and Gautier were little better: to them a drama was a specimen of literature, to be judged by the rules and methods applicable to other specimens of literature.

Now no view could be more unjust to the dramatist. A play is written not to be read, primarily, but to be acted; and if it is a good play it is seen to fullest advantage only when it is acted. M. Coquelin has recently pointed out that if Shakespeare and Molière, the greatest two dramatists that ever lived, were both careless as to the printing of their plays, it was perhaps because both knew that these plays were written for the theatre, and that only in the theatre could they be judged properly. Seen by the light of the lamps a play has quite another complexion from that it bears in the library. Passages pale and dull, it may be, when read coldly by the eye, are lighted by the inner fire of passion when presented in the theatre; and the solid structure of action, without which a drama is nought, may stand forth in bolder relief on the stage. A play in the hand of the reader and a play before the eye of the spectator are two very different things; and the difference between them bids fair to grow apace with the increasing attention paid nowadays to the purely pictorial side of dramatic art, to the costumes and the scenery, to the illustrative "business" and the ingenious management of the lights. No one knows better than M. Sarcey how sharp the difference is between the play on the stage and the play in the closet, and no one has indicated the distinction with more acumen. He judges the play before him as it impresses him and the surrounding playgoers at its performance in the theatre, and not as it might strike him on perusal alone in his study.

And this is one reason why—if it were necessary to declare the order of the critical hierarchy—I should rank M. Sarcey as a critic of the acted drama more highly than any English critic even of the great days of English dramatic criticism, when Lamb and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt were practitioners of the art. The task of Hazlitt and of Leigh Hunt was far different from M. Sarcey's. The English drama of their day was so feeble that few except professed students of theatrical history can

now recall the names of any play or of any playwright of that time; and therefore the critics devoted themselves almost altogether to an analysis of the beauties of Shakespeare and of the art of acting as revealed by John Philip Kemble, Sarah Siddons and Edmund Kean. Lamb's subtle and paradoxical essays are retrospective, the best of them, and commemorate performers and performances held in affectionate remembrance. He wrote little about the actual present, and thus he avoided the double difficulty of dramatic criticism as M. Sarcey has to meet it today in France.

This double difficulty is, that when the dramatic critic has to review a new play he is called upon to do two things at once, each incompatible with the other: he has to judge the play, which he knows only through the medium of the acting, and he has to judge the acting, which he knows only as it is shown in the play; and thus there is a double liability to error.



HENRI TAINÉ.

Neither the dramatist nor the comedian stands before the critic simply and directly—each can be seen only as the other is able and willing to declare him. It may

he said that the dramatic critic does not see a new play—he sees only a performance, and this performance may be good or bad, may betray the author or reinforce him, may be fairly representative of his work and his wishes or may not. It is not the play itself that the critic sees—it is only the performance. If the play is in print, the critic may correct the impression of the single representation, or he may do so if the play be revived. Lamb and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, dealing almost wholly with the comedies and tragedies of the past, all of which were in print and in their possession for quiet perusal, had a far easier task than M. Sarcey's—they had to do little more than comment upon the acting or express their preëxisting opinion of the play itself. M. Sarcey has to judge both piece and the acting at the same time, and he has to judge the piece solely through the medium of the acting and the acting solely through the medium of the piece, and it may happen that either medium refracts irregularly. Every actor, every dramatic author, every theatrical manager knows that there are "ungrateful parts" and "parts that play them-

opinion and always ready to give a play or a player a rehearing. He is never mean, never morose, never malignant. He is not one of the critics who attack a living author with the callous carelessness with which an anatomist goes to work on a nameless cadaver. He is no more easy to please than any other expert whose taste is fine though his sympathies are broad; but when he is pleased he is emphatic in praise. It was in *The Idle Man*, in his wonderful panegyric of Kean's acting, that Dana said, "I hold it to be a low and wicked thing to keep back from merit of any kind its due;" and M. Sarcey is of Dana's opinion. He is capable of dithyrambic rhapsodies of eulogy when he is trying to warm up the Parisian public to a proper appreciation of M. Meilhac's *Gotte* or *Décoré*, for example; and although nobody can love New York more than I do, sometimes one of the *Temps* reviews of a new play at the Vaudeville, of a revival at the Odéon, or of a first appearance at the Française is enough to make me homesick for Paris.

As a critic even of the drama, M. Sarcey has his limitations. He is now and then insular—Paris (like New York) had its origin on an island. At times he is dogmatic to the verge of despotism. He has the defects of his qualities; and the first of his qualities is a robust common sense, which is sometimes a little commonplace and sometimes again a little overwhelming, a little intolerant. Common sense is an old failing of the French. "We have almost all of us," says M. Jules Lemaitre, "more or less Malherbe, Boileau, Voltaire and M. Thiers in our marrow." A characteristic of all these typical Frenchmen was pugnacity, and this is one of M. Sarcey's most valuable qualities. He fights fair but he fights hard. His long campaign against M. Duquesnel as the manager of the Odéon and his repeated attacks on the theories of the late M. Perrin, until the death of the administrator of the Comédie-Française, are memorable instances of M. Sarcey's tenacity. They are instances also of his sagacity, for time has proved the truth of his contentions. Again, when M. Zola made a bitter and personal retort to a plain-spoken criticism, M. Sarcey returned an answer as good-tempered as any one could wish, but as convincing and as cutting as any of M. Zola's many



THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

selves." Out of the former the best actor can make but little, and in the latter the defects of even the poorest actor are disguised.

No dramatic critic is better aware of this double difficulty than M. Sarcey, and no one is more adroit in solving it. As far as natural gifts and an unprecedented experience can avail, he avoids the danger. He is open-minded, slow to formulate his

opponents could desire. When M. Sarcey picks up the gauntlet, he handles his adversary without gloves.

In the reply to M. Zola as elsewhere, M. Sarcey confessed his abiding weakness—the incurable habit of heterophemy which makes him miscall names in almost every

authority as a dramatic critic. With the public, intelligence and knowledge count for much, and skill tells also, and so does wit; but nothing is as important to a critic as a reputation for integrity, for frankness, for absolute honesty in the expression of his opinions.

To keep this reputation free from suspicion M. Sarcey declined to solicit the succession of Émile Augier in the French Academy. In a dignified and pathetic letter to the public, he declared that although he believed that most of the dramatists who belonged to the Forty Immortals would vote for him, and although he believed that both before his candidacy and after his election he could criticise the plays of these dramatists as freely as he did now, yet he did not believe that the public would credit him with this fortitude. "The authority of the critic lies in the confidence of the public," he wrote; and if the public doubted whether he would speak the truth and the whole truth as frankly after he had been a candidate or after he had become an Academician, his opinion would lose half its weight. To guard his freedom he told me once he had refused all honors, even the cross of the Legion of Honor. He declared in this letter that he hesitated long, and that he



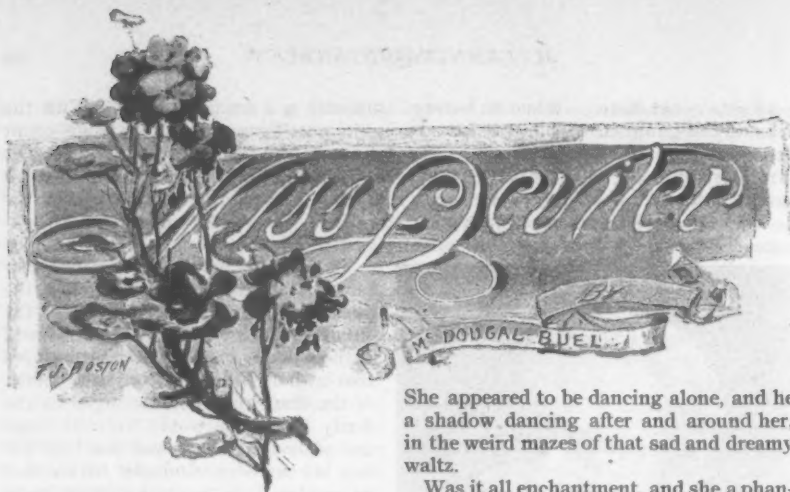
EDMOND ABOUT.

article he writes, setting down "Edmond" when it should be "Edward," and the like. But blunders of this sort are but trifles which any alert proof-reader might check, and which every careful reader can correct for himself. They are all of a piece with M. Sarcey's writing, which abounds in familiarities, in slang, in the technical terms of the stage, in happy-go-lucky allusions often exceedingly felicitous, and in frequent anecdotes from his wide reading or from his own experience. The result is a style of transparent ease and of indisputable sincerity. Nobody was ever in doubt as to his meaning at any time or in doubt as to the reason why he meant what he said. To this sincerity M. Sarcey referred in his reply to M. Zola, and to it he owes, as he there declared, much of his

knew the sacrifice he was making. If journalism had been without a representative in the Academy, perhaps he might have felt it his duty to be a candidate, but M. John Lemoine was one of the Forty, and there were already two or three other journalists drawing nigh to the Academy, "who will fill most brilliantly the place I give up to them." He concluded by declaring that his ambition was to have on his tombstone the two words which would sum up his career—"Professor and Journalist."

He began as a professor, as a teacher in the schools, and now for thirty years he has been a journalist, a teacher in the newspapers, loving his work, and doing it with a conscience and a fidelity which make it an honor to the modern newspaper.





TO begin with, do not mistake me, she was not a little red devil or a little devil in red. Ah, no! she was sweetness itself. To be sure, bright scintillating flames darted from her eyes, not the lurid flashes of limbo, but the soft, ambient lights of innocence.

If I stop to tell you how sweet she was I will never get on with my story. I saw her first at the Monday Dancing Class, at the Mendelssohn. There had been three dances, but this was the first I had attended. Oh! sorry loss! Giesman was playing *La Colombe* as I entered. No one could help noticing her as she danced; had she been seated and not dressed in red I would hardly have seen her, at least I thought so then.

Red, to me, is simply the infuriating rag. In my narrowness every art feeling in me was offended. I call it red, an uncommon red. It was not crimson, carmine, rose-madder or scarlet, nor any relative at all of those fiends of color, magenta or solferino; it was light vermillion, somewhat the color of a tulip where pierced by sunlight, and there was not another color about her. Startling effect! for it was not a fancy ball.

Had Whistler painted her in that dazzling costume he would have called it, most likely, a symphony in vermillion. Corals clasped her white throat and arms, a red fan, red hose, red slippers, red buckles—a fine glow of light over all, blanching to a dazzling whiteness the oval face, round arms and swanlike neck. She was a beautiful dancer. I watched her—her fingers scarcely touched the hand of her partner, or his arm her slim waist.

She appeared to be dancing alone, and he a shadow dancing after and around her, in the weird mazes of that sad and dreamy waltz.

Was it all enchantment, and she a phantom dancing with a shade that brought out the brilliant whiteness of her arms and the fiery glows of her red apparel? I saw her only of all the merry dancers in that measured dream. The music stopped suddenly, as it always does when you want it to go on. Her partner withdrew his arm as suddenly, and left her poised in air, like a little red moth. I became aware of a shock—electric, perhaps; found I had actually been holding my breath and dancing in spirit after her. I was tired, exhausted.

"Who is that?" I asked, turning to a fellow, a sort of cousin of mine, who was watching her also.

"Why, have you never seen her before? She has been at all the dances."

"But I have not."

"Miss Devillet she's called; new this season, from California or Oregon, where the big trees are and all gigantic productions come from. Im-mense—isn't she? Once seen, never forgotten—at least, her red dresses."

"Red dresses! does she always wear red?"

"Yes, of some shade or other—red costumes, quite different from dresses. I'm not strong on color, confuse my greens and blues, pinks and yellows. Could not pass for the navy on that account, scores of years ago—that is, four—you may remember. But you are a colorist, and can name every shade chromatically."

"Don't gibe me. I've known blondes wedded to blue, brunettes to garnet, 'afs and 'afs' to corn color or pea green—I spare you the technical names—but a blonde—red! whew! it makes me shud-

der 'as if ole har had loped ober my grave,' as the darkies say 'down in ole Virginny.'"

"If anything pains my æsthetic taste, it's bold bald red. All the grays and browns in my nature repel it. A red hat, a red dress, of all things a red ball dress. Why, it's not at all nice of her to wear red."

"Not at all, but how eloquent you wax! Someone she likes must have told her she looks well in it—likely some California fellow; they have gaudy taste out there, you know."

"What! with yellowish hair? ugh! ugh! I wish she didn't, for she dances well. All I want at these affairs is a girl who dances well and is dressed in good taste; if she's not positively ugly, I don't mind. I shut my eyes and think of the one face in the world for me, and imagine I'm dancing with her."

"Fine imagination—I quite envy you. How about that 'one face'—ideal, of course? It does pay sometimes to be an artist."

"Look, she dances light as a feather; no dead weight on your hands to lug around the room, with your face as red as a beet. Keeps perfect time. I've tried her."

"Yes, I know all you can say on that score. I've not taken my eyes off her since I came, when she's dancing. Stunning, perfectly stunning—never saw the like of her off the stage—but I will not dance with a red dress."

"Don't you wish you were color blind for once? Why, her dress is not red, it is purple."

"Goodness! purple! that's worse; no wonder you could not pass. I've been plagued with colors all day, and I'm not going to keep it up any longer and dance with her."

"Not a rash resolution, for I fear neither of us will get a chance. I've not been able to get but a half waltz in all three dances. You can swear away about 'red' but I can tell you Miss Devilet is a decided hit."

"Miss Devilet! Her name's enough to damn her let alone her red dress. Anything like her relative?"

"How serious you are; it is not her real name, simply a sobriquet Nives, a sharp fellow, gave her, who'll shake hands with you on 'the red dress question;' he's

a leader in this set and all the fellows 'caught on' immediately. They say she knows it, too—rather funny, isn't it? Come, let me present you to Miss Bookstaver for the next dance—the girl in blue, from Boston, you know."

I looked in the direction my cousin indicated, saw a tall thin girl in imperial blue with pallid cheeks, colorless hair, and the inseparable eyeglasses. Shrugged my shoulders, made a bee line for the little girl in red across the room, nodded to Duval, who was talking with her, looking down into her deep blue eyes from the height of his six feet.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, as he left her side and came toward me.

"Here I am, Duval, against my will; for God's sake present me, quick."

"Certainly. What's the matter, Terry? You look excited. Come—Miss Flambeau, my friend, Mr. Stanhope."

I started when I heard her name. "Will you graciously give me the next dance," I asked in my old-fashioned Southern way.

"I cannot, it's given; I'm quite bankrupt tonight," she said sweetly.

"You dance well, Miss Flambeau," I tamely remarked. With surprised frankness she looked me full in the face.

"Do you think so? You're very kind, but it takes two to make a waltz. Waltzes should be movable feasts—the lesser waltzer giving way for the greater. I might give you half of the next after the next after the next—you can try me. It's too bad to spoil an entire waltz if our steps don't rhyme perfectly, but I'm rather easy to dance with—have the adaptive faculty. But," she hesitated, "if you dance very, very extraordinarily well it will be hard for me to give you up. I'll give you the last half and then I must, whether I want to or not. I'm always thinking that there will come along some day a better waltzer than I have ever known, an ideal, you know, and we'll 'waltz away for a year and a day' into illimitable regions of space, to the music of the spheres." She went on even more gayly: "I'm not going to dance with a single poor waltzer tonight—oh, happy, happy night!" She waved her small white hands with an undulating motion, rising and falling rhythmically with the music, looking far beyond me as if she

saw someone I did not and to whom she was in haste to go. Divining my thoughts she recalled her gaze, and, fixing her eyes on me, said:

"Perhaps, maybe, who knows? you are the one—we cannot tell until we try," she laughed roguishly, and commenced beating a tattoo with her little red toes in a pretty, piquant manner. Someone came and carried her off to dance.

"Au revoir," she whispered over her partner's shoulder, and with it came little shafts of flame from her smiling blue eyes.

"Au revoir"—was it a challenge to return to her? I joined a group of men who were upholding the door. Why did the Laureate's verses that had lain so long dormant awake in my memory?

"Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead:
Would start and tremble under her feet
And blossom in purple and red."

"Red," that word is the answer to my self-put question—red.

The wise say it is better to begin with a little aversion—in this case it was great aversion, at least for the red dress and petite figure, for a June-like beauty had always been my ideal. At the present time it was said I was deeply interested in a tall girl, with black hair and eyes, a superb figure, living on Madison avenue. I was painting her portrait; this may account for the rumor. Still and still, this little scrap of flesh and blood, no bigger than a firefly, had danced into my mind and alighted, to say the least, on the outside edge of my heart, and I made no effort to brush her off. I could not keep my eyes

off her soft lithe little figure or her tiny slim feet flying through the air lighter than thistledown. Her face and features made little impression on me. She was white, fair, with gleaming arms, violet eyes and a glint of gold in her hair reddened to Auburn by her bright draperies. But it was neither form nor face nor hair nor eyes that bewitched me, but the whole, the charming, daring personelle, for bold indeed was this little blonde who chose "reds" for her color and wore them without the least

bravado—a color I fairly detested in dress or elsewhere. The first part of the dance was over and we all went out for supper. Straight as an arrow sent from an Indian's bow I made my way to her—she was playing with an ice.

"Why don't you take one? You look warm."

"Who wouldn't, by your side?" glancing at her garments.

"Oh! my red dress; poor little red dress, poor little red fan, for what are you not responsible?" and she smoothed them down softly with her free hand. "Everybody's against you, even gentle, tolerant mamma," looking up archly. "Red's a very friendly color, I assure you, at least I

find it so. I like it all the more since everybody's against it or makes believe they are. Blood is red; fire, sunlight, life itself is ruddy; roses, wines, tourmalines—reasons enough, or shall I give you more? Plenty of them; many as beads on my rosary. But it's bad taste your eyes say, for all that, though your lips are sealed by politeness. I'm sorry for you. You gentlemen ought to be very thankful I wear it. What color shows off so well your black coats, trousers, ties and great dark eyes when you have them? Unselfish reasons, are they not? Look at Mr. Thimbleton with a red carnation in his buttonhole; he knows red is kind to him. Why, I like him without even knowing him—sim-



MISS DEVILET.

patica,' you know. You'll change your ideas when you see my rose room, my Cardinal and my Poppy. You'll like them. You've got just the face to ; I can read it like a book."

"When am I to see Cardinal and Poppy? I'm quite curious. Who or what are they?" I asked quickly, very much astonished at myself.

"Wednesday is on my card, but I'm not rigid about small matters."

"Wednesday? I shall be delighted, Miss Flambeau."

"Au revoir," she said again, with a glance sideways as she went off on the arm of Clarke, her escort, who was madly infatuated with her.

I set down my ice untasted and went back into the hall. It was still, and I threw myself into a seat and commenced hauling myself over the coals.

I was a club man, and called by my friends a misogynist, and here I had just pledged myself to call on a little girl who wore red dresses and spoke her own mind freely—two things I hated, for I still cherished the old Southern pattern of a woman—gentle, yielding, soft-spoken, low-voiced, a light step, but withal proud and aristocratic.

Heavens! what was I coming to? Cousin Ned came up and said: "Terry, why don't you dance tonight? The music is irresistible—enough to make a stick dance."

"Thanks, awfully; my ankles are weak."

"Lame excuse, but your eyes are not or you could not have talked so long with Miss Devilet and cheated Sims out of his half waltz. He had his revenge, however. He said he forgave you and pitied you, as you were catching the scarlet fever; it's very contagious this season, more or less around; nearly every man belonging to the dancing class has had it, lightly or severely." He laughed with a knowing look. "We think it will go hard with you; it always does with adults—ha! ha!"

"Well, if you want to know, I will tell you; it was because I could not waltz with her." My tone was such that he turned on his heel and left me. I felt constrained to stand and watch her fly by, dragging me, as it were, round and round the room after her, until I was sick, dizzy, and began to believe in possession of devils. The

waltz ended and people commenced to go. I caught a last glimpse of her in a red wrap of some soft woolen stuff, with red down embracing her throat, as she descended the stairs. I heard the door slam and the carriage roll away over the stones. It seemed as if all this noise was going on inside of my head as I walked out into the starlight, feeling dazed, lonesome and thoroughly disgusted with myself.

II.

WEDNESDAY came, and with it many doubts, misgivings and queer sensations as to identity. It found me on my way to Miss Flambeau's. I ran up the steps, pulled the bell vigorously. While waiting for the servant to answer I felt strongly tempted to run away. If I had done so I should have undoubtedly gone back and pulled it again, for a nameless something drew me to her. What, explain who can. I did not, however, make the experiment as I was quickly relieved from the temptation by the opening of the door. The servant took my card. "This way, sir; the rose room." He drew aside the red hangings for me to enter. It was rather a small room, furnished entirely in red. Although somewhat prepared for it, the effect was startling. The walls were red and paintings in the same key hung on them. Henry Parton's divine *Roses* caught my eyes and kept them. Flame-colored rugs of all weaves and all countries were strewn carelessly over the red wood floor. All was red; hangings, tapestries, cushions, chairs, divans. A wood fire burned bright on a red-tiled hearth, in front of which lay a beautiful red setter stretched at full length; he pricked up his ears as I entered and gave a friendly wag of his bushy tail. On a red-covered table were costly red books and a rare Bohemian vase filled with blood-red roses, which exhaled a delicious fragrance. On the window ledge stood a great jardinière gay with a variety of scarlet blooms. Near by a small red cockatoo, in gorgeous beauty, lifted its crest intelligently and eyed me from a gilded perch. A roseate hue was cast over all by red shaded lamps and red waxen tapers that lighted the room. As I stood scanning my unique surroundings and was muttering "A pretty hell she's made

it," I heard a faint rustling. I dropped quickly into a chair, assumed a nonchalant air, just as the miniature princess swept in with trailing garments of red plush, holding high on either side red draperies of India silk in her slender white hands. Long open sleeves fell from shoulder to skirt, bordered with scarlet down. Inside

sleeves of red fishers' net covered her fair arms but did not conceal their whiteness. I stepped forward. She put her soft small hand lightly in mine for an instant; it looked so delicate I did not close my dark fingers over it—the touch was all I could bear. I broke forth

awkwardly, "Very pretty room—fine setter."

"Does it pleasure you?" she asked quaintly, her color deepening as the red cockatoo raised its crest and screamed jealously. She laughed and called softly, "Poppy, Poppy dear, don't speak until you're spoken to; where's your manners?" Poppy

ceased. Turning to me, "How did you enjoy the dancing class? Why did you forget our half waltz?"

"I forget! that's cruel. You did not wish to give it to me, you only half promised. You're

too great a favorite."

"Now, really, that's too bad. I did truly mean to give you a half one; but you flatter; I don't understand flattery; I've Scotch blood in my veins and, like 'Rab,' take life seriously."

"It's truth, I do not flatter. I wanted only to waltz with you; after I saw you dance it was my fancy."

"You have fancies? that's a weakness; I have reasons. Grace Garland's a fine dancer and my

cousin, a very pretty girl, quite queenly. I'm sorry you were not introduced, and she asked me 'who you were?' I was so selfish not to think of it. It's not entirely my fault; people will spoil me and indulge me and make me selfish—everything my whole life long has conspired to make me so—and I hate selfish people."



ALL WAS RED; HANGINGS, TAPES-TRIES, CUSHIONS, CHAIRS, DIVANS.

"You've a splendid dog, a noble fellow, Miss Flambeau; what do you call him?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Cardinal—do you like it?"

"Very appropriate. Did you name him?"

"Oh no, my Uncle Tom sent him to me Christmas, with a lovely red collar on his neck with his name engraved on it. But then he knows I'm wedded to reds and he is very, very indulgent to me. Naturally, for I'm his only niece. Oh! you don't know how precious I am! I'm the only child, the only grandchild, the only niece; those are the reasons. Don't you like reasons? Poppy came too at Christmas; Uncle Dick sent her. All my presents were red; even my seven books were bound in beautiful red, and all because I, little I, choose to wear red. It made Christmas shopping so easy for all who loved me; it was not a bit tiresome. Why, a stick of red candy or a red, red rose would do for me. Wasn't it jolly for my friends? Do you like reasons?"

"Greatly. Tonight I think I like them rather better than usual, they're so interesting."

"Much more so, you'll find, than fancies; it's very nice of you to fall in so smoothly with my way of thinking. When we're older friends I'll tell you some of my reasons and you can tell me some of your fancies—a fair exchange. You may laugh at my reasons and think them foolish if you choose, I like candor and frankness in friendship. Then some of them may be truly foolish," she added, with a sweet touch of humility, "and you ought to laugh at what's foolish; why should I feel hurt if you laugh at what you ought to laugh at? There, now, I've got into reasons again—how they always do crop out before you know it. Then you'll tell me your fancies and let me laugh at them. Some of them must be, in the nature of things, foolish; sentimental, likely, and very unreasonable."

I was bored; she ran on too long. I picked up one of her red books—Browning. I was surprised; it opened at "Paracelsus," where a broad red ribbon marked the place. "Do you like Browning—Paracelsus?" I asked eagerly, all on fire.

"Yes, rather, in the shallows—it's deeper than I can dive. I go down as far as I dare, then I come up for air. It's excit-

ing—every time I go down I go deeper. After awhile, who knows? maybe I can go to the deepest depths; though in Boston they think it unfathomable. I mark what I understand thoroughly, and red-line the un-understandable—to me, of course."

I was charmed—my ennui fled like a bird of the night. How fair-minded she was—so honest in her judgment of herself and her powers. "Did you mark this?" I asked, reading, "I would love infinitely and be loved."

"Yes," coquettishly. "I thoroughly understood that, a child could. Do you like it?" she asked unaffectedly.

"I do very much but would add one word more."

"What word?"

"Infinitely."

"Yes? read it with your added word."

"'I would love infinitely and be loved'—infinitely."

"That's fine, fine; why, you are better than Browning—poor Browning, I will not be fickle to you. Why, he left it generously just on purpose for you to add. Of course, to me, it's all imaginary—I'm such a child I've never been in love, never in my whole life; strange, isn't it? I'm too fond of and too full of reasons to love; reasons make it very hard for a girl to love," she explained with simplicity.

"Don't try, Miss Flambeau, let reasons alone," quite sharply. "Reasons should not meddle with love; there's no such thing as reason in love, I speak from experience." I stopped short, for my words had taken away my own breath with astonishment. She started, drew in her breath with a little "Oh!" and petted her red ribbons. I got my breath and went on rashly. "Reasons are a torment at any time, chilling everything; reasons are inharmonious, chilling everything, I say, with their eternal shoulds and should nots, whys and wherefores and hows. Have reasons for everything, if you fancy, Miss Flambeau, but spare love. Love flies from reasons as a dove from a hawk, or love confounds them. I speak from a near experience."

She seemed a little awed by my vehemence and her voice trembled as she asked boldly but with hesitation: "In your near experience, Mr. Stanhope, did love fly away from or confound reasons?"

I looked at her almost tenderly against my will and in a softened manner said, "Confounded them and me too." She laughed quietly and I heartily, regaining my composure. Still I did not relish having made a jack of myself. I arose to go, not wishing to be betrayed into it again, having lost confidence in myself. Cardinal did not understand my vehemence or our laughter. He went and laid his head on the knees of his little mistress, and lifted his great brown eyes first to her and then to me, asking an explanation. I stooped and patted his head. They were both pleased. He wagged his tail joyfully and she held out a wee bit of a hand, looked at me with her large innocent eyes very pensively and said:

"I'm sorry—very sorry. Somebody's flirting—is it you or I?"

"Not I, Miss Flambeau," I replied very stiffly and with some hauteur.

"Au revoir," she murmured absently, looking down on Cardinal.

How could she make that last remark? I did not fancy it, and that everlasting stale "Au revoir"—they were harder to stand than her petite figure and her everlasting red dresses. I experienced a repugnance, an entire revulsion of feeling, as soon as I closed the door. I was an ass, a fool, and there was no help for it. I could not go back and tell her so. And I continued to be a fool and an ass for I went again and again, growing fonder and fonder. Once a week at first, and then twice; then walks, the opera, flowers—the usual way. The florist asked me "If I only painted red flowers?" or "Was I a crank on that color?"

I could not blame him, as I always ordered "red" flowers. I bore it meekly for her sweet sake. I understood now how her relatives were "very, very indulgent," and "how precious she was." I even had the folly to take her a box of Maillard's candied rose-petals. "She could not eat them," she blushing told me, "it would make her feel like a cannibal; hoped I would not think her ungrateful."

I thanked God, delighted to discover in her such a rich mine of common sense and I committed no more such follies.

Then there was no more counting of times, because I could not stay away—the little rose room sheltered me every evening. Cardinal came to the door to wel-

come me; Poppy ceased to scream with jealousy, for I made quite a pet of her. Fairy still held out a timid slender hand with "Au revoir" at parting—even that hated expression could not keep me away. I very seldom saw her alone; she had innumerable beaux, smiled alike on all, walked, went to the opera, received flowers, bonbons from all with an unconscious easy grace.

I was horribly jealous and unhappy. When I did get a chance to see her alone a dumb spirit possessed me. I had nothing to say. All her little efforts to win me to talk were in vain. I cherished resentment and enjoyed her discomfiture. I would pick up a book and read the bitter things that would meet my eye, then something beautiful would soften me and I would read from Browning the sweets that would speak for me. Those who read of love as those "who talk of love make love." I knew it, but she, sweet innocent, I believed did not. I think she rather looked on me as an oldish man who was disappointed in love, and pitied me.

One night I saw her alone; after the usual greeting she began:

"When I first knew you I said that when we got to be old, old friends I would tell you some of my reasons. Then you got to dislike reasons so unreasonably I did not keep my word, but I mean to."

"As I said then, 'red is a very friendly color to me.' I love to dance; oh, how I love to dance! Why, it is the only one thing I do love inordinately; and then I'm so small—next to nothing at a dance. I'm often overlooked, especially at Germans. I stand no chance crushed in between great queenly beauties, so stately and tall. Once upon a time, when I was real young, somebody asked papa who was the prettiest lady at the reception. Manma spoke up and said, 'The lady in the red dress was always the prettiest to papa.' He did not like it, but it was true. I noticed afterward he always asked, 'Who was the lady in the red dress or the handsome girl in the red hat?' Then long afterward I saw something in 'Life' about a young girl who worried about her complexion and said she could not go to a dance because it was so bad; her friend said, 'Never mind, put on your red stockings and it will never be noticed.' So I resolved, timid as I am, to wear red

at the very next dance, to the horror of drab-loving mamma and my dressmaker, for Nile green was the rage. I did, in spite of all, and had a most gorgeous time; and ever afterward when I wore red I had royal times; never had a dance to give away to a late comer, as you may remember the first night I saw you. I'm not pretty, only sweet-looking, they say, and red is so friendly it makes me look white, very white; I'm insignificantly small and it spots me out. Then I had some true compliments, the kind I like, from some people I like, and now I do not feel at home in any other color. I love it sincerely for itself. Reasons thick as thistles crop up for loving it, and that settles it. Come now, confess, is not red a very reasonable color at least?" Then, very ardently, "You will be friendly to it for my sake and not hate it so. You don't know how horrid your eyes grow when you glare at it." She looked up playfully to see how I took her words. I looked interested. She went on. "Long ago, when I first knew you, I felt ashamed—was almost a traitor to it, you bore it such malice with your eyes. I've caught you shutting your eyes against it, and sometimes looking up at the ceiling so as not to see it. You're guilty, you know you are. To go back—wasn't it strange? You wouldn't have known of my cowardice if I had not told you, but I have a reason; it's a kind of atonement for my treachery. I like atonements. I was awfully afraid of you the first night, you looked so old and wise. I'm always bold when I'm afraid—that's the reason. I revel in reasons." I smiled tolerantly at her childish talk, seeing the woman at the bottom of it, but my heart pained me when she called me "old and wise." I commenced to feel very old and very unwise. Nothing now would or could stop me in my course. I was a human cyclone demolishing everything that stood in my way.

"All you say may be true, likely is, but old as I am and wise as I am I will never like red. I shall never be satisfied until I see you in white, Miss Flambeau."

"Wear white! I! Oh dear, what a strange creature you are! Just as I think I've brought you over to my lines of thought and expect you to take the oath

of allegiance to my colors you show the white feather and beat a retreat. I do believe you've been chatting with papa. He's so old-fashioned he just loves to see girls wear white muslin dresses, blue ribbons and ringlets. Dear me, I did not know you belonged to his era before. Everything is spoiled. It's not kind of you to spoil everything just when I've been so confidential.

"Neither of you will ever see me in white until you see me laid out stark and stiff in my coffin. Neither of you would like to see me in white that way, I know. Then, all shall be ugly white because I cannot help it; a white shroud, a white coffin, white flowers, my face, my lips and my hands white. They'll cross them so, and put a pale lily in them, and all my girl friends will be in white, and everyone will forget about my hateful red dresses and think of me ever afterward in white." She went on in a low sad voice with her eyes down-dropped. "A soft snow will flutter down and cover the earth and the trees and everything. All, all shall be white on that happy day. They'll make a place in the snow and they will lay me down in peace in that solemn whiteness; the flakes will gently fall and cover me fondly and only a little white mound will tell where I lie." Suddenly, "Then you will have your cruel wish. You'll be sorry and sigh so—'Ah!' and lay your hand on your breast so, 'Ah, if I could only see her just once again all in that dear red she loved so well to wear.' That would be a great atonement, wouldn't it? Isn't it jolly?" She laughed gayly like a pleased child and went on. "Red would become an ideal color to my friends, and everything bright, bright scarlet would speak to their hearts of poor little dead me—I would like that. How silly I am. Don't look serious; smile, please, I ask you to," she added very imperiously. I smiled absently. "I don't believe you heard a single word of all I said so finely."

"Yes, I did, but I was seeing another picture, a happier one."

"How cruel, all my eloquence wasted; it doesn't matter whether one's silly or wise, it's all the same in the end. Everything's the same in the end; death is the only real, real thing in the world." She was disappointed in me and could not conceal it. She went on bravely in the

effort to do so: "Just like a man; so in love with his own ideas he never hears a word a woman says."

"You're severe on men. In my picture you were all in white too, some soft thin gauze with a long flowing veil, white flowers on your head and in your hand a pale lily, if you choose, Miss Fairy. All your girl friends in white, and oh! you looked so lovely—no one who ever saw you would wish to see you in red again, but would say, 'The bride looks fine in white, so pure and chaste, her hands clasped so.'" I took her two small hands and put them together as we do a dear child's when we teach it to pray. "Oh! so sweet, so gentle the little bride did look, just—as you are looking now." She unclasped them, snatched them hurriedly away, hiding them behind her with a puzzled brow, and burst into a merry ringing laugh.

"So you're going to marry me off, just for the sake of getting me out of red for a single day. What a malicious hatred you have for my darling, darling color. You've a heart of stone. Marry me off! it's too funny, isn't it, Poppy? No wonder you scream. I would too, if I were a cockatoo."

"Funny or not," I said roughly, "I was marrying you in my mind while you were drawing that doleful picture just to see me feel bad—it is a woman's trick." She winced. I went on: "I was marrying you, and saw you a tiny bride all in white—but not off—oh, no, not off, for all the reds in the world; I'd buy you a red blanket first and see you dressed like a squaw rather than see you in white that way. I'd even have you married in a red robe first and swear eternal allegiance to reds for the rest of my life," and I was in dead earnest.

She looked at me admiringly. "How good you are; you're truly grand when you talk like that; why, I never dreamed you had so much fire in you. Isn't he a dear, Poppy, now he's a good friend to our color. Hurrah!" She added half seriously: "If ever I should be so silly as to wear white even that once, when I couldn't help it—it's beyond imagination—I'd go right back to red, as moth to flame, as soon as the ceremony was over, even if I died for it. I'm wedded to it and no mortal man shall divorce me. No one

need expect anything else of me, for if they do they'll be disappointed and you may tell them so for me—when you marry me—off."

She rattled on, not wishing to give me a chance to speak and knowing how I hated levity. I broke in abruptly. "For God's sake stop teasing and do be serious, Fairy. You once told me you were, but I've seen nothing of it. I can stand this no longer." She shuddered, trembled and colored deeply, folded her hands before her on her knees and resigned herself to listen.

I felt ashamed of my brusqueness. "Seriously, my little dearest, couldn't you make up your mind just to wear white once, to please me, for a very short time. You know it won't take long. I ask it as a great favor, you understand; don't laugh at my awkward way of putting it."

Sighing she said: "It is a very great sacrifice you ask of me, but I think I could, if I tried hard, wear it just a little while—to please you—you're such an old, old friend. Why, I will, the very day you marry."

"The day I marry you, for marry you I will."

"Off?" she questioned archly, shyly.

"'Offhand,' dearest, if it must be 'off,' for 'I love infinitely and would be loved' infinitely."

"That's asking a great deal of a girl who wears red dresses and has reasons; but I can love—infinity, maybe—who knows?—I do."

"If so, whom, Fairy?" I asked with trembling jealousy and fear, for rumor had linked her name with another suitor.

"Ask Poppy, she knows—I told her long ago when I first found it out."

"I asked you, Miss Flambean, and you must answer."

"Must I? Why, then I will—y-o-u—whom else, and such a crowd of reasons. You said you were going to marry me. If you marry me you must love me—we'll make believe so, anyway—if you marry me I must marry you, and if I marry you I must love you; we'll make believe again. What a delicious lot of reasons—better than a Japanese jar of Huyler's bonbons. I do love reasons, don't you? Say you do even if you don't. I'll understand and it'll not be the least of

a fib. But you must—must is the word—for I love, I dote on reasons and red dresses."

"And I on the sweet child who wears them." I clasped my arms about her very gently and kissed her quickly.

"Oh! don't, please, you crush my red dress; I don't like it to be spoiled. We both love burning fiery red dresses, don't we?" she said with embarrassment. "If we don't we are very ungrateful, for red dresses got us into all this trouble—that's the true reason of it, both you and I know. You would never have loved me had you not seen

me first in a scarlet dress. Why, maybe you don't love me—me—my own self—now."

It was her way of stopping my caresses. I knew it, did not understand or like it, but my thirty odd years or my six feet three did not help me one whit. I did not even think of trying to kiss her again; I was thoroughly abashed. She was deeply in earnest in doubting if I loved her for herself. She was a questioning soul and I knew she would weigh my love in the balance as she did her own, and I felt sure that mine would outweigh hers. It was growing late and I had to go. What a tearing away it was for me; she whispered sweetly "Au revoir," with a beaming tenderness of manner entirely new, as she gave me her next-to-nothing of a hand. I bent down and kissed it reverently, as I

would that of a sick child; something held me back from the burning kiss I started to press upon it, and the words of sudden fire that choked me for utterance. I was amazed at myself. If she felt a pang at parting she gave no sign. This made me wretched and petulant. I said: "Fairy, darling, I'm tired



LOOKING INTENTLY INTO THE HEART OF THE FIRE. (See page 746.)

of 'au revoir,' I won't stand it much longer—I cannot. What's going to be done must be done quickly. I'm not going to wait—don't ask it of me, dearest child."

"Poor 'au revoir'—it's not sad, I like it—it's just as if one shut one's eyes and opened them again. 'Now I see you, now I don't, now I do.' Why, I used to play it in church with the minister when he was preaching a long sermon, years and years ago, when I was a little girl. Isn't it funny I did not know you then? I do believe you dislike everything about me, what I wear, what I say, the very words I use. You used to show it plainly though you didn't mean to, but you have been more tolerant, more indulgent of late. Oh! what an infinite love, to overlook so much in little me. I cannot take it in all at once without reasons. 'You won't

stand it much longer?' Well then, you shall not—if you keep on being good. Poppy, tell him to complain to dear papa, he's tender-hearted and a good listener."

Honorable little soul, she wanted everything done properly and no slight put upon "dear papa" where she was concerned, and I knew it was right that I should see her parents. "May I do so, sweetheart? Good-night." She was silent. She would not repeat "au revoir" nor use a substitute. I lingered longingly, but not daring to kiss and embrace her ere I went. Still I was happy. I left her sitting silent, looking almost sad, gazing into the bright embers that glowed on the hearth, and rushed away. I well knew she was questioning her own soul and mine too.

I saw "dear papa" the next day and everything was arranged to my mind. "If it's her happiness it is mine, if it's her wish it is mine. She is our all, and may God bless you if you make her happy," he added solemnly. "She's a very delicate piece of mechanism; like spun glass, very fragile, to be dealt with gently. And then, Stanhope, you'll not mind her sweet wilful ways or her little oddities, she's sweetness and innocence itself." It was very pleasant to hear her father speak in this straightforward, simple way to me of his only child, whom he had just given to me and whom I loved so deeply. It humbled me, touched my heart, and I swore inly to God to be faithful and true to the trust.

III.

EASTER with its glorious joys and Alleluias had come and gone. There was to be one more dance. I took her to it, little red dress and all; if it had been snow white or soft gray I could not have been happier. I was color blind. She wore it.

The dance was over and we reached home a little earlier than usual. It was very cold. I went in, ostensibly to warm myself for a few moments as it was a long ride to the club; but really in hopes of a kiss or two. Fairy was very untouchable; chary of caresses, she rather suffered mine than otherwise. We were standing at the fire, heaped high with blazing logs—she was warming her little red toes. After looking intently into the heart of the fire for a few moments she lifted her eyes to mine and, looking thoughtfully into them, said

slowly in a suppressed voice, "I feel very strange tonight, Terry, and there's no reason," she smiled sweetly, "for I am happy, infinitely happy; everything has come to me. 'I have fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.' Everything seems changed to me. I am changed too and you are changed. Do you know, I think now I shall never care to dance again or wear red. I just want to hide myself forever in your heart." As she said this a soft love-light crept into her eyes. "I don't think I ever can wear it again. All during Lent my red things spoke to me—louder and louder on Good Friday—Red is His color, the color of His precious blood spilled for us on that day. Terry, Terry, 'Miss Devilet,' as they call me, dies tonight—red will never know me again—it is too sacred a color for me to wear. I have never suffered. Just see those clear red flames leaping up, up—how purifying they look. 'The very heavens are not pure in His sight.' How lovely they looked tonight as we drove home. I thought of the verse: 'While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, thy almighty word came down from heaven, thy royal throne,' and I felt very near Him—I suppose it's all because it's Eastertide and I'm so happy. How beautiful is the Scripture!" How beautiful I thought her. I had never seen her so lovely, and seeing her in this revealing mood I did not stir until she paused in her speech, determined not to leave her while she was unfolding her sweet soul to its beautiful hidden depths. I was ravished with astonishment. My bright-winged little red moth seemed transformed into a burning seraph and was soaring toward the sun.

"Terry, dearest Terry" (it was the first and only time she ever called me thus), she went on in an intense manner that made my heart beat fast, for there was repressed feeling in manner and voice that she had never betrayed before, "I am going to ask you—something—something hard—very hard—hard for us both—please don't kiss me tonight or put your arms about me—I don't know why I ask it—I just ask it—the spirit of sacrifice—maybe renunciation—I love you so when you give up things. How sweet it would be if we could both, you and I, give up everything for Him, even—even—each other."

I was cut to the heart. Great dread seized me. I stepped into the hall to lay aside my great-coat, turned to re-enter

fort to fly, but watched them lick up about her in fatal fascination, paralyzed by fear. I sprang toward her, dragging a large rug



I STEPPED INTO THE HALL TO LAY ASIDE MY GREAT-COAT.

with persuasive words on my lips ; as I did so she gave a surprised cry of fright. At the same moment I beheld tongues of flame playing about her ; she made no ef-

with me, threw her gently as I could on the floor, clasped my arms about her dear neck to choke back the hungry flames that were feeding upon her—my body was be-

tween her face and them; my action had been so quick that my weight smothered them, and they were extinguished. My clothing was charred, my back blistering, my hair scorched and dropping from my head. She lay unconscious, I could see her face, felt her sweet breath upon my lips, could have kissed her, but I would not. I prayed God to spare her. I did not dare to move lest the flames might burst forth anew. I could only cry out at the top of my voice. The family and servants soon reached us. They were all very cool; her father examined her clothing to make sure the fire was entirely subdued. Being satisfied that it was, I arose and lifted our darling on to the little red divan. We had sent at once for the doctor, but before he arrived she opened her eyes and looked around, but did not seem to know us.

heads sorrowfully. Her father, mother and I on our knees bent over the couch, hoping, watching for recognition. After a little her mother's sobs seemed to arouse her. She opened her eyes again and they fell on me; her pale lips trembled, then moved. I leaned closer. "Sweetheart, what is it?" I thought she asked for something.

"Au revoir," she moaned faintly.

This moved me to tears; it was as if a dagger were thrust through me.

"Take this, darling," urged her mother, pressing a glass of wine to her lips.

She moved them aside, looked at her intently, then at her father, breathed forth a plaintive "Au revoir." After that she looked on us no more, but felt in her bosom for a little pearl crucifix she always wore. We saw as she lifted it from her breast in

her wounded hands that the flames had burnt its likeness on her tender flesh. She saw it and rallied, smiled as she pressed the crucifix to her lips; a beautiful light illumined her blue eyes as she moaned out with effort and pain:

"Oh! I—suffer—I—suffer—it is—sweet—sweet."

She then caught sight of the burnson her hands, smiled with greater joy, murmured very audibly with a note of exultation in her voice, "Sweet Lord—I suffer—sweet Lord—I touch—the hem of Thy—blood-stained—garment—hide me—forever—in its scarlet—folds."



A LITTLE PEARL CRUCIFIX SHE ALWAYS WORE.

Cardinal came and looked at her with pleading, sympathetic eyes and thrust his cool nose against her little feet. Poppy cried dolorously as if she too understood matters; even her flowers drooped their

The dear Lord heard her prayer and the pure fire of her life burnt quickly out. As the morning star trembled in the east her sweet breathing ceased.

Appareled in the white bridal robes I

had so longed to see her wear we laid her in a white casket of softest velvet, her flame-scarred hands meekly folded, her pearl rosary clasped between the pale fingers, the crucifix on her virgin bosom, a tall lily by her side, and the long veil drawn over the white face, pallid lips and wounded hands.

"Her lily lids half veiled her eyes,
As if she looked in mild surprise
Up at her soul in Paradise."

All her girl friends, in white, knelt around the snowy bier. All, all was white. The soft snow fluttered noiselessly down, draping earth and trees in vestal

garments. We made a place in the pure new-fallen snow and laid her virgin body down to rest in the solemn whiteness until her sweet Lord bids it arise. A desire to renounce, to suffer, to deny myself, take up the cross of Christ and follow Him in His passion, giving love for love, life for life, now burns in me a consuming fire, enkindled by the bright torch of her pure soul as it flamed up to Paradise.

In a few months I will knock at the door of the Kentucky monastery at Gethsemane, and ask the white habit of Saint Bernard from the abbot, that the slow fever of life may burn out in love and suffering.

A VISION OF ELD.

BY JAMES B. KENVON.

How have the swift-winged centuries sped !
What unguessed circuits time hath run !
Yet, though uncounted years are dead,
Shines on the same clear sun.

I see once more the vaulted aisles
That pierce the dim and cloistered wood ;
Again the pomp of summer smiles
O'er all the solitude.

Light breezes from the mountain side
Bring bell-like bayings of the hounds ;
While slim ears, round the forest wide,
Leap at the vibrant sounds.

Amid the trees gay pennons gleam ;
And, hark ! from soft-curved, supple throats,
Heard silverly as in a dream,
A peal of joy out floats.

There sweeps the stately cavalcade :
The high-born dames, the knightly men,
With whip and spur prick through the glade—
I see them all again.

I see the proudly tossing plume,
The glittering casque, the ribboned spear,
And, riding through the fragrant gloom,
Launcelot and Guinevere.

And where yon dusky branches spread
Above the queen's deep-shadowed eyes,
Sir Launcelot, with low-bent head,
Hears Guinevere's replies.



A PEEP AT THE FLOUR CITY THROUGH THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

THE TWIN CITIES OF THE NORTHWEST.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. ARMY.

"GOING to Boston tonight, are you?" said a New Yorker to a friend from the west. "Doesn't it embarrass you a trifle to choose between two or three routes?"

"Why should it? Whenever I take a run from St. Paul to Chicago I can choose between six or seven, any one of which will give me every comfort you offer here, some of them more, and for less money."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, every word of it. If you want to see metropolitan life in what you are pleased to term the wild and woolly west, come with me and take a peep at the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis."

In the geography of our boyhood we learned that the head of navigation of the Mississippi was at the Falls of St. Anthony, and our juvenile imaginations were stimulated to a conception of the scene by a woodcut of a couple of ramshackle mills perched on the rocks by the side of a tumbling torrent. All around was treeless prairie. The torrent is there today, bordered on both sides by lofty buildings wherein the ceaseless whirl of a thousand mills tells the world that any week in the

year 100,000 barrels of family flour can be ground out within those walls of brick or granite. Up stream and down, both banks are lined by mills, mills, mills. Saw and lumber mills above the great bridges; flour and woollen mills—but mainly flour—below. Six, eight stories they tower aloft, the smokestacks belching clouds by day, the countless windows flashing with electric lights by night; the massive stone abutments and arches of the railway bridges echoing to the clang of machinery and the roar of tumbling waters. Aye, here are the wild rapids famed by the old French missionaries—"the rushing of great rivers."

"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs."

But where now are Ojibway and Dacotah? where the forest and the prairie? In this the once favored haunt of the red man, not a vestige of the painted Nadowee Sioux remains. The forests have been felled and floated down the winding stream; the broad prairies are criss-crossed far and near by lines of metal

whereon the clanging cable car, puffing motor or whirring electric train dart to the suburbs of two great cities whose centres lie, perhaps, ten miles apart, whose outskirts melt one into the other on the wooded plateau half-way between.

Twins of the Northwest, yet eager rivals. Twins by name, yet totally unlike by nature. Banded together by countless ribbons of polished steel, yet struggling asunder by widely diverse interests. Cities where the luxury and refinement of the east confront on every side the primitive customs of the west; where the towering façade of St. Paul's great hotel looks down on hovels worth \$1400 a front foot; where from the breezy restaurant in Minneapolis, twelve stories above the street, the ashes of your cigar go sifting down through 150 feet of space upon the humble roof of Sam Lee, laundryman. Cities which send forth each night, over a dozen different roads, great trains of Pullmans heated by steam, lighted by electricity and upholstered to match the "Congressional Limited" between New York and Washington. Cities that have sprung up like young giants of commerce and manufacture—content with a modest 40,000 apiece ten years ago; contending fiercely today over the prior right to place 200,000 opposite their names in the census table of the nation.

It is hard to conceive of two cities geographically so close together, characteristically so far apart. To St. Paul came in the early days representatives of old and wealthy families in the distant east. New

York and Massachusetts sent their sons, young professional and business men, to join with the Rices, Sibleys and Flandreaus in building up the new city as the practical if not the actual head of navigation. Up to the close of the rebellion St. Paul was the only city spoken of; but in 1871 the railways began reaching thither, tempted by the vast possibilities of the great Northwest and by those saw and flour mills struggling up at the Falls. Rugged lumbermen from Maine and millers from the Genesee valley of old York state were the pioneers of the town beyond the big bend of the Mississippi—the big bend guarded by those white martello towers perched high up on the bluff where old Fort Snelling stands. The railways made the millers independent of creeping raft and light-draught steamer that re-shipped the sacks and barrels on the levees of St. Paul. The railways placed the bustling new town, with its whirring mills and prairie wastes, on instant equality with the older, staid burgh that lay hemmed in by its encircling bluffs a dozen miles down the stream. Ten years after the war they stood on nearly equal terms. Today the "Flour City," the westernmost, the youngest, has taken the lead in population, and claims it in daring, dash and public spirit. It remains to be seen whether, after all, the staid, conservative methods of the older city will not give it greater influence in the future of the beautiful state of which it is the beautiful capital.

Here is the very centre of the loveliest



VIEW OF ST. ANTHONY AND MINNEAPOLIS AS THEY WERE IN 1858.

section in all the Northland. Forest and prairie are dotted in every direction by hundreds of mirrored lakes with bold, wooded shores, and, winding through them, levying tribute from one and all, twists and turns the Father of Waters.

" And the Spirit stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow,
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, 'Run in this way.' "

Gitchie Manito, the mighty, made with his index a veritable letter S between the rocks at the foot of the great falls, over which he taught the waters to leap, and the bold bluffs a dozen miles to the eastward. Here at the foot of the S the river has burrowed down from a level with the prairie and scooped a cañon for its current through the yielding sandstone. Perched on its lofty point, Fort Snelling looks down upon the first grand circular sweep of the river, and St. Paul stands, like New Orleans, on the convex side of the next great crescent. The "Flour City" of today lies mainly on the west side of the river, stretching south and west to the chain of beautiful bordering lakes, yet leaps the stream, and there on the eastward bank has planted its mammoth exposition building, where every year the people throng to see the produce of their state and listen to the strains of Cappa's famed New York Seventh Regiment band. True, Seventh Regiment fellows wandering through the west have sometimes thought they saw strange faces in the familiar fatigue uniforms, and envious citizens in other western burghs have declared the band composed of "pick-ups" by the way; but Cappa is there and enough of the heaven of the genuine band to leaven the whole lump and thrill the wild westerners with glorious melody. Take the elevator and glide to the lofty tower, and the view for miles in every direction is superb. Sometimes it is obscured by drifting smoke from countless mill chimneys; but we mean to settle all that, says Minneapolis. The edict has gone forth. There is water power here sufficient to whirl all the mills in Minnesota; so why blacken our skies with sooty smoke? Down with chimney and furnace. Hereafter our mills shall be run by water power only.

But, even when thus partially obscured, that outlook is one never to be forgotten. For miles to north and south the fair land of lakes and woods and rivers is spread

beneath the eye, smiling in summer sunshine. From the northward, winding between its leafy shores, the Mississippi comes sweeping down, babbling over shallows or swirling in deep eddying pools. Somewhat unsightly are the upper suburbs. Huge, unpainted pine rookeries, from which the high smokestacks pierce the sky; countless piles of lumber, freshly sawed, and now spread out for the seasoning of wind and sunshine, filling the prairie breeze with the fresh fragrance of resinous pine. Then the outlying cottages in little garden patches; then the blocks of humble wooden homes of thousands of operatives; then the glistening roofs and walls of more pretentious cottages; then blocks of handsome dwellings, tree embowered; then the arrow-like streets of the business section on both sides of the rushing stream, hemmed in by its walls of mills and by its arched viaducts of stone. The thoroughfares are thronged with people and with vehicles of every known description, all going full tilt. Everything, from the cradle to the grave, from cable car to hearse, goes at top speed. Nothing living can dawdle in the constant whirl of those rushing mills. Life has a nervous energy that is sui generis here in the Flour



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

Sweet Minnehaha, like a child at play,
Comes gayly glancing o'er her pebbly way,
Till reaching with surprise the rocky ledge,
With gleeful laugh, bounds from its crested edge.

City. They say you never see a dog stop to scratch himself in Minneapolis. Its papers, prompt to make a point in favor of the town, will tell you it is because there are no fleas on a Minneapolis dog. The truth is, he has not time. From the height



WARASHA STREET BRIDGE.

of the great tower on which we stand the general level of the city of the Falls is copied in perhaps a score of red brick squares by a corresponding level of the roofs. Then come startling exceptions. First, look across to the westward. Through the floating smoke veil, almost at our feet, is the bridge spanning the river and carrying the great central artery of the city from shore to shore.

On the near side is the plant of the great Pillsbury mills; across the tumbling water the long rank of rivals; beyond them the yards of the Milwaukee road. At this end they call it the Milwaukee, at the south-eastern terminus the St. Paul. Close at the water's edge is the Union station, where a dozen roads fill or empty their trains. Just beyond it the great central artery has its bifurcation. As Hennepin avenue it stretches away south-westward, and like the other leg to a pair of huge dividers, Nicollet strides a trifle further southward, both heading for the glistening waters of that chain of lakes that peep through the green foliage of the suburbs. Five black railways come sweeping townward from that quarter, several of them twisting and turning about the

wooded shores of that loveliest of summer seas, Minnetonka. Hereabouts all Sioux-named waters are Minnes. The bluff-spanned valley that breaks the prairie surface far to the south, joining the gorge of the Mississippi six miles away, is that of the Minnesota (Cloud Water). The clear little lakelet just south of Minnetonka is Minnewashtay (Good Water). The pretty stream that drains all that fair plateau and comes rippling and dancing along the southern suburbs of the bustling city bears a name that is immortal wherever Longfellow is read and loved. Barely four miles away, right among those densely wooded slopes, it takes its plunge from the heights. 'Tis there

"—the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

It was there, long before whirling mill and whirling sawlog vexed the current of the greater stream, that there dwelt the old arrow maker of the Dacotahs, and with him his dark-eyed daughter,

"With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,



STREETS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water."

It was there, after his fabled journey from the shores of Gitche Gume, the Big Sea Water, in his "moccasins of magic," that Hiawatha came to woo and win his Dacotah bride. It is here that Min-

neapolitan and St. Paulite forget for the time being that rivalry exists between them, except when it is the same girl whose beauty lures them into love-making at the foot of those wondrous falls.

Look where you will from the top of the towering height whereon we stand, the beautiful campaign is studded everywhere beyond the steel-belted cities with these gems of lakes. Clear, sparkling in the sunshine, rippling in the breezes, the watering places of these favored townships are at their very gates. Each summer day the crowded trains bear their loads of Min-

water, two of them, Como and Phalen, within its very boundary—and Como is the paradise of the small boy, indeed, of mothers and children by the hundreds. Here swarm the future lords of creation, plunged breast deep in sparkling waters and still deeper in a state of bliss and nudity. Dozens at a time the youngsters are splashing through the wavelets, happy as only boys and puppies know how to be. The waiting trains, hissing at the station, will land them and their mammas in less than ten minutes in the heart of the loveliest city in the Northwest.

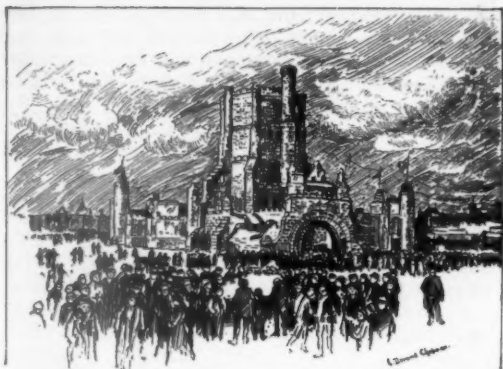


SUMMIT AVENUE, ST. PAUL, IN WINTER.

neapolitans to the beaches of this western city's Coney Island. Minnetonka is all a series of wooded points and deep-shaded inlets. It is alive morn, noon and night with every manner of craft, from the big side-wheeled steamer down to the tiny cockleshell canoe. Great summer hotels tempt thousands to Bay St. Louis or Excelsior beach. Bands from Chicago or Milwaukee are hired by the season. Those at home have work enough of their own.

What Minnetonka is to Minneapolis, White Bear, with its villa-dotted shores, is to St. Paul; but all around "the Saintly City" are other lovely little sheets of

With such surroundings, with such constant temptation knocking at their very doors, it is little wonder that the staid burghers of the capital city and the hustlers of the up-stream town are both given to outdoor life, and that the habits of the summertime tend to similar fondness for outdoor sport and pastime even in the dead of a winter the like of which no seaboard city ever knows. The mercury may be out of sight, but the populace swarms forth in furs and brightest colors. The sky is cloudless, the sunshine radiant. The smoke from furnace or cottage chimney floats straight to the zenith. There is a snap and sparkle, an



BLANKET TOSSING AT THE ICE PALACE.

electric life in every breath of air that makes one forget to ask the reading of the thermometer—makes one even forget that he has nose or ears, perhaps, until some bustling passer-by, lunging along in a toboggan rig or bulky overcoat of wolf-skin, stops short and claps a handful of powdery snow upon what would speedily be a missing organ, but for this friendly pleasantry. Staid St. Paul has its winter carnival, wherein the worthy city fathers give themselves up to frolic with an abandon that would do credit to that other crescent city at the tropical end of the river. The great ice palace is built, and gleams with electric light and colored fires by night. Every man, woman and child in all St. Paul seems to take part. There are snow-shoe clubs and toboggan clubs by the score. There is the maddest variety of uniforms. There are wild gangs of hilarious brokers who seize and blanket-toss every catchable masculine. Drummers' clubs parade in mid-January in dusters and palm-leaf fans. There are equipages that in cost and beauty would shine in Central Park. There is a winter king of the carnival, who defends his stronghold against all comers in a grand final storming of the ice palace, in which the whole population seems to participate, and in which fireworks by the ton and enthusiasm by the cubic acre are lavished in magnificent display. The leading thoroughfares become long arcades of brilliant light arched over with countless globes of fire. The massive bluffs that hem the winding valley are muffled in their mantle of snow. The river itself

goes swirling southward under armor-plating of solid ice. The lofty iron bridges, spanning the stream from shore to shore—some descending in easy grade into the lower town, some, like gossamer web, leaping the chasm from bluff to bluff—are twinkling with moving lights. The network of the streets of the lower city on both banks is traced by hundreds of sparkling lamps. The lofty turrets of the capitol, the city hall, the grand façades of the Pioneer Press and New York Life build-

ings; the scores of beautiful homesteads far up on the heights of Summit avenue and St. Anthony's hill are brilliant with illumination. The electric globes blaze high aloft. Above all sparkle the stars in skies as clear as the ether of heaven. Below, in restless, joyous motion, swarm the populace. And all the time the Ice King's biting breath plays on glowing cheek or wrinkled brow, keen, yet utterly forgotten.

Envious neighbors speak of St. Paul as sluggish and slow; but the winter carnival gives the lie to the very thought.

There are people to whom the intense cold, even with its stimulus and exhilaration, is so trying that St. Paul and Minneapolis are sometimes shunned in winter; but to those who fear no such foe it is the perfection of a winter home—no sudden changes, no depressing fogs, no slush and mud with each alternate day. Spring comes late in April, but it comes to stay. June brings summer roses and mellow sunshine. Even the dog days, when Sirius burns through the long August nights, have their joys for the stay-at-homes; and the evenings on the river up toward Snelling, where the shadows of the bluffs and wooded shores are deepest, keep the boat clubs in request, and the railways to the surrounding lakes in full and triumphant blast.

St. Paul is the home of the merchant and the professional man; Minneapolis of the lumber king and miller. Lawyers abound in the old town; artisans in the new. The former is republican in the sense of culture and conservatism; the latter

democratic, even fiercely so, in popular vim and enterprise. St. Paul, from lofty bluffs, looks down upon the valley in serene content. Minneapolis, from its level of a prairie, peers aloft at its twelve-story cornices, and ever strives to climb. The bold contours of the one seem the home of level-headed comfort; the flat surface of the other the abode of restless energy and ambition. If the census enumerator lands St. Paul far behind the desired 200,000, the city takes it coolly and waits for time to remedy the shortage. When Minneapolis misses the notch by some 40,000, the Minneapolis calls the

ous detractors may say she stuffed the census out of all proportion, and a paternal federal government may be compelled to lop off some dozen of thousands from her estimate of her bustling family circle; but the defeat will be but temporary—Minneapolis is first cousin to Banquo's ghost, and will never down.

She has buildings today at which rustics and eastern men gaze in equal wonder. The West hotel is the finest edifice of the kind—so says the travelling public—this side of New York. Yet it and the thousand guests that can cluster under its massive roof are overshadowed by the lofty

Lumber Exchange across the way, where, at a dizzy height above the street, the name of Edison and his electric light and motor plant can be read all over the northward county. The new Masonic temple vies in elegance and cost with the grand structure on Twenty-third street in New York; and the Guaranty Loan Company's building claims, perhaps without danger of denial, to be the finest office structure in the world. The effect of standing in its great central

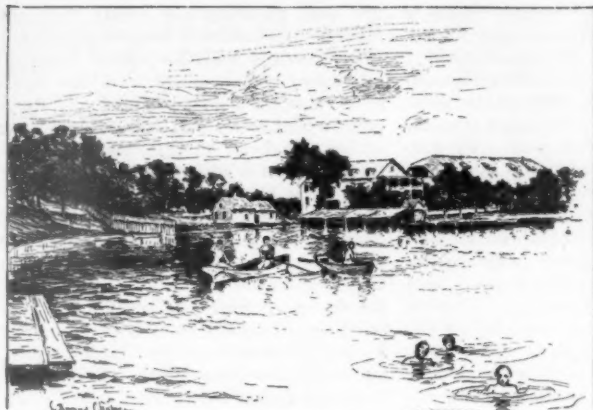


AN APARTMENT BUILDING OF ST. PAUL.

census man a "chump;" takes hold himself and rolls up a list of names the census taker never heard of. Like a modern Macbeth, his slogan is "Damned be him that first cries, Hold, enough." And, incidentally, woe betide the man who doubts the record.

It was in the war days that the story was told of two rival regiments: The chaplain remarked in presence of the colonel of the First that he had just baptized twenty members of the Second. "Mr. Adjutant," was the order, "detail fifty men to be baptized forthwith. I'm damned if the Second shall get ahead of us in anything." And such is the indomitable spirit of Minneapolis today. Envi-

court and gazing aloft to the roofing of translucent glass is like that of looking up to the sunshine through fathoms of clear green sea water. Twelve stages are there counted from below, paved with glass, hemmed in with network of twining steel, light, graceful, yet impenetrable. Six elevators shoot up and down with the noiseless swoop of bird; passengers in an instant are borne from the marble court to a garden like that of New York's famed Casino, only the Casino would droop a diminished head after one look at the height to which her rival climbs. Here one can rise superior to the turmoil ever raging at the structure's base; forget even the melancholy ruin of



LAKE COMO.

the Tribune building just below, itself a once boasted pile, yet scorched and gutted in a single night by flames that would find naught to feed on here. East, west, north and south, the state of the Northern Star lies at the feet of the beholder; and Minneapolis comes here to breakfast, lunch and dine; to play billiards and smoke, and plan for future greatness when all its office blocks shall be as high and splendid, and no city east or west shall point to anything she cannot parallel or beat.

Look eastward from this new perch: at our feet are the roofs of the level city. Away, a half-dozen squares, the big bustling mills, the stone-arched bridges, the tumbling, seething waters; then the farther shores, with mills again; the domes and spires of the university beyond; then the outlying homesteads, tree-embowered; the distant groves and emerald slopes; the darting trains on their iron roads; the great elevator of the Northern Pacific in the middle distance; and then the suburbs of another city gleaming in the sunshine over against the dark bluff line far beyond. There stands St. Paul, with its host of beautiful dwellings; with its winding shaded avenues, its deep-lawned, terraced home-

stead lots, its stately churches, its tall apartment flats, its huge wholesale warehouses, its great business blocks, and its big but unsightly capitol. Any ten minutes in the day you can board a train to flash you thither. If you miss the ten-fifteen on the "Short Line," take the ten-thirty on the Northern, or one of those incessantly starting on the "Soo," the

Milwaukee, the Central, the Omaha, the St. Louis. Your choice is practically illimitable; and in twenty minutes you are in a different atmosphere, social, commercial and professional, and almost political. Here, too, are electric cars and cable roads that wake the echoes with clanging gongs; but there is a singular serenity of movement on the streets. The crowd and rush and bustle are subdued. The wheels roll smoothly over the perfect asphalt of the shaded avenues all through the residence portion. Third and Seventh streets absorb the retail traffic. The great Union depot has its incessant come and go of crowds and trains; but all are down out of sight under the bluffs or deep in bridged ravines. Over the orderly movement of the metropolis, from the towers of the great city hall, a chime of bells rings out



THE MISSISSIPPI BELOW MINNEAPOLIS.

each quarter-hour with solemn diapason that seems to speak of spire and cloister, and falls upon the ear like benediction.

Even the men seem of a different mould. Everybody out west belongs to some society or other. The left lapel of every other coat you see bears some little button that tells of membership in lodge, chapter, commandery, camp, circle, consistory or Grand Army of the Republic. There are Pythians, Odd Fellows, Masons and "comrades" in both communities. Whiskered faces and the copper button abound in Minneapolis. The gray mustache and the tri-colored silk of the Loyal Legion are prominent in St. Paul. Drop in at the arched doorway of the Minnesota club and stroll to its lounging room, and the habitués are lawyers, editors, railway officers, engineers, architects, merchants and soldiers. On the rolls are war-tried leaders by the score. In its deliberations there is the dignity of the "old régime," in its welcome the courtesy of the distant east. The fine oil painting of its first president reveals him in broadcloth frock coat, with the button of the Loyal Legion in its lapel, yet in older days "Hal A. Dakotah"—name famous among hunters, trappers and frontiersmen—far more often wore the garb in which appears sturdy Joe Rolette, in Sioux leggings and moccasins, on the opposite wall. Here they canonize the latter. But for him their capitol would have been stolen by St. Peter. He vanished with the bill that would have done the deed, and it is not the only time the "Saintly City" has had to battle stoutly to retain the capitol. Since their recent difference over the census matter Minneapolis would rather see it in Jericho.

And upon the beautiful heights that overhang the busy lower city, all among those shaded streets are homes in which luxury and refinement are ever blended. Village lanes could hardly know greater peace and security. They are "far from the madding crowd" in the marts below. Hammocks swing lazily on the broad piazzas; agile young fellows stroll with bonny maids in boating costumes along the driveways, or spring to meet the flying white spheres skimming the tennis nets on every other lawn. Basket phaeton and village "tub" trundle about from block to block "tooled" by girls who can-

not help knowing how pretty they are, chased by swarms of laughing children. The Aberdeen and the Albion, beautiful apartment houses, tower from the midst of the home district and make one think of the neighborhood of Central Park. Over on the grand row of bluffs that rise above the bench on which so much of the city stands, the broadest, finest street of all—Summit avenue—follows the trend of the heights, and is bordered by lovely and luxurious homes; and where one bold little spur juts out further than its fellows, the surveyors have girdled its crest with winding driveways, and here are other homes—the daintiest bits of modern architecture, the cunningest conceits of domestic comfort ever seen—from whose sheltered porches or latticed windows the lower town spreads out like a map, a gorgeous spectacle of myriad lights by night, with the shining river, like a span-gled girdle, belting it beyond.

Underneath the bluffs and parallel with their general direction runs the electric railway. Take its whirring car and in five minutes you are crossing the cable line at the old "Seven Corners;" in another five are buzzing down Seventh street—the Bowery of St. Paul. A quick turn to the south again lands you in the heart of the wholesale section, where mammoth blocks of buildings, brick and sandstone, look down upon you from their seven-story windows. Here is the supply depot of the great Northwest. Boots and shoes, blankets and clothing, pork, sugar, groceries, provisions of every kind but flour—no need to go outside of Minneapolis for that—here are purchased from every town and ranch from the boundary line to the Iowa border, from "Gitche Gumeé" to Cœur d'Aléne. Three squares away and the Pioneer Press building looms even above that of the magnificent New York Life, and the grandest newspaper edifice in America, or out of it, stands sentinel over the metropolis. What the New York World may yet do to outrival it remains to be seen. Today it knows no peer. Massive and beautiful, its every story is a model of convenience; its interior court is like some wonderful shaft sunk deep in earth or hollowed from ancient Babel; its spiral stairways of exquisite design run from stage to stage, looking like fluted columns from below.

Elevators rise and fall in their cage-like shafts in noiseless flight. Every need of a great journal is supplied within its walls, and every profession finds office room on a dozen floors. Six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, they say, went into this massive pile; but that would not have begun to pay for the superb edifice that, only half as high, encompasses its base,—the Endicott Arcade.

Facing Fourth street is a façade of rare beauty of design, capped at its summit by a massive cornice where a four-in-hand might drive. The roof, six stories above the street, is overlooked by six more of the Pioneer building. From turret to foundation stone it is the best that genius can devise or money buy. From turret to foundation stone, even to the beautiful marble soda fountain in the chemist's around on Robert street, every item of its construction is the design of one of the Saintly City's talented young architects. Even Boston had to say there was nothing to criticise or condemn, and Boston's million went into it ungrudgingly. That one building is a metropolis in itself. Deep in the bowels of the earth are bored its artesian wells. Down in its vaults are its boilers, its dynamos, its air fans. It is utterly independent of city water works or lighting plants. Under its broad wing on both sides of its beautiful arcade, paved with rare mosaics, flanked with choicest marbles from Languedoc, Sienna, Belgium and even Numidia, lighted by 4000 square

feet of opalescent glass, every manner of retail trade finds its nook—tailor and bootmaker, haberdasher, confectioner, tobacconist, draper or chemist. Aloft, every profession has its convenient home, reached without fatigue by the same noiseless nest of elevators. Every known modern convenience is found on every floor. Even the Union League and other clubs have their connecting suites of rooms, and people from all sections of the country stroll through its vaulted passageways and wonder indeed if this can be the west. Without its walls the city traffic hums and surges, but no sound penetrates within its solid masonry. All around and on every side in many an adjoining square are buildings well-nigh as massive, yet—this is the wild and woolly west.

Nightfall and time to go. Six great trains stand under the roof of the Union depot, all bound for Chicago over devious routes. Two will glide away around the great crescent under those eastward bluffs and skirt the beautiful river for miles down stream. Look back as you speed away around that long, graceful curve. The city sparkles with a thousand lights; the bridges span the valley in lofty lines of glowing stars. The stars themselves peep down into their images in the placid surface beneath. The speed increases. The train darts behind sheltering screen and a leafy curtain rises before the Twin Cities of the Northwest.

ROSE AND EDELWEISS.

BY H. T. SUDDUTH.

HAZE-WREATHED and fair, two beckoning summits rise
On life's horizon, and, in morning sun,
Their roseate heights, commingling, seem but one,
As blithe the youth up to the summit hies,
With dawning hopes that vie with morning's skies;
But, stumbling through the mists, one peak he takes,
And scales its height with bruises and with aches—
To find, at last, a gulf between them lies!

O guerdons rare of strife and life's turmoil!
If but thy zeniths met in one bright star,
And yawning gulfs did ne'er thy peaks divide,
Then earth and heaven would meet to crown our toil,
And Love and Fame would beckon from afar,
Where rose and edelweiss bloom side by side.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

CONGRATULATIONS are due the country upon the silver law. It is an event of the first magnitude and settles a question of the utmost consequence that touched all interests. The further agitation of silver's position as a money metal will be comparatively feeble, for the judgment is general that the right thing has been done substantially.

There has been much that is remarkable and instructive in the discussion of silver as money since the policy of the resumption of specie payments was clearly defined.

The ratio between silver and gold in this country values silver three per cent. higher than is done in the coinage of the powers of the Latin union, but the European fancy is that there is something scientific in the proportion of fifteen and a half to one. It has followed that in all the silver conferences the European contention has been that the first thing to be done is the adoption of their ratio, in the name of uniformity and the metrical system, though our difficulty is that though we value silver three per cent. higher than others, still its parity with gold could not be maintained. The change that we needed was to put more silver into the dollar instead of taking three per cent. out.

Here we were confronted by the fact that our silver dollar is the only coin never changed in the century of our money system in the weight of fine metal, and before the war our silver coin was sent to the melting pot, because under the ratio it was worth more than gold. This caused a good deal of miscalculation and led, during the suspension of specie payments, to a popular misapprehension of the history of silver as a money metal, and the rights of the people in it. Then followed the issue of the Chinese, or trade, dollar and the suspension of the coinage of the old silver dollar, the only legal-tender silver coin. This is the circumstance that has been styled the demonetization of silver, and it has been exceedingly magnified.

The full meaning of the dropping of the coinage of legal-tender silver was not ap-

prehended until we approached specie resumption, and then it seemed only fair that, as we had two money metals when suspension occurred, we ought to have both to resume with, as the word "coin," so important in contracts, including that of the bonds of the United States, always meant, in law and history, "gold and silver."

The result was the ordering of the coinage of not less than 2,000,000 a month of standard silver dollars.

It was believed this would advance silver in the markets, but owing to other influences the price steadily declined. Europe ceased to coin silver freely. Germany adhered to the gold-standard policy and sold silver, and the silver mines were very productive, supplying the white precious metal in quantities far exceeding the proportion of gold under the ratio.

The decline of silver was so marked that there was a change in the drift of discussion and in the elements of the controversy. The first champions of silver as unlimited legal tender, secured by supplying silver dollars, thought only of fair play for the people at large; while the single-standard partisans held that the only real money was gold, and their policy would magnify all securities by the augmentation of the purchasing capacity of the dollar. The uses of silver for the purposes of inflation were pressed and all who habitually advocated false-money theories rated as silver men, though they cared nothing for silver save as it might be employed to reduce the power of the dollar in purchase.

The silver radicals gained strength from the action of the gold monometalists in refusing to recognize the true place of silver and the importance of the silver option to the people.

There is no doubt there was for a time danger that the most extreme measures for forcing the silver, under the name of free coinage, would prevail. A large share of the peril came from the persistent injustice to silver of those representing capital at

rest, and the paper obligations that must be made good by labor as long as the public credit stands. It would have been most unfortunate for the country if our money system had been thrown into confusion by the success of extremists on either hand, one set of whom would have deprived us of silver and the other of gold.

At the critical time Senators Sherman of Ohio and Jones of Nevada got together and agreed upon the compromise which speedily became the law of the land, and which it is not too much to say settles the silver question.

The government is to take about \$5,000,000 of silver per month and issue notes for it at the gold valuation, and they are redeemable in gold. Behind each silver-dollar note is an amount of silver equal to a gold dollar's worth. That makes it a gold note. The new arrangement adds, it is believed, \$60,000,000 a year of paper as good as gold to the circulation.

This is equal to the opening of a gold mine yielding at the rate of that sum annually. It will be commercially stimulating, but not intoxicating. It secures an abundant circulating medium, without inflation, for the limitation is the accumulation of gold value. There is no point of weakness in the system. The steady rise in silver in the London market shows the importance of our legislation. Instead of importing silver to meet our demand, we have been exporting the silver product at advanced figures.

The situation should be eminently satisfactory to silver men who are not inflationists. The solution is fortunate. Usually in money history a matter of such far-reaching moment as this has come to pass by easy stages, each advancing the logic of preceding steps, and the effect is discounted before the deed is done. The silver settlement was a surprise. No one could tell what was going to happen. It was a sudden stroke. The profits of it are therefore not to be confined to the few, but distributed among the many. Everybody shares it because no one was in the secret. Two great influences will work together for the general good. First, the element of uncertainty as to money standards has been harmful for many years. No one could tell within thirty per cent. what the value of the dollar was to be.

This state of doubt is the paralysis of enterprise. It has been removed. Capital is free and not afraid.

Second, the abundance of good money is assured. Running through all the follies of the fiat financiers, the idea of making money with stamps, and as the greenback advocates said, issuing the currency to equal the demands of trade, is the streak of truth that it is well to have an abundance of money. Of course we should add that the money must be good—solid—equal to the best—good as gold. If it is as good as gold there cannot be too much of it.

The truth is well understood that such are the facilities for the transmission of intelligence and the speed of transportation, and so highly organized are the banking systems and so various and rapid the means of employing credit, that there is a constant decrease in the percentage of cash actually handled in monetary transactions. It is less than five per cent. in this country. This enables us the more securely to rest upon the gold basis. It makes up for the scarcity of gold. And yet in a country so vast as ours, of such varied and enormous interests, it is important that the money shall not all be in the grasp of those who make it a business to handle money and multiply it by turning it often, with small percentages of advantage in the turns. There is a liberal supply, but it is wise to counteract the tendency of the contraction of the banknote circulation.

Complaint is made of the extent to which farms are mortgaged, and the farmers have no doubt availed themselves too freely of their credit, and are paying dearly for the artificial system through which they were accommodated. The workingmen are feeling pinched, for they have seen the rise in securities and the assurance of golden interest on watery investment, exceeding the slow gains of the recompense for hard and honest labor. They know there was given to the masses of productive laborers the world over relief from the strain of paying the rent of real estate and incomes from paper obligations, by the gold discoveries in California and Australia, and that this was in great part the force which augmented the prosperity of mankind a generation ago. This relief was not at the expense of any class,

for all classes shared in the prosperous march of the nations.

Through wars and rumors of wars, the pressure and burden of gigantic armaments, the undertaking of huge schemes of improvement, the unmerciful and unprecedented increase of debts, and the requirement to pay the interest upon obligations national and corporate, municipal and individual, the extension of monopolies, and the organization of "trusts," there has been a feeling that the people who do the work of the world have too much to carry, and that it would be the highest and most wholesome statesmanship to afford the industries a measure of relief, harming none and helping all. That has been found in the silver law so far as this country is concerned. It will help the farmer and the worker in shops, it will loosen the iron fetters upon poverty and infuse beyond the realization of good fortune the hopefulness that sweetens toil.

It is too early or too late for the millennium, but we shall have better times. The silver law is what the alchemist sought in vain, for it transforms silver to gold. By the application of the gold measurement to silver it becomes gold for all the changes of commerce and the purposes of money.

The silver law will stand and mark an era. It is not the last thing we are to do with the money metals. We shall presently see where the markets go with the two money metals and then should retouch the ratio that they may coöperate on even terms.

Then the true policy would be to recoign both our gold and our silver, for the great mass of our coins are clumsy. The credit of the country would be the more secure if there was a large supply of hard money in the pockets of the people, and if gold circulated from hand to hand as commonly as silver.

With silver dollars and twenty-dollar gold pieces the metallic money is almost forbidden to circulate. The mints will soon be released from the obligation to go on grinding the silver-dollar grist, and if we have the courage and the intelligence to take our true position as the great producers of gold and silver, and fix the ratio as the markets have it, we should recoign the gold in half eagles and the silver in

half-dollars—and that would lay deep the foundation of the public credit in the pockets of the people.

* * *

THERE are two classes of cities—those darkened and afflicted with coal smoke and those that have comparatively preserved the purity of the air. Next to contaminated water supply, the pollution of the atmosphere with the unconsumed carbon in soft coal is the heaviest of the forms of calamity precipitated upon a great community. The cities of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys have long suffered from an abomination of smoke that causes the despair of housekeepers, for it smirches their best work and renders all efforts to preserve the virtue of cleanliness futile. The carbon vapor is wonderfully penetrating. It finds ways into the closest-fitting drawers, and it saturates carpets and curtains and clothing, blackens some works of art and renders others impossible, stains the stones in the houses and the leaves and grass, drifts like an infernal snow over the roofs and wears out the patience of the people, wearied at last with endless washings all in vain. It is difficult for those who have not lived under the dominion of the Soot Fiend to understand the intensity of the interminable discomfort involved. In thirty minutes, in many American cities, after one's hands are carefully washed they are perceptibly soiled, and linen testifies that it is fresh by its whiteness, for it does not take long exposure anywhere in the air to make it distinctly shadowy. It is a slight mitigation that when one has clean hands and cuffs and collars, spectators must notice the fact. Clean persons get full credit for perseverance in ablutions. They are saints, and everybody knows it. It will not do to hang out shirts or sheets or anything white to dry, for such articles would be dark first. Hot drying closets are a necessity, and must be close beside the washtubs.

Unhappily the black-vapor plague is spreading. The use of soft coal is increasing on the Atlantic coast, and in Europe there is a cheap fuel composed of compressed slack that is doing mischief. Twenty years ago Chicago was a brilliant city; it is now dismal with dirt in the air. Manufacturing industries have increased rapidly, and cheap coal means cheap power, and the cheaper coal on the great lakes,

as along the great rivers in the west, is the soft and foul article. It burns beautifully, but sheds an awful gloom. Chicago is not as badly off as Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, but it has passed London in the smoky race of grimy evolution. The evidence that smoke is of teeming and prosperous industry is consoling to those who participate in the profits, but it is not a perfect compensation.

In New York the gradual but constant encroachments of the Demon of the Black Vapor are marked, and contrasted with the situation a quarter of a century ago there is no doubt of the unfavorable change. Look over the city from an elevated position and it is manifest that the employment of steam power has been augmented within a few years at a striking ratio, and whether we regard the vast space of Brooklyn or of lower New York or Williamsburg or the plains of New Jersey to the Orange mountains, we see white puffs of steam and note a murky air, with here and there pillars of cloud showing the intrusion of soft-coal furnaces, a peculiarity of which is, that when they come they stay. The superiority of Paris over London in the brightness of her streets and the transparency of the air is maintained, but some degrees of this boasted supremacy have been lost, and it is to be feared they will not be recovered. There are a multitude of devices for the consumption of smoke, and it is fair to say that all of them have some merit and none are wholly satisfactory. Marvellous results are duly attested in many cases, but as a rule smoke inspection and consumption fails to clear the air. No western city has been materially helped, and all enjoy smoke inspectors and abundant patents.

The offensive smoke is the visible testimony of imperfect consumption. The flagrant offenders are the stokers and next to them the kitchen girls. Where there is the most smoke coal is cheapest, and the habits of the people in making and replenishing fires the most profligate. Paris is a bright town primarily because the French are so frugal in the use of fuel. Give Paris coal as they have it on the Ohio river and American habits in feeding fire, and the fair city would soon be black as Pittsburg was. Not only are there prodigious quantities of soft coal on the Monongahela and the Kanawha—and

coal floats a thousand miles in barges at the same figure of expense per ton that it costs to elevate from the boats to the carts—there are also coal mines in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the black clouds over the steam-power establishments and also the kitchen range and grate fire indicate the abundance of fuel, carelessness in firing and indifference to the quantity consumed. It is to this extravagance that the excess of dirt in the air is due. The great first receipt for the consumption of smoke is that there shall be economy in the expenditure of coal, and that the stokers and girls in the kitchens and house firemen shall be brought to a realizing sense of their duty to do their work intelligently, carefully, decently and in order. Without this, all the smoke-burning contrivances ever patented will only modify the overshadowing evil.

The city in which there has been a transformation scene that points the way hopefully to better things—to cities that shall be fairer than those of our day and generation—is Pittsburg. The deliverance from the fame of being the most begrimed in the world came in the discovery and use of natural gas. This gas has been so abundant as to very largely, indeed, almost altogether, supersede coal as fuel in the houses as well as the manufactories, and Pittsburg has gained a reputation for beauty to take care of. It is said that if the natural gas should cease to flow the Pittsburgers would never go back to the old fashion of burning the crude coal, but use manufactured gas, and perpetuate the enviable distinction of purity. The utmost attention should be given, in the cities remote from natural-gas fields, to the popularization of the proposition to take advantage of the cheapness with which coal gas can be manufactured and the tremendous heating capacity it possesses, and convert the coal into gas before applying it as fuel. The bulk of the difficulty is that the furnaces for steam raising are, outside the natural-gas regions, invariably constructed for the use of coal, and the reconstruction of furnaces and boilers would be a work, if not wholly impracticable, of almost incomprehensible magnitude.

In eastern cities, where soft coal is making its way, it would be well to restrict the building of furnaces for it. Those

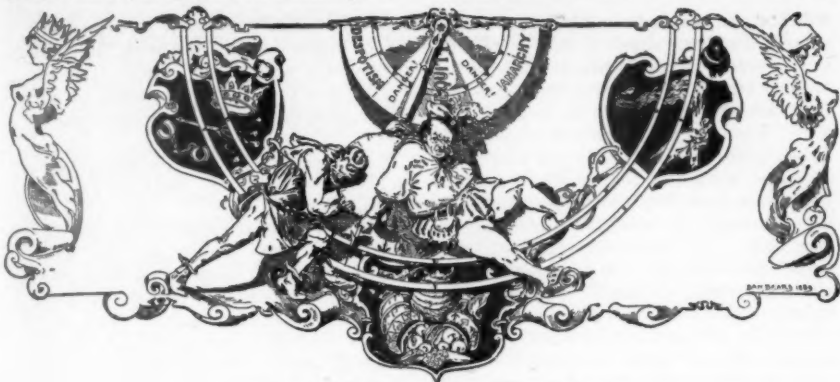
who do not want the hard article might try the gas, and speedily, with due intelligence and encouragement, there could be cultivated a decisive public opinion on this subject. It would be a grave misfortune indeed if the affinity of streets in this part of the world for dirt should be matched by an atmosphere of the same character. The growth of the great cities around Manhattan bay is so remarkable that as there is a reasonable assurance for a few years of a full supply of good water, measures should be taken to secure the continuance of the sparkling transparency of the air.

* * *

THE state of New York has tried a very interesting experiment in the execution of a convicted murderer by electricity, and it ought not to have been an experiment. The object of the law to employ the dynamo instead of the gallows, was that the official destruction of human life should not be attended with unnecessary violence and suffering. This was in part defeated by the imperfection of the appliances at Auburn, where the electrocution took place. It was the novelty of the affair that shocked the public. There is a deep sensitiveness about capital punishment, and any radical change seems to those who are morbidly conscious of the terrors of death in any form to be an added horror. Even if we are to believe that Kemmler was conscious after the first shock, it cannot be said that he was tortured, for he was spared all but the requisite contact with the deadly current, and there have been many cases of bungling in hanging that have caused scenes of the most revolting character. It is uncertain for what length of time criminals executed on the gallows retain their consciousness. If their necks are broken the rest of course is oblivion, but where the process is mere strangulation there is room for conjecture. There has been much argument whether the victims of the guillotine are aware that their heads are off, and there have been cases of snapping eyes and facial expressions of marked character that have been taken to mean that the simple severing of the neck does not end all instantaneously. Perhaps there is no more certain method of killing than the use of the garrote, which is the Spanish instrument with which death is dealt according to law. It

is an iron collar, and the tightening breaks the neck and produces instantaneous suffocation. There is something almost ferocious about the guillotine. The spectacle of a French execution is peculiarly ghastly. There is a certain dramatic style about it, and the hideous mutilation, the dripping axe and the terrible machine itself make the affair horribly impressive. The ceremony is far more frightful than that of the employment of the gallows. The idea of the New York movement was to enlist science in the cause of humanity. Making allowances for all the exaggerations of sensational writing and the intense agitation of the officers and the witnesses, it must be said that the electrocution at Auburn prison was of such a nature that its repetition should be made impossible, and yet the system is not conclusively condemned. There was, as Mr. Edison said, surprising inattention to the lesson of the deaths by contact with live wires in New York. In all cases the strokes of death were received through the hands. The scientists, however, concluded that the current must pass through the spinal column and brain, and so they made very remarkable arrangements for that, and they would have been ludicrous if the matter had not been in itself so grave that no incident, however farcical, could provoke a smile. The electrical machinery used was singularly shabby. There was a constant struggle to keep belts from slipping off and stopping the dynamo; there was a long string of lights in the circuit and they were not shut off; there was no reliable measurement of the intensity or volume of the current that was depended upon; there was no certain method of signalling between the death chamber and the machine room; and there was no intelligent study of the demands to be made upon the dynamo as to quantity of electricity or the time of contact. All the confusion and uncertainty might easily have been avoided. If there are to be other executions with electricity there must be provided a death hall for the state, with all the appliances in perfect order, and an executioner who knows his business. Then, there is no room for doubt, life can be taken in a flash, not only without the infliction of unusual cruelty, but with less distressing incident than by any of the familiar methods.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



THE NEW ENGLAND PRECEDENTS.

THE students of social problems in America have a new storehouse of resources in Mr. Weeden's *Economic History of New England*, which will be in the hands of its readers almost as soon as this article is published. I certainly do not expect to review a book so comprehensive, which shows the results of years of investigation, in the pages in the reader's hands. But there are several principles of our American life such as my readers and I are forced to consider in these papers, which are remarkably illustrated in this well-digested history. Indeed, from this time forward it will be one of the standards to be referred to in all studies of our industries or of our social affairs.

The remarkable thing about it all may be stated in a few words. The history of 270 years is virtually the history of republican, not to say democratic, life. That is to say, neither king, priest nor aristocracy succeeded at any time in modifying to any considerable extent the movement of the people. Now, in such a state of things, from the beginning, there has been an almost absolute deference to law, where the law chose to assert itself, though the law or the community has asserted itself in some ways which the world elsewhere has scarcely tried. But, with this deference to law and order, there has existed a personal independence, an ingenuity and perseverance in independence, which seems in theory wholly inconsistent with the supremacy of the state. You have a nation of Natty Bumpos—if I may recall an eccentric pioneer from Cooper's early

novels—each determined to assert himself, and at the same time they are all determined that the town or the church or the province or the law shall be respected, and their mandates obeyed.

The planet obeys the attraction of the central sun, and rushes through space with untold eagerness in doing so. But with an equal eagerness the same planet turns on its axis and attends to its own affairs. Such a planet is the typical New Englander. Say it is a paradox. But it is a paradox in practice.

For instance, there hardly is a New England—the old colony at Plymouth does not number 200 people—before the community arranges for a registry of all deeds of land, and compels universal registry. Why? Why, because this is a public concern. It is every man's affair. Not the individual alone who buys or sells land, but the community, needs and intends to have all titles preserved. The New England communities all accept this system as if it had been a thousand years old, and no individual protests. Here is a simple and curious instance of the complete, absolute sway of the public in what is a public affair. Of such illustrations, which affect our present discussions of social order, Mr. Weeden's book is full.

* * *

At the same time, it is full all along of the curious and audacious experiments of the individual. This man makes scythes, that man mines iron. They try to make the state take an interest in their private venture. Perhaps she will; perhaps she

will not ; you cannot always tell. But the general drift sets thus : if this enterprise be one in which every citizen, male or female, is organically and vitally interested, then the state takes hold. If, on the other hand, it be one in which the interest of only a part is direct, and of the rest indirect, the state is coy and shy. Let the new affair show first that everybody is in organic relations with the improvement proposed. The American state will not grind the axes for a lot of barons. The state has done too much of that in Europe.

This is a rough rule, rather vaguely stated. But see how it applies. Thus schools : what will you do about schools ? Clearly it is a matter of vital and organic necessity that every child shall go to school. It is not a favor to this individual or that. Therefore, from the beginning, and without a word of hitch or protest, the community takes the charge of the schools.

What do you say to roads ? Yes, roads are a universal necessity. The road is organic and vital if we are going to have any community at all. It is not a road from one baron to another baron, from one castle to another castle. It is a road that anybody and everybody may need, may use ; and he shall have it, be he prince or beggar. So the state takes the charge of the roads, builds them, keeps them in repair. Nay, if she does not keep them in repair and one of the travellers breaks his leg, or his horse breaks his leg, the state must pay the penalty.

Yes, well—now here are iron works. "We have found some bog-iron ore. We can make good iron from it, but it will need capital. It will need a forge, and before we have done it will need rolling-mills. Surely iron, good state, is a matter of universal necessity. You have been so good about the schools and the roads and the title-deeds, will you not help us about the iron ?"

It is all very persuasive and it seems very simple. But instantly—that is the curious thing in the history—the state draws into its shell. It was so ready before, why is it so chary now ? "Well, yes, universal necessity ? Um—yes—I suppose so. Still, some people need a great deal more of it than others. It was not so with the schools, for there, practically,

everybody needed as much as everybody else, or might do so. And with the roads—everybody needed the roads. But for iron, I seem to observe that some people need a great deal and some people need a little."

Then your iron adventurer says : "Ah, yes, but everyone will have to pay for what he uses."

And then the state replies, more severely than before : "Oh, people pay for what they use, do they ? Nobody pays for what he uses in the schools ; nobody pays for what he uses in the roads." And then the state, with the coyness which has been spoken of, says : "If the people are to pay for what they use, I think they had better pay you, and I will make my investments in something outside."

* * *

By such stages, sometimes with an immediate assent to a proposition of bold communism and sometimes by a refusal as sharp, the American states have gone forward and have adopted the positions which they now take. Sometimes there has been a step backward ; but, on the whole, the policy may be said to be quite well determined. When it came to the matter of water supply, for instance, there was a necessity which everybody shared. The poorest man and the richest man needed water and needed it in very much the same proportion. Almost without a question, therefore, the municipalities undertook the provision of what was so necessary for all.

So of the lighting of streets. Less than two hundred years ago light in the street was the privilege of a nobleman only, in England. His lackeys carried the lights for him, and when he and they had gone by the street was dark again. Your middle-class man carried his lantern and your tramp was in outer darkness. But light is as necessary for one person as for another, and so the lighting of the streets for everyone has come in perfectly naturally. It is brighter and brighter, and nobody thinks of objecting to the communism which provides it. It would seem as if we were approaching the law which has been indicated above, in the illustrations, taken at hazard almost, from the history of two centuries. It may be thus stated : if the demand is one which, from the nature of things, is the same for everybody, it will

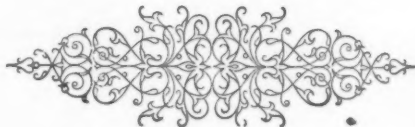
be more convenient for the community to provide for that demand. If, on the other hand, the demand is one where individual taste, separate business, or the "personal equation" comes in as a considerable element, it will be better to leave the individual to himself, to foster his activity and to quicken its results. This statement is not the vague and negative statement which at first it seems. It may be compared to the American balance between the federal and the state constitutions. The central government shall take care of national matters; the state governments shall be quickened and compelled to take care of local matters. No European critic can understand this distinction, but an American knows that it is well drawn and practical in its results. I should say that the distinction between communistic action and individual endeavor might be drawn with as great distinctness. My own epigram to describe it is that I like to drink the water which is provided by the public, and that, on the other hand, I like to use my own tooth-brush.

* * *

I PUBLISHED, some months ago, an account of the work in London of the Ladies' Guide Association. New Yorkers will not understand what we outside barbarians understand very well, that there was room for a similar undertaking in the city where the *Cosmopolitan* was published. Our readers will be glad to know that such an enterprise has been undertaken here, with that tact which ought to insure success. As you come in at the Forty-second street station, now, you are within a block of the Ladies' Guide and Chaperon Bureau, which is at the corner of Fourth avenue. Now, if you are a lone woman, the person

whom I have elsewhere called Miss Reader, there are endless questions which you want to ask in the great city, which you will not be apt to ask of the first cabman who comes to you. If you will go across to the Chaperon Bureau, you will find someone to the manner bred, who will take care of you. I should find it hard to tell how many things this bureau has already undertaken with success; it would be easier to enumerate the things it will not do than what it will. It seems as if there were nothing which perplexes or worries a woman in matters of business, comfort or pleasure which it does not attend to. It furnishes guides, interpreters, chaperons, escorts for children to and from school. It hunts up boarding-houses, it buys tickets to theatres and concerts, it recommends to you the right physician and lawyer, it takes care of your shopping orders if you are in Tacoma or San Francisco. It has rooms for ladies to meet their dressmakers or arrange for their walks. It receives and sends parcels, provides your railway or steamship tickets and tells you all about your routes of travel. Such an institution, conscientiously carried on, is of the first value in such a city as this. I suppose that its success here will lead to its success in other cities of the country.

"Madam," said a fine old lady the other day, who had seen the best of life, "I cannot give dinner-parties any longer, but two things I can do, which I always did well: I can walk and I can talk." Now, the Chaperon Bureau brings such a person as that into relations with my excellent little Señorita Inez, who has just arrived with her handbag from California, and is afraid to trust herself outside the ladies' room at the Central station.



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

ON the morning of Sunday, August 10, 1890, there ended, at the village of Hull, Massachusetts, a life full of romantic adventure and vicissitudes, such as would be deemed extravagant if put into a work of fiction. It was a short life, counted by years, but a very long one, measured by experience and achievement.

Less than a quarter of a century ago, just after our civil war had ended, and as the gates of his nominal prison were opening outward for the arch-leader of that rebellion, the jails of her Britannic majesty began to be filled with the participants in another insurrection, the suppression of which had hardly cost a drop of blood or a charge of powder. A certain measure of comparative leniency was shown to the civilian conspirators; but for the military offenders, of whom there were many, no mercy was decreed. John Boyle O'Reilly belonged to the latter class.

He was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, on June 28, 1844. His father was an eminent educator and his mother a woman of fine culture and strong individuality of character. The youth had received a good education, but the spirit of unrest impelled him to seek his fortune in England, where he found employment, first, as a printer, then as a reporter on various papers, and finally as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars, the "Prince of Wales's Own," then commanded by the well-known Colonel Valentine Baker. O'Reilly was a typical soldier, brave, dashing, handsome, quick to think and act in emergency. An admiring non-commissioned officer once gravely predicted of him that if he continued as he had begun he might ultimately reach the dazzling height of a sergeant major in her majesty's service, provided he lived long enough, of course.

He was not destined to achieve eminence in that direction. The Fenian movement, splendidly hopeless, appealed to his ardent feelings as an Irishman, and he joined it, as the generous ones of earth do such things, without counting or caring for the cost. As he expressed it afterwards, "They said to us, 'Come on, boys, it's

for Ireland,' and we came." He went into the movement heart and soul, organizing a Fenian circle in the regiment and making hundreds of converts; for even then he possessed the winning charm that in after years made all who met him his devoted friends. His magnetism was appreciated by the colonel of the Tenth, whose comment on hearing of O'Reilly's arrest was, "Blank the fellow! He has ruined the finest regiment in the service."

It is not necessary to rehearse here the story of the trial and conviction which followed; but there was an incident in connection therewith which illustrates this quality of exciting admiration and affection owned by the young offender. The treason, though flagrant, was not easily provable to the satisfaction even of a not-too-scrupulous court-martial. The testimony of informers was needed, and the authorities undertook to procure it by well-known methods. The prisoners were confined in separate cells and pressure was brought to bear on them, one after another, to induce each to confess, by representing to him that one or others had already done so. The warden of the jail in which O'Reilly lay awaiting trial was a retired army officer, an Englishman, who as a loyal subject hated treason, but as a soldier bore no love for a traitor to his fellows. As in duty bound he officially countenanced the efforts of the authorities to secure evidence by any and all means. One day, just before that fixed for the trial, an official labored for the last time long and earnestly to extort a confession from O'Reilly, assuring him that others had owned up and that it would be suicidal folly in him to remain silent when he could secure immunity by telling all he knew. The warden, who was present, threw in an occasional perfunctory remark to the same effect. As the prisoner continued obdurate the official took his leave, with a parting warning of the dread consequences. The warden accompanied him to the door, adding his word of advice. "Yes, you'd better do as he says, O'Reilly. It will be better for you to save your own neck, my boy." Then closing the door on

the visitor and wheeling sharply round. "And, damme ! I'd like to choke you with my own hands if you do !"

His honest outburst was wholly superfluous. O'Reilly had no thought of such baseness. Others were less heroically constituted. One of them testified on the stand to a pretty tale of conspiracy, which was not true, but answered the purpose as

for over a year in various British prisons. The work was unremitting and laborious ; the company that of the vilest criminals. He never spoke of it with bitterness, but he saw that the intent of the system was to break the spirits, if not the lives, of its victims. The political offenders were forced to work in the chain-gang beside the lowest felons. They were purposely paraded



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

well as if it were, or better. O'Reilly was guilty, anyhow, and it made little difference how he might be proven so. He was condemned, first, to death, the sentence being afterwards commuted to life imprisonment ; and again, to twenty years' penal servitude.

O'Reilly, at the age of twenty-two, began his long term of imprisonment on June 27, 1866. It was a hard, cruel course of punishment to which he was subjected

through the streets of English towns, as an object lesson to the people. Some of them died under their hardships, whereupon the government, to avoid odium, pardoned such others as were reasonably certain to die, or at least to be of no further danger to the empire.

It is a hideous story and its recital would only serve to distract attention from the horrors of Siberia, which have justly monopolized the indignation of Great Britain.

O'Reilly survived the penal discipline of Mountjoy, Pentonville, Millbank—where he spent eight months “in solitary”—Chatham, Portsmouth and Dartmoor, and in November 1867 he was transported to western Australia along with several other political and some hundreds of criminal offenders. The story of his adventures in the penal colony and his romantic escape would fill a volume. But it is known in its general features to everybody. A good priest, Father Patrick McCabe, whose mission was among those outcasts of civilization, was the agent to plan the details, an American whaling captain promising his assistance in the felonious deed: for it always happens that bad laws, however rigidly enforced, will still find good men to break them. O'Reilly escaped from the settlement and made his way to the sea-coast. The first captain cruelly disappointed the fugitive by refusing to see his signal waved from an open boat in the Indian ocean.

O'Reilly went back to the coast and subsisted as best he could until another ship was engaged, the whaling bark *Gazelle*, in command of Captain David R. Gifford.

He saw the signal, took the runaway on board and befriended him well. To the second officer of the *Gazelle*, Henry C. Hathaway, O'Reilly owed his escape from recapture at the British port of Rodrique, when a clever stratagem led the police officers and even the crew of the *Gazelle* to believe that O'Reilly had drowned himself over the ship's side. A few months later Hathaway saved the life of his friend when his boat was destroyed by an infuriated whale. Off the Cape of Good Hope the fugitive was transferred to another American ship, the *Sapphire*, bound for Liverpool, whence he took passage for Philadelphia, reaching American soil for the first time in November 1869. He had come to stay, making application for his first naturalization papers on the same day. From Philadelphia he went to New York and thence to Boston, the city which was to be thenceforth his home.

His first newspaper work was done for the *Boston Pilot*, as “war correspondent” from the scene of the second Fenian invasion of Canada in 1870. On his return to Boston from that brief campaign he became an editorial writer on the same paper,

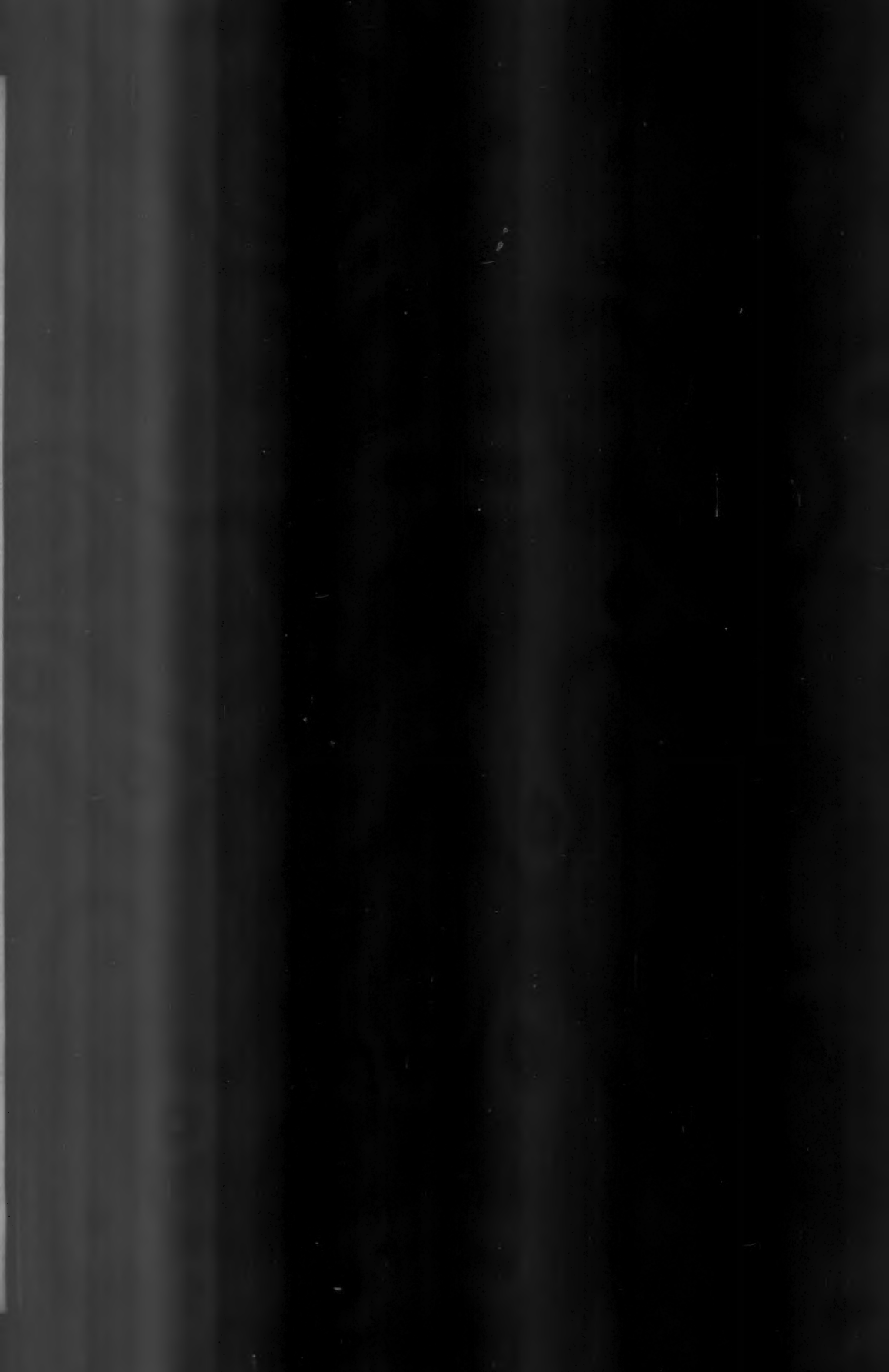
and very shortly afterwards began publishing the first of the many poems which during twenty years have flowed from his prolific pen. He had written a few in his youth, and many of the fresh, strong lyrics which first made his name known to American readers had been composed in the dreary days of his prison life.

The world will always listen to one who has something to say; and this stranger youth had brought a message from two strange antipodes. It goes without saying that his first love of native land was always the dominant passion with him, but it never stifled or dwarfed his love of all humanity. A Christian gentleman, he had no respect for the shams and wrongs which polite society sanctions and pretends to call Christian civilization. His verse burns with the indignation of a just man against social wrong:

“Your statutes may crush, but they cannot kill, the patient sense of a natural right;
It may slowly move, but the people's will, like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight.”

He kept his mind sound by housing it in a sound body. He was a splendid “all-round” athlete—boatman, swimmer, fencer, boxer, the prime favorite of the gymnasium as of the drawing room.

For, to come last to that in which he was first, he was throughout all and above all a gentleman. There are a great many definitions of that word, most of them formulated by tailors or by footmen, and some by those who estimate a man's worth by the social standing of his grandfather. He would have stood the tests of all those three critical classes, and if we happen to prefer a higher standard he would not have failed before that. For he was courteous to all men, of whatever estate; he was chivalrous to women and tender to children and all weak and helpless ones; he was magnanimous to his enemies, loyal to his friends, and merciful to all mankind. He believed in humanity and in his age; and his faith was rewarded, for he was appreciated in his life and mourned in his death as no private citizen ever has been mourned. What he did to lift his fellow men to that appreciation will be known in long years to come. If he was not a saint, he worked at least one miracle—he made men grateful.





A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

JULIEN^{BY} GORDON.

MISS DEVILET. -

MACDOUGALL^{BY} BUEL.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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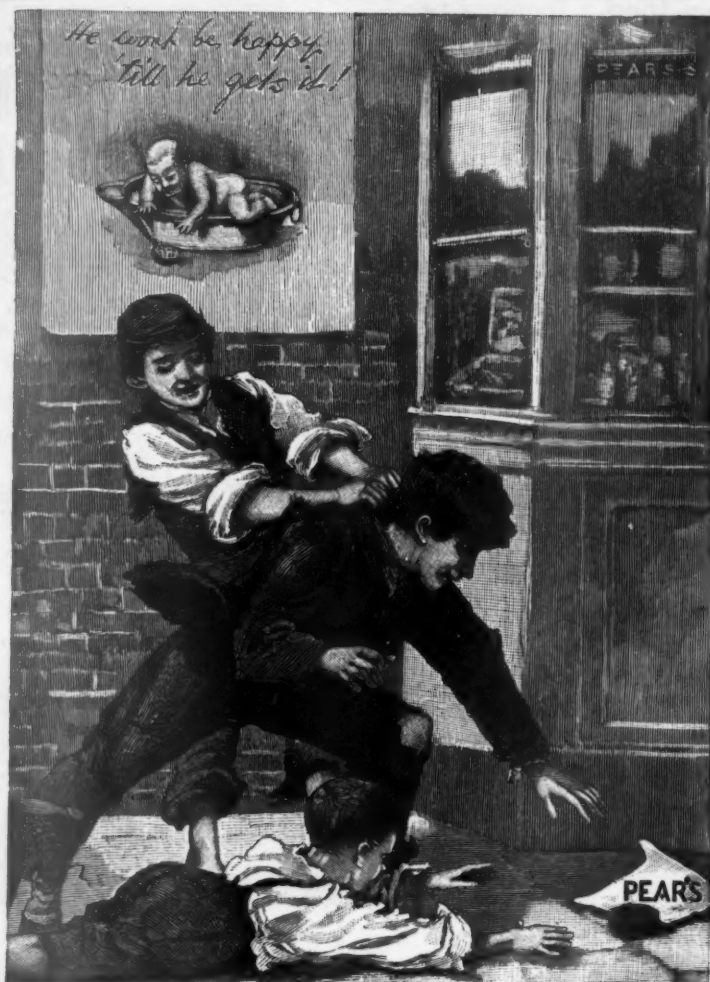
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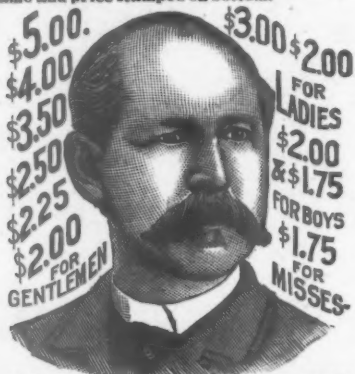
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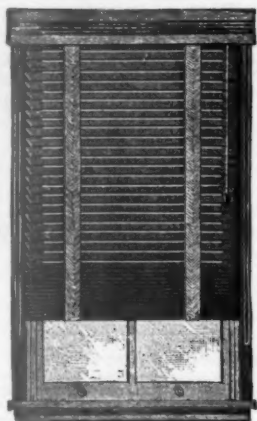
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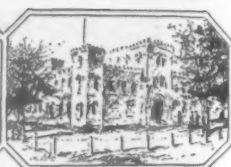
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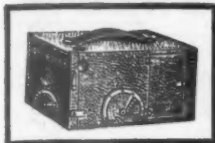
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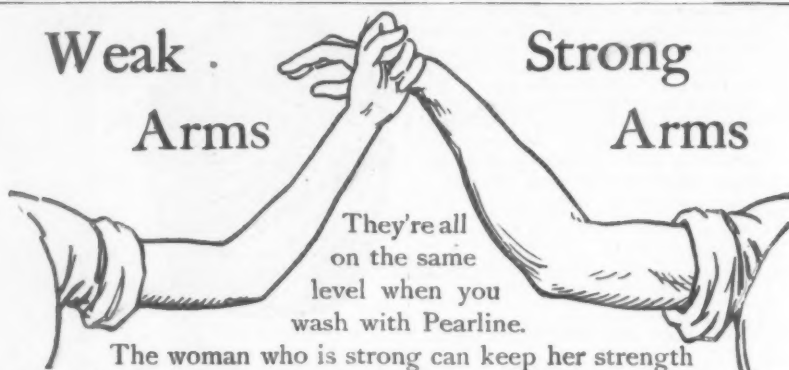
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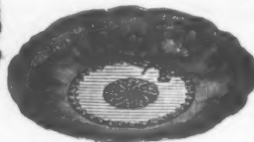
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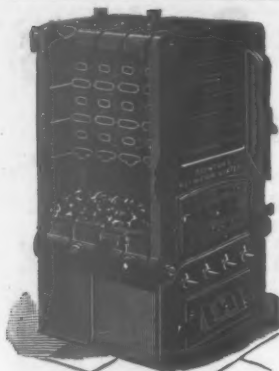
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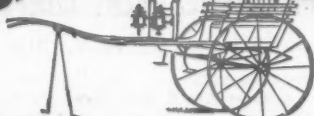
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The Toilet Mask or Face Glove in position to the face.

To be worn three times in the week.

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